



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

~~PS 2359~~

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf ~~11645~~

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



2401

DON MAGUIRE'S
POEMS.



NEW YORK:
TROW'S PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING CO.,
205-213 EAST 12TH STREET.
1879.

PS 2359
M645

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by
DON MAGUIRE,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

MS. B. 24.9. Vol. 1922

Dedication.

TO

THOSE BRIGHT, VANISHED HOURS, WHOSE DURATION WAS THE PERIOD
OF MY DEAREST JOYS ON EARTH;

TO THOSE HOPES THAT WERE SO NEAR BEING REALIZED;
TO THOSE FRIENDS THAT WERE TRIED, AND FOUND TRUE; TO THAT FAIR
CALIFORNIAN WHOM I SHALL NEVER MORE SEE;

AND

TO HER WHO, YET UNKNOWN, BUT WHO, IN THE DIM AND DISTANT
TWILIGHT OF THE FUTURE, IS PREPARING HERSELF TO
BECOME THE MEEK AND LOVING SHARER OF MY HUMBLE FORTUNES,

THESE POEMS ARE DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Erlinda. A Tale of Spanish California.....	9
The Marriage of Nancy Todd.....	46
The Cock and the Monkey.....	67
Condemn Me not.....	72
Farewell to Nevada.....	75
The Pride of Bill William's Fork.....	77
Down in Arizona.....	80
The Loss of Big Kasock.....	83
The Dying Arizonian.....	86
Paddy Whack and Trotter's Ghost. An Epic of Latter Days.....	92
Visions of the Midnight.....	124
The Bashful Husband ; or, He went to Bed with His Breeches on ...	128
The Man that Lived on Bumble Bee.....	137
To a Coyote.....	164
Emancipation.....	167
The Exile's Bride.....	169
The Children of Nature. A Tale of Nevada.....	191
A Vision of the Night.....	210
Written in Santa Barbara Churchyard. [Spanish Mission.].....	215
Limestone Dick. A Tale of the Early Days of White Pine, Nevada..	218

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Death's Famous Trip to Cerro Gordo.	228
Amelia.	236
Even so.	238
The Kiss.	240
Adieu to Granada.	241
The Lonely Banks of the Dirty Devil.	243
To a Nevadian Killed in a Mine.	246
The Old Cock's Story; or, Cock-Fighting Among the Gods.	248
The Irish Sentinel.	256
Battle of Corinth.	259
Arkansas Courtship.	262
On Grand River, Long Ago.	268
Loch Erne Shore.	274
To a Moorish Beauty.	275
The Warrior of Old Tybee.	277
Lines.	280
Musings.	281
Angel from a Higher World.	284
Despondency.	285
To a Fair Italian.	288
Merceda.	289
Ode I.	292
Ode II.	294
Ode III.	297
Ode IV.	300
Ode V.	302
A Recipe for Arizona Whiskey.	309
How True to Thee.	309

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
To Tom.....	310
Towser's Death-Letter to Fanny.....	311
To the Scolding Wife.....	317
To a Scolding Husband.....	320
Epistle.....	322
The Complaint of the Ox.....	325
The Noble Heart may Beat with Woe, but the Wise Heart, Never..	328
To * * * * *	330
Address to the Deity.....	331
A Lampoon.....	334
Old King Kod.....	337
The Hour of Melancholy.....	338
Angelus.....	342
The Ragged Adventurer.....	343
The Angel's Visit.....	346
Profit and Loss.....	347
Sir Richard Neathery.....	349
The Song of the Irish Harper.....	350
Banner Song.....	352
Impromptu Queries.....	354
The Voice of Genius.....	354
Written One Evening while in Low Spirits.....	355
O Lord, Protect the Brave.....	356
Lines	357
To * * * * *	358
To * * * * *	359
Reflections.....	361
Lines Written on My Twenty-first Birthday.....	362

	PAGE
Forsaken.....	363
Maggie—A Song	365
Come, Rest Thy Head.....	366
Address to the Saviour.....	367
An Epistle to H. Rock, of San Francisco.....	369
Bitter Sweet.....	371
Song.....	372
The Contented Man.....	373
Pike County People. Bill's Story.....	375
Pike County People. Nancy's Story.....	378
Solomon.....	382
Lines.....	385
Maxims and Aphorisms.....	387
Toasts.....	401
Fables.....	404

DON MAGUIRE'S POEMS.

ERLINDA.

A TALE OF SPANISH CALIFORNIA.

WHERE San Fernando's mission walls
Stand like a prison, frail and old,
Where softly oft the moonlight falls
Through cross-barred windows dank and cold,
How dead the spot that once did hold
Life in its beauty, seems to-night !
And yet, no tale was ever told
Of what brought on this gloomy blight
That comes like a spectre ¹ to the traveller's sight.

Standing alone, a ruin in its woe,
The Indian Mission ²—sunny haunts for ghosts—
Calls to the mind the happy long ago,
When a golden age,³ of which History boasts
For this western shore, worthy of our toasts,
Was born and ended. Look now at its roof,
Time-worn and broken ! While the hot sun roasts
The old crumbled fabric lonely and aloof,
Time here has parted the warp from out the woof.

A soft feeling reigns, yet 'tis one of sorrow ;
And a sense of loneliness brings a sense of fear,
Till we pray for grace to guard until the morrow.
Yet this is folly : for there is not near
Any ghost of maiden or dead chiefs to leer
At our intrusion, for all are dead as dead can be,
Without wishing to turn up an anxious ear
To hear strange voices ; and no eye doth see
From those deep sockets a form like thee or me.

Yes, over there, where the dead folk rest,
Let us take a walk—they will never know it
That we intrude above their honest breasts ;
Or, if they do, let them rise and show it.
See ! yonder's the spot, and still in below it
Are the cacti bushes loaded down with fruit.
We'll pluck some to eat. See you how we do it ;
But take care, my friend, or take the pricks to boot,
For the little thorns from every quarter shoot.

The fruit is fine—how I like its flavor !
No doubt 'tis nourished by a dead man's bones
That gave up their marrow and its rich old savor,
The loss of which did bring out some groans
From the old dead miser away beneath the stones.
Well, it's all right, the stones they did distil
All poison from it ; so now make no moans,
But take the fruit, and stop not till
We have picked them o'er and you have ate your fill.

Now all is light almost as day.⁴
Far across the valley the owl he toots,
Or chirrups his note, that doth betray.
His own uneasiness as he onward shoots,

Looking alway for the mole that roots
His hole at this hour. And the little mouse
 Nibbles the leaves, watching old sly-boots ;
For near, in the shadow of yon little house,
The cat is watching his supper to arouse.

The bright stars twinkle as they help the moon
 In this illumination of Old Terror's face ;
And indeed, to us 'tis a precious boon,
 For now around us 'tis not hard to trace
 The remains and relics of the fallen race ;
And which will aid me to point out to you
 Each spot, still sacred to this gloomy place,
To prove this story that is alas as true
 As that these leaves are wet with falling dew.

Within this valley, eighty years ago,
 The padres flourished with their hundred flocks,
And ruled o'er the tribes ; taught to plow and sow.
 Those Indian tribes, once wild amongst the rocks,
 Just as nature made them. The very picture shocks,
Of naked savages. Good Lord, how low
 Man may become, unless learning docks
His rude, wild manners, and he is taught to know
 That all man's happiness is not placed below !

Yes, here the padres, when they came from Spain,
 Laid the corner-stone of these adobe walls ;
Brought in the Indian, gave him oil and grain
 To appease his hunger, then built up these halls ;
 For the padre's use then some humble stalls—
For the Indian convert you know it was enough,
 For too much splendor the soul entralls,
And makes us tender when we should be tough ;
 And indeed, the humble 's best when it 's not too rough.

Then they planted olives—those trees you see to-night
 Within that garden, along with cane and the prickly pear ;
 And in twenty years 'twas a lovely sight
 To behold this spot, that before was bare
 As the shanks of Death, for now there were
 Trees, flowers, and fruits, with many a sunny home ;
 The padres proving that it was their care
 To make the red man happy, now no more to roam,
 But spend his days in sight that Moorish dome.

Some there tended flocks, some there plowed the field ;
 Some there hewed the stone, or moulded brick from clay ;
 Others pressed the grape that its wine did yield,
 Some there dried the raisin in the Autumn's ray.
 Thus did they dwell while life it fled away,
 To them all happiness, for they did not know
 A want unsupplied from day to day,
 And they learned to bless the source whence all did flow—
 The God of Creation, and lived without a woe.

The bell in yon dome, cast in Lima far,
 Aroused them from slumber when the day did dawn ;
 And ere Apollo in his golden car
 Came from the east, its sound had drawn
 Them together for prayer while there went on
 The Mass—a sacrifice taught to them divine—
 Not one unholy, as in ages gone,
 When man the laurel on the bull did twine—
 But one all perfect, made in bread and wine.

Then their frugal meal of tortejas, beef and beans,
 They gobbled up, and washed them down with wine
 From the native arbor ; and, unless 'twere greens,
 These were all they had. Their own tree and vine

Did shade and nourish. Ah, how all divine
Was this simple life ! where the day was spent
In united toil, and it bore the sign
Of a master's course—whose genius lent
Its soul to the work that for savage man was meant.

When the day was gone, the sweet and softening strain
Of music floated where the merry dance
Went on 'neath the trees, where often and again
The youths and maidens did so gaily prance,
To their hearts' delight, whilst around, perchance,
The padres watched, and blessed the simple joy
That met their eyes, nor thought of Time's advance,
That would drive the maid and the bounding boy
From that happy spot and all these hours destroy.

Let us see, those padres—there were four, I think—
All Spanish stock of the old bluē blood ⁶—
Royal perhaps, or some connecting link
Of that race whom glory, when the crimson flood
Of Moorish slaughter stained the plain and wood ;
Honored with fame, gold lace, and bread.
And that was but right, for they nobly stood
In the day of battle till the foeman fled,
And the field was checkered with the wounded and the dead.

And now their descendants ; dressed in solid black,
Watched in the West and labored for the cause
Of their God and king ; and, save the English Jack,
They feared no foe ; while their code of laws
Was short and simple—such as ever draws
Converts to God, gives plenty, pride, and peace,
Gives the most of justice, shows the fewest flaws,
And to us mortals gives the longest lease
Without demanding all our flesh and fleece.

There was Padre Sanchez—as fine a man
As ever left the shores of vine-clad Spain—
Who was amongst the men that led soldier's van
To wild California. Yes, he sowed the grain
That is now here blooming, and he had the brain
To develop things when he undertook it ;
Or, if 'twas wanted, to shed his blood like rain
In the cause of Christ and never overlook it.
A single fault, even his own, he'd book it.

And San Juan—a priest of noble carriage,
Portly and tall, age just thirty-four.
He was the fruit of an early marriage
Between a lovely native of the Iberian shore
And an Irish gentleman, who in days of yore
Rushed his buck in Spain till he shared his bed
With a grandee's daughter, who in nine months bore
A rosy promise with a well-shaped head,
That was destined to be one day well read.

Next came José, a Spanish widow's son :
He had coal-black eyes and a glossy head of hair.
He lost his father by a bursting gun
Ere he saw the light, which made him heir
To a vast estate ; and his mother's care
Watched o'er the child with solicitude,
And at ten years sent him to a college, where
He did become the thing she hoped he would,
And to convert the heathen was sent across the flood.

And now, the last and greatest of this little band,
Fighting for faith on a distant shore,
Was the Don Domingo, a priest who did stand
Six feet in his sandals, and whose dark face bore

Marks of deep study ; and that head, with a store
Of sacred knowledge, was well-shaped indeed.

His forehead, high and broad, and less or more
Of coal-black hair down that brow did lead
On that nose gold spectacles that helped the man to read.

He was born in Seville, and of right good stock.

Now, remember ! I tell you he was born in Seville !
But 'twas late in life when he donned Ignatius' frock,

For in youthful years he was an awful devil,
Given quite over to most ungodly revel,
Until, sated with pleasure, he dressed in this black gown,
And left the land to find another level—
That which held him in his native town
Wherein he so often played the part of clown.

And now he soon displayed the wisdom in his noggin,
For he sold his chattels and gave up to the poor
The price thereof, whilst, not worth a robin,
He bade adieu to his native shore ;
And, save one niece, no one from that door,
That he shut and opened for almost thirty years,
Sought to stay with him and a balm to pour
On his lonely heart and wipe away his tears,
Or with her voice bring music to his ears.

He was Superior of this chosen few,
And his eye to business he did daily train ;
And be one Catholic, Russian, Turk, or Jew,
No one of his manners could at all complain.
For he was so noble, gentle, and humane,
That he'd win all hearts, making it his task
To let no one suffer whilst he might restrain
The coming sorrow ; and the one who'd ask
His coat might have it, whilst his great wine-cask

Was free to the strangers, his house their home,
And his soul his Saviour's. All ambition dead,
His powers laboring for the faith of Rome ;
And save his jacket and his little bed,
He claimed no object—it has been often said,
No wife, no care. Well, if this is true,
Perhaps 'twas this that such great peace spread
Over his calm features, and that round him threw
Peace, plenty, and his path with flowers did strew.

Now, to speak of his niece : we must mark her well,
As she is the heroine of my song to-night.
That she was his niece one could plainly tell.
She was a child, but all lovely to the sight.
Her eye like his, and so filled with light,
One would think her origin took its rise from him.
But, no. She was his niece, though indeed she might
Pass for his daughter, and it would not dim
The noble drops that in her veins did swim.

She was six years old when the snowy sail
Bore her away from her native land,
And when the breathings of the prosperous gale
Anchored the vessel on the western strand.
By old San Diego she trod the sand
That would be her grave in a few short years,
And she gladly followed by her uncle's hand
On to San Fernando, to the rose and grassy spears.
She was destined one day to water with her tears.

Oh, she was lovely, even for a child !
And her spirit, amiable to a great degree,
True unto nature as the flowers wild,
For no dark vanity did she ever see—

So sweet was the hour in which she
Beguiled with her music the dewy eve,
And ask of her uncle why they did leave
Sweet, sunny Spain, whilst she would garlands weave.

Well, the fact is this : her parents passed
From this earthly shore the same year of her birth ;
And, as wild fortune now had soon after cast
Her uncle's fortune to another part of earth,
He took her with him where, though little mirth
Did reign, still an opportunity he had to educate
Her unto his liking ; for he thought it little worth
To be a guardian, unless in that state
He could regulate the darling's youngster pate.

God bless Erlinda ! 'Twas the name she bore.
Her face was happy ; and as she grew
Onward to womanhood, there was more and more
Of that charm in her that forever drew
All eyes to her own. Often did she strew
Our path o'er with flowers, and she wore the blessing
Of each beholding eye, and a heart as true
As ever felt the favor of a fond caressing,
Or a friendly word her own soul addressing.

Now we'll let her rest for a moment here,
And notice other things with which we have to do ;
And I will again describe her in another year,
Whilst I in the meantime will our tale pursue,
Describing manners in this land then new.
For I tell you, friend, 'twas an easy life
To spend in those days 'neath those skies so blue—
One's months and years, no care, no strife—
The only one thing wanted was to have a Spanish wife.

Such things were scarce, which they did force
 Many a man to marry with an Indian squaw.
 I admit such manners were a little coarse,
 Yet 'twas nowise contrary to the canon law ;
 For when a Caucasian, dwelling here, saw
 His years and manhood passing like a dream—
 Going for nothing—why, it could be no flaw
 In a man, in his journey down time's swift stream,
 To have, at all hazards, a little of life's cream.

A man may drink and not get drunk ;
 A man may love, yet never marry ;
 A ship may wreck and not be sunk ;
 A woman fright, yet not miscarry.
 A hound may run, yet lose the quarry.
 But a man can't live and never think
 Some time in life of Adam's rib. True, he may be chary
 Of how he walks. Yes ! too chaste to wink ;
 Yet in his soul he'll long for Nature's lovely link.

And, be he king or beggar, he
 Will cleave to the flesh, be it white or black,
 Rather than live and all alone to be
 Without a heart to cheer him down life's track.
 Then why should high-wrought preachers quack
 At this sad admixture ? If it be wrong,
 Why don't they follow at the wanderer's back ?
 And if white virgin be the burden of their song,
 And they want to please us, let them have the stuff along.

Why ask a beggar for to change his dress
 When he's no other than what he has got on,
 When you are not willing to blot out his distress,
 And with your money bid his want begone ?

Whilst you are a pampered well-fed lord or don,
 It is easy for you to bark at others' faults,
 Why don't you go and half your jewels pawn—
 Drag out your coin-sacks from the gloomy vaults—
 Help the worthy poor, and show your Attic salts ?

I would not like to be like them, cast
 On a distant shore and be compelled to share
 My life with a savage; but a few years past
 In this way of living it would appear no more
 Unsuited to us and we'd progress as before—
 Enjoy my life perhaps a little better,
 Through the dusky bosom of one who'd pour
 New feelings o'er us. Well ! I always let her
 Make me glad if she could—but I'd want no fetter.

To tell it all at once, whites did intermarry
 With the Indian breed ; yet there were but few
 Whites here altogether, and they did carry
 On business for the padres—that is, did pursue
 Some trade or calling which perchance they knew,
 And, making their home with the Indian race,
 They became in time in their stock of care quite low,
 And, growing still fonder of some dusky face,
 They married the squaw and settled in the place.

Business went on ; the herds on all the hills
 Were as stars in heaven—they number'd could not be.
 The crystal water from the mountain rills
 Spread down to the fields, and the rolling lee
 Was as green and verdant as one would wish to see ;
 Whilst the distant flat with its golden grain
 Waved in the sun like waves upon the sea,
 Its long barbs free from pelting rain—
 'Twas just such a sight as one would see in Spain.

Do you see these rows of old and ragged walls
Laying there in the moonshine, their roofs all shed away?
And those to the left, where the screech-owl calls,
Broken and tottering in their look so light and gray?
These were the houses wherein used to stay
The ale-brown natives—Well, they all are dead,
But not damned, I hope, although some did stray
From the path of life when they wandering fled
Before the Mexican arrived with sword and lead.

Oh, 'twas a merry spot, when the snowy sails
Brought various merchandise from the lands afar :
Cloth, flour, spices, honey, sugar-canies, nails—
A various cargo—I know it will not mar
My tale to tell you this and just how far
Luxury went, and how in those days
A people flourished all unknown to war,
Where no cannon thunders or no wild clarion brays,
Or hapless captive for victor's mercy prays.

They exported hides and tallow, dried beef, and bones,
And wool and horns, and maybe sometimes hair ;
Taking in exchange silks and precious stones,
Various kinds of trinkets, and cloth they knew would wear,
And Jamaica rum, which was good, I swear !
This was for the padres—Indians should not drink,
Because it ruins and makes them anger, swear ;
But white men face it as though they did not think
That it could lead heroes to the ragged brink.

Thus years did pass, till at last we find
Erlinda lovely in the last degree—
Age fifteen, with a well-tutored mind—
A more accomplished lady one could hardly see

In her native Seville. For in beauty she
Surpassed her mother, and her mother was
Most heavenly fair—far beyond the sea—
Hearts wept with love ; beholding eyes did pause ;
For her beauty's sake one would break the laws.

But here we behold her smiling, loving daughter,
Fairer to me than the full, bright summer moon,
Here, almost alone by the mighty western water ;
And though her beauty had not reached its noon,
She was still near perfect, and 'twould be a boon
To know that she was born for our caresses
I do not know. Perhaps it is too soon
To speak of passion ; but the thing distresses
To keep it back, for it much addresses.

Her eyes were black, with long, black, inky lashes,
And her cheeks quite red with a set of lips to match.
And teeth so white that the finest washes
Would be thrown away, for they could not catch
A single stain ; and one would watch
Her lovely form until whole hours
Would glide away. Oh, the very latch
Of my soul's dark prison rises up, my powers
Rush forth to view this sweet queen of flowers.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THERE is a beauty in the tumbling foam
That crowns the billows of the stormy tide ;
There is a beauty in the happy home
Where the parents, sitting by their fireside,
Watch their own offspring with a noble pride ;
There is a beauty too, at least for one,
In the look and form of a new-made bride—
That is, to the man who has haply won
Her all for his own, for she seems to be his sun.

But, oh ! Erlinda had more than all of these :
Her form embodied all that we are after.
You may smile and doubt as often as you please—
Yes, press your sides to keep in your laughter,
But 'tis true as the owl sits upon yon rafter
She was the fairest that ever trod this shore
Or did ride upon the wave that did safely waft her
Across the main, and she had a store
Of the rarest virtues—I cannot count them o'er.

She arose at dawn, dressed and went to mass ;
Then drank her chocolate, after which she saw
Her good-souled uncle, and with him did pass
A little time. Then she would withdraw
To her other pleasures, and did not care a straw
How matters went. She was always cheerful,
For she never yet had broken any law.
True that her eye it was sometimes tearful—
For to be so near alone it is truly fearful.

She would rove the garden in quest of flowers,
Or rest her limbs 'neath the shady tree,
Watching the swallows till the morning hours
Were in their grave ; then once more rising, she
Would to her studies, or it may be
She would thrum the strings of her light guitar,
Whilst the stars were smiling on the silver sea
And the night had fallen o'er the hills afar,
And beamed on her eyes her own propitious star.

Betimes she caroled one of her sweet lays,
To make glad the hearts that knew brighter years,
Calling to their memory the joys of other days,
And filling the eyes of the Don with tears :
For he thought of the music he had heard in Spain ;
The hearts now mouldering, once devoid of fears ;
Of the merry dance that timed the dulcet strain,
And the hundred pleasures he ne'er would know again.

There he'd tell of how his early years were passed,
Or, albeit, listen to another life
Spent in the field or by the tar-clad mast—
Laboring at falchions or in Nature's strife.
For we know those days of our song were rife,
With wild adventure on the sea and land—
No home, no care, no child, no wife—
Wielding the musket, or the blazing brand
That soon exhausted the grains of Life's brown sand.

And she would sing of the bliss of love,
Although its nature she did not yet know.
But strange, sweet feelings through her breast would rove,
When she to her snowy couch for sleep would go.

Then her heart would beat, and the burning glow
Would clothe her cheek till she'd sink away

Into happy dreams, and her thoughts would flow
Onward with pleasure. Angels seemed to kiss,
And her soul grew rapturous with celestial bliss.

To dress, eat, read, sing—aye, laugh and pray,
Seemed her mission here—she did each by turns.
Till at last, 'bout the middle of a summer day,
When the rose is full and the dog-star burns,
A merchants' vessel to their shore returns
With its load of riches ; and upon its deck
Was a youth—well, my pen it spurns
To place him in my song. But I will have to beck—
They found him starving on a floating wreck.

And they took him on—oh, it was a pity
That he did not sink with the hapless crew
That sailed with him from old Lima's city,
Instead of surviving ; for his actions threw
A gloom over hearts that sorrow never knew.
But he was handsome, although the sea
Had used him roughly and the wild wind blew
Hard on his features ; and it seemed that he
Was spared for more mischief, for so it proved to be.

His hair in curls hung down upon his back,
And his eyes were something of an olive hue ;
With brows that shaded them were of deepest black,
And on his lip a jetty mustache grew.
But there was something in his face which drew
The eye upon him ; and although in rags,
One would be prompted for to still pursue
Those noble features. On the hour drags,
As he stood on incline 'gainst some coffee-bags.

Well, they land at last, the mission walls they gain,
 Where welcome waits to give the wand'rer rest.
 The cloth is spread ; the food, although 'tis plain,
 There is plenty of it, and it has been blessed
 By the honest padres, and it has been dressed
 By the best of cooks ; and it goes for aught
 As far as the world goes. The red wine was pressed
 From the native grape ; but the rum they bought
 In another port—'twas rather strongly wrought.

But our youthful friend, whose name was Carlos,
 Was looked upon with a wondering stare.
 His escapes from death did seem quite marvellous ;
 And his noble visage and his flowing hair,
 Added to his interest and his face so fair,
 Seemed so full of beauty—oh, no wonder that
 Erlinda, seeing the beauty that was there,
 Seemed frozen to the chair wherein she sat,
 As her heart enamoured beat a pit-a-pat.

And after supper our youth he told his story.
 All his past adventures were dabbled o'er with blood,
 For his years of late were passed in seeking glory
 On many a field and where the ocean's flood
 Turned crimson with war, and he had stood
 'Gainst the foe till his hopeless ship went down.
 He then lashed himself to a mast of wood,
 And through God's mercy he did not drown,
 Nor choke to death 'neath the sea-weeds brown.

He was a grandee's son from the north of Spain,
 Catholic, of course ; and oh, how winning.
 He told his battles o'er and o'er again,
 And his landing there had such good beginning,

That they did not think that he could be sinning,
But unvarnished truth they believed it all to be ;

And whilst he was his wondrous yarns spinning,
They all would listen : but of all souls she,
Who eyed him first the most attentively.

And he was well learned. Yes, he could speak

Latin, French, and Spanish—which was his mother-tongue—
Italian, German, and the dead old Greek.

Thus you see, my friend, Learning on him flung

Her noblest gifts ; for besides this, he sung,
Played the piano, guitar, and fiddle ;

And his strength in figures high suspended hung ;

He crossed the asses' bridge at ten, and any riddle

He could solve throughout before you'd reach the middle.

Here beauty, learning, youth and faith, were cast

On a distant land. So the good Don said :

I trust in God, my boy, your woes are past,

And that here with me you may rest your weary head.

I have good board and a warm bed,

And you shall the choicest of my bounty share,

Long enough Ambition your tortuous paths has led ;

Go war no more—you will better fare

If you'll tarry here and end your every care.

There is here my niece, and if you will stay

To be her tutor I will pay you well.

She is far advanced, but cannot play

All music's instruments, and let me tell :

She is an apt, good scholar, for her fortune fell

To be my ward ; so I tried my best

To train her rightly. It makes my bosom swell

That you have come, for while you rest

You can infuse more knowledge into her young breast.

'Twas quite agreeable unto our young friend,
And Erlinda's heart beat faster still.

He would begin to-morrow ; for the night they end.
He is led to a couch, but sleeps not till
Strange fancies worked on his evil will.

Now the devil of it was, he had no sooner seen
Erlinda's face, than he resolved his skill
Would show a way to do that to which did lean
His dark inclination, or, if you wish, his evil spleen.

And Erlinda ! she who on him gazed
With such a store of fondest admiration ;
On her heart's altar an awful fire blazed,
And she seemed to feel as if an inspiration
Had changed her being. 'Twas but an illustration
Of how we change. For in a single hour
Since the youth appeared, she felt far more of love's emanation
Then e'er before—ah, yes, because its power
Changes to sugar, what before was sour.

Oh, she was happy ! and as she knelt to pray,
Her eyes with joy did to heavenward turn,
For in new happiness her soul did play
And in an ecstasy all her being did burn ;
For she was in love, and how could she spurn
This new-born life ! Oh, her little heart
Seemed bursting quite, and each thought did earn
New words, for a burning dart
Did seem to shiver in each vital part.

Well, she prayed for all that lived upon the Earth,
And she prayed for the dead all outside of hell ;
She prayed for all she heard of since her birth ;
But O ! blessed Guardian ! how her heart did swell,

When Carlos' name from her sweet lips fell !
Then she prayed so fondly that the hot tears ran
From her tender eyes. Oh, she could not tell
Half her thoughts to God—no she never can,
For her whole soul wanders to that dear young man.

Well, she prayed for him. Then she went to bed ;
But her thoughts they wandered to another room.
But little rest did surround her head,
For her eyes they stared at the vacant gloom ;
Her downy cheek, that glowed in beauty's bloom,
Seemed flushed and warm. She sank away
Into deepest sleep, when dreams began to loom
Up from the depths of that darkness wherein she lay,
And her soul in Fancy's world then began to stray.

She dreamed of wandering by the ocean's flood,
Where the sands were white, and saw from out the wave
An angel running whose robe was stained with blood.
And he from a basket fruit unto her gave,
Of which she did eat, for her lips did crave
It at first sight. Oh, it was so sweet !
And she ate it all from the basket, save
One large pippin ; then her heart it beat
Far faster still, and a flame of fire seemed her breast to eat.

Her form withered—she fell upon the sand,
And her soul passed out, but saw the angel still,
Though changed in his form by some magic wand.
For he seemed now a serpent on a distant hill,
Towering up, until a cry most shrill
Came from the sky, and eagles did appear.
They fought with the fiend, and did not stop until
He lay dead on the plain, and an awful fear
Reigned o'er her soul, though the sky in day seemed clear.

Then she dreamed again. And again she thought
She saw a youth, noble and lovely all unto the eye ;
And wandering with him, they together sought
A shady alcove, and whilst no one nigh,
And the golden sun rolled on through the sky,
They dwelt on love—till darkness came at last,
And from the shadow she heard an awful cry
That seemed to warn her, and the darkness cast
Seemed to settle down and hold the world fast.

When she woke the day was breaking in the East,
And she heard the lark on the distant hill
In his first gay note, but each walking beast
Was resting his bones in sweet slumber still ;
But she could not rest, and did not stop until
She arose and dressed and walked into the grove,
Wandering along by the gurgling rill.
And as she here in deep thought did rove,
Her heart seemed burning with the flames of love.

Now, gay Don Carlos did not sleep much,
But rolled in bed like a porpoise in the sea.
He could not sleep at all—indeed, never such
A night did he pass, for it seemed that he
Would break his bed—he was in all so free
With his kicks and jerks. Yet there were no fleas
In his snowy couch and there could not be
Devils to taunt him. No, for from the trees
His bed was formed of blessed olive leaves.

He would rise from bed and gaze out on the stars,
Then peer awhile into the gloomy shade.
His forehead resting on the iron bars
That crossed the window till he grew afraid.

Then he went to bed, but strange fancies made
His mind their sport, till again he rose
And looked through the pane. A faint light played
In the distant East, and it did disclose
The verdant trees where the dark-skinned olive grows.

But stay ! whose form is that by the limpid stream ?
Is that Erlinda ? Yes, it is, by Jago !
Yet no ! it must be the phantom of a dream—
He ate so much of that accursed sago
That it made the being of this unearthly play go
Through his brain as if he rode on wheels
Round some circle vast. Yet in day one may go
And view the phantom, for no fear he feels,
As in the night when round each terror steals.

But he saw her move—there could be no doubt
It was she in the flesh. He sprang and got his breeches,
Dressed in a jiffy, and as soon was out,
Leaping the fence, the stones, the wall, the ditches.
Over the wall and across the ditch he pitches,
Till he gains the spot where the lady stands,
His face as red as though 'twas scourged with switches ;
And when by her side he in rapture lands,
He falls on his knees and kisses both her hands.

She, half ashamed, tries to turn back,
But his sweet words fall on her willing ear.
And he says, You go ! Ah ! now, alack,
When I've come to help thee in thy garden here.
Then she, blushing, but discharging fear,
Said, I am very happy, Señor, that you did,
For the night seemed gone, and the sky it was so clear
I could no longer close a poor eyelid—
So all alone to the garden here I slid.

My case exactly, Don Carlos cried.

I could not sleep because a weighty nightmare
Would arouse me up in each time I tried

To sleep away the weight of my care.

But it made no matter; it was bound to stay there—
So I resolved this garden I would promenade,

I looked to the sky, but could not see the Great Bear;
So I dressed—Oh, dear! I will be flayed,
But I drank too much of your uncle's lemonade.

Well, they talked and loved until the bell

Told to the ear it was the hour of prayer,
Calling to Mass the children of the dell,

And filling with music the soft morning air—

The morning that doth such sweet charms wear
In this mellow clime. Then the lady started

From the good Don's side, and they hurry where
The tapers glowed and the father's lips imparted
Pity to the soul—unless to those hard-hearted.

Mass, sermon, breakfast—then the day's long course

Was marked by Domingo, who each one told
What was to be done. He was a little hoarse,

For the night before he took a little cold;

And along with this he was now growing old,
Which made him stoop. Then he blandly said

To the gallant Carlos, I think it time we hold
Rules for the future, as a journey must be made.
I am off for the south, and cannot be delayed.

Now, said he to him, I will pay you well

For all the time you will, I trust, devote
To my niece Erlinda. And I now must tell
The different studies of which I did make note.

Then clearing the phlegm from his well-shaped throat
He named 'bout twenty branches of the precious tree
That he wanted grafted—he had them all by rote—
Into the lovely tree of which he was to be
The sole protector, and the fruit of which he hoped ere death
to see.

But thou must remember that the one we trust
Is dearer far than my life to me ;
And woe to him who will dare to burst
The rind or bark of that verdant tree.
Thou art here blessed, and thou wilt be free
As the morning wind ; and thy years shall grow
To threescore and ten if thou wilt agree
To our simple rules, for I will show
Favor to thee till thy piles colossal flow.

He then called Erlinda. See, I go to-day,
And will be gone for a month or more.
But while I'll tarry or may stay away,
Mind thee thy tasks. And he then did pour
Kisses on those lips till a moment o'er—
Then gone. Oh, 'twas a moment precious
Unto those hearts that in love were sore—
Soon, oh, I ween ! in love most gracious
Enjoying a passion that was most delicious.

Now, you know yourself, when Domingo left,
The care devolved on another head.
'Twas Juan this time, although quite bereft
Of all mortal care, for his pride had fled.
But, although dying, he was not yet dead ;
And arousing all his latent energy,
Kept things in dress, and daily spread
A holy terror 'mongst the family—
Of that little hamlet by the western sea.

When the eagle's dead, the cock he has no fear ;
 When the summer comes, Creation knows no cold ;
 When the fox he learns that no hound is near,
 He hurries on and grows extremely bold ;
 And when our lover found the little fold
 No longer guarded by Domingo's care,
 He counselled with nature, as he did of old.
 So, while he trifled with his wavy hair,
 He saw Erlinda, and beckoned to a chair.

She hurried to him, and when his toilet
 Was all well arranged they did both sit down.
 Do you like my hair ? Did I wrong, to oil it ?
 Or is there too much powder scattered on the crown ?
 These were first questions, and seemed to drown
 The inward feelings he would not just yet
 Speak out his heart, lest the maid would frown,
 Though her eyes forever on his eyes seemed set,
 And her soul seemed happy since the night they met.

They were left to themselves, as they knew no master
 Since Domingo left, and soon the laughing flowers
 Heard their sweet vows, and now far faster
 Than e'er before beat one poor heart. She, this maid of
 ours,
 Was at last content 'mongst her western bowers.
 Oh, this new found joy ! that did seem to flutter
 Deep within her breast. It seemed as if the powers
 Of Heaven and Earth did unto her utter
 Happy forever, while Love, O Love ! she'd utter.

But the lady, left to her own desires,
 Was nowise bashful, but did soon become
 Quite well acquainted ; and from the spires
 To the lowly cellars, where they kept the wine,

She showed to her lover. And 'twas in this line
That they spent the second of their happy days,
Wandering at will where the rose or vine
Pleased the fond eye, and her sweetest lays
Were sacred to Carlos, who soon his trust betrays.

He did give her lessons in some things ;
But in most hours he did quite forget
The pupil, and on Time's wild wings
He wooed the girl, who did not fret
O'er neglected lessons. No ! she fondly let
The hours fly, and she let her passion
Have its sweet course. For she never met
A teacher who taught her in such a noble fashion
And, certain as life, it seemed no great transgression.

The monks, they counted o'er their beads ;
The laborers tilled the field below ;
The flocks, they gamboled in the meads,
And every heart did pleasure know.
The babbling stream did onward flow
To cheer the fields it loved so well,
And 'cross the land the cawing crow
Flew lazily on, 'twas hard to tell
Where dwelt most pleasure—every heart did swell.

'Twas three weeks after Domingo left
When things were all so still and the sun was shining,
And Erlinda's heart did seem quite bereft
Of all unhappiness, for she was reclining
On Don Carlos' breast, and his arms twining
Round her lovely waist ; their lips seemed loving
For all coming years, and the bright sun shining
Down 'twixt the branches where their hearts were dining.

They drank the wine till they both were gay,
And till Erlinda worshipped the form she thought her own ;
And as the evening slowly wore away,
And the lovers found themselves there quite alone,
The serpent whispered 'twould be never known.
So Don Carlos pressed her nearer still,
Till, his passion maddening and now bolder grown,
He kissed her charms o'er and o'er until
His burning spirit seemed to have its fill.

There was a feast that night at a little table.
The food was various. There were plates for two :
The wine was sparkling, and they felt quite able
To enjoy the evening. So they forward drew.
They ate and drank, as the moments flew
Into dark oblivion, and when at last 'twas o'er,
They listened to music, and their spirits grew
Fonder than ever. Oh, there seemed to pour
A torrent o'er her heart she never knew before.

When the stars in the sky wandered on their way,
And the sea was dashing o'er the distant sand—
While the owl was calling that 'twas long till day,
And the Indian ghosts wandered o'er the land—
Two souls did revel. Oh, the peaceful hand
Of old Mother Night ! shut the sight from view.
The gay young Carlos, all so brave and bland,
Now enjoyed new pleasures. Yes, that night he drew
A pleasure from beauty that he'd one day rue !

Of all maids on earth, I think the maids of Spain
Are for love best suited ; and so pure and holy
Is their earliest love, Oh, I'd long again
To enjoy that passion—though so meek and lowly

Was the heart that gave it ! but she gave not slowly.
No ! her soft black eyes showed the soul's fond feeling ;
 Her every action proved she loved me wholly.
And while my spirit to her soul was kneeling,
Her worshipped soul felt a kindred feeling.

CANTO THE THIRD.

LINDA ! thou'rt gone, but I've not forgotten
 Thy sweet young face, nor thy breast so true.
Thy lovely form in the grave lies rotten,
 But thy soul, I trust, floats in heaven's soft blue.
When in life's morning I did thee fondly woo,
Thy Spanish nature fitted to my own.
 Fonder and fonder all thy hours grew
Till fell Death called thee—I am left alone—
My heart's dear idol lies beneath the stone.

Well, and so Erlinda loved, but not all so well !
 She could not resist the sweetness of the hour.
Within those arms she did fondly dwell,
 While the silvery dews poured on earth a shower
Of transparent gems. 'Twas beyond her power
To fly from his arms. So, until day,
 The handsome lover plucked from each rich flower,
And till the shadows slowly wore away
He sent the seeds of life into that fair clay.

Oh, while the hours of the livelong night
 Spent their duration, she sought Heaven's gate.
She sank in an ocean of Love's wild delight,
 And she looked on the morning. But ah, it was too late !

The evil had come that seemed to be her fate.
And she started, as morning to her window laid
Its first warm kiss, for from this date
Would be her wild troubles. Now she seemed afraid.
She started from bed, but was no more a maid !

Don Carlos stretched, yawned, rose, and dressed,
Went off to his chamber and fell sound asleep
Till the mass bell rang ; then he awoke and guessed
He'd better get ready. So he out did leap,
Around his room he did nimbly sweep
Till his toilet perfect ; then he went to mass,
Where knelt poor Erlinda, who now tears did weep.
Carlos heard the sobbing, but oh, alas !
He only said she'd better let it pass.

Well, they loved all day and they loved all night ;
And they loved most fondly till a month had ended—
Till one quiet eve, when all nature slept
And the robe of night on the world descended,
While the day and night with each other blended,
These lovers were where they should not be—
In forbidden joy. I would not defend it.
And, what was worse for them, a jealous eye might see
All their merry sport, and the youth that made so free.

'Twas not yet dark ; and a step drew near—
An eye on the lovers was most timely cast.
O hapless woman ! there is ground for fear.
And unhappy Carlos ! this day will be thy last.
Thy cup is full ! thy days of grace are passed !
Domingo back, he heard the tale before ;
And across the valley he did ride so fast
To gain the footing of his onced loved door,
But oh, alas, to find his day of pride is o'er.

Wild was the curse that broke upon the ears
 Of devoted Beauty. And the handsome youth
Turned to see the face of him of whom his fears
 Oft drew strangest pictures. And now, in truth,
 He had good reason. For soon, forsooth,
Will come his conviction. Six persons bounded
 Into the room—men who, without ruth,
Threw him down on the floor. He was then surrounded,
Bound hand and foot, and severely wounded.

There were cries of woe. There did run a crowd
 Up into the hall, where a stream of blood
Ran across the bricks. Oh, prepare the shroud !
 Some one is dead. No ! this crimson flood
 Is not from the heart, let it seek the mud.
'Tis the blood of Carlos. Alack ! it was not shed
 On the field of war. But another thud
From that same steel, above where he bled,
Would surely have placed him in his narrow bed.

Erlinda fell on her lover's breast,
 Crying, God ! oh, spare him and let me for him die ;
For the virgin's sake, and do not destroy him,
 For I love him best, of all beneath the sky.
 'Twas vain to call ; 'twas all in vain to try
To regain her lost joy that was gone forever ;
 Her heart is pierced, her eye will ne'er be dry ;
Her fate is sealed. Those loving hearts must sever—
These souls must soon pass o'er death's dark river.

'Twas wild excitement till the morning broke ;
 And then Don Carlos was brought out once more.
He looked pale and wan indeed ; he felt the blow.
 He feared his doom—he feared that never more
Would he life's freedom or love's pleasure know,

For a few short hours soon might end his woe.

He called Erlinda ; but she did not hear,
He called again—his voice it was too low.

No mortal sound shall ever reach her ear,
For she is now beyond the reach of mortal fear.

In the night before she thought that he was dead ;

So she would not live now a thing of scorn.

Into the church to the virgin's shrine she fled ;

Before it she stood, and here, all forlorn,

Before that shrine her hand did oft adorn

She cried, O Heaven ! revenge the blood I shed,

And remember, sweet Mother ! thy badge I long have worn,
Down plunged the steel—her life spark fled,
And the pride of years on the spot lay dead.

It went into her heart. The life-tide ran

Down in a stream, and it formed in a pool,

She was dead through the vice and false words of man.

She loved for a season, but 'twas not by rule.

Was she to be pitied ? or, was she but a fool ?

Who gave way to the hour ? Oh, no ! I say,

'Twas too bad that a heart worthy heaven's school,

Should thus have been broken and to pass away,

Unknown, unnumbered, to unfeeling clay.

When Domingo found that his niece was dead,

His grief knew no bounds, and he wildly swore,

While his hands were tearing the locks from out his head,

That he'd have revenge. Then he rushed once more

Where the lover lay. Then did madly pour

A million curses on that aching form,

Crying, Wretch ! why ever sought you this fair shore ?

Why ever did you show a love so warm ?

Curse the day that saved thee from the surging ocean's storm !

Oh ! said Don Carlos, I am not to blame.
For the maid she loved, and I did return
Her soul-felt passion. All our pleasures came
Through heaven's own law. Your niece did burn
For what I largely gave. I would never spurn
The heart that loves me ; such a course is cruel.
My dust may rest soon within an urn ;
But men cannot say that my course was dual,
And you would forgive, Sir, if you only knew all.

Domingo cried, I gave you my heart's pride
To polish, please, and train. You betrayed the trust ;
You proved a traitor when I left your side !
You destroyed my child to satisfy your lust.
Now, damn your soul ! your own heart must
Break in an agony. Equal to the pain
That destroyed my darling ! Thy soul shall burst
From its earthy prison, taking torture's train,
And the light of hope thou ne'er shall know again.

Then said Don Carlos, If one has a goose,
It should not be wandering when the fox is near,
And the little lamb, when 'tis running loose,
Should give its master at least a cause of fear.
The wolf that's dreaded may too soon appear
And devour the fair-flesh of the hapless thing,
Before the shepherd can come with his spear,
Or the bounding hound make the welkin ring.
This is my defense—'tis all I now can bring.

You not only let your lamb to roam,
But placed her fully in a fierce wolf's care.
You made me master, and then left your home.
You now return and begin to swear

That you will kill the wolf because he did dare
To eat up your lamb. Now, perhaps, you think
The day has come when wolves and lions wear
The robe of charity, as the prophet preached on Sion's brink,
Oh no, my friend ! Nature yet wants another link.

You ought to have known that a shipwrecked sailor,
Who had been a soldier in some dozen wars,
Should not be trusted. 'Tis just like a tailor
Selling cloth to thieves, and trusting that the bars
Of the city prison, or the guardsman's stars
Will make him pay his debts. True, I've been a child
Of most holy parents, but I ran 'mongst tars
So now you see I have grown wild,
And all my oats were untimely spoiled.

But, where is Erlinda ? tell me quick, I pray.
I know she loves me and you will let it pass.
We may as well get married, since we both did stray
From the path of virtue. And as all flesh is grass,
I know, kind sir, I have too much brass ;
But what can you do ? We have been together
These long, many weeks ; and you know, alas !
Human nature's weak. So we did not smother
That amorous flame we felt for one another.

O fiend ! these words seal thy awful doom.
Poor Erlinda's dead ! She lies cold and low.
Her body's resting in her lonely room,
And you, O wretch, it was who gave the blow.
Her blood upon thee ; thou wilt fully know
The direful punishment of such a crime as this.
'Twas thy vile perfidy made her blood to flow ;
And 'tis thy spirit, deprived of every bliss,
Shall dearly pay for what has gone amiss.

When Don Carlos found that the maid was dead,
He turned pale and wan—there was no hope for him.
For, when the life from her breast had fled,
His lustrous eyes must now soon grow dim.
The tears now started from his eye's either rim,
And he lay down prostrate. Domingo hurried out
In wildest frenzy. The captive's senses swim—
His mouth was foaming—his arms flung about,
While every moment brought a wilder shout.

They dragged him forth, and a horse was brought—
A California broncho—a bandage on his eyes.
Then came a lasso—of bull's hide ; 'twas wrought.
This around poor Carlos in a hurry flies ;
And while the sun dances through the skies,
He was lashed to the horse—lashed round and round ;
Then a slash and a shout, off the stallion flies.
His eyes unbandaged, he skims o'er the ground,
Or crosses fields and hillocks with a fearful bound.

Domingo watched, and his vilest curse
Went on with the wretch on the stallion's back.
If there be a death that could at all be worse,
It would have been welcome. Oh, may the rack
Of Ten Thousand Devils follow in his track
And flay down the flesh from his cursed bones !
May the pain be his ! May all horrors black
Waft his soul to hell, and the very stones
That are on his road echo back his groans !

The steed went on till he tired grew ;
Then roamed through the mountains, bearing still his load.
The bright sun, shining down from heaven's soft blue,
Poured his rays on that form until death showed

His signs on that face, and the red blood flowed
From those swelled up nostrils. The eyes did dance,
Then grew dim forever ; and while day glowed
His soul departed through nature's broad expanse,
While the day goes by and the sun's gold beams dance.

Yes, went out forever. Yet his body lay
On the stallion's back, silent, stiff, and cold,
Growing more bloated each succeeding day.
Then the crows they came, and they made so bold
As to perch on that body. On the hours rolled,
And buzzards came to enjoy a horrid feast.

The fetid odors to the wild wolf told
That there was a morsel for the famished beast,
And bade him come to have a share, at least.

The coyotes sat and gazed upon the dead,
While the stallion nibbled by the mountain spring
That flows near Panamint.⁹ And the buzzards fed
On Don Carlos' flesh. The air did ring
With the piercing howl of the wolves that fling
Themselves up to the body. The poor horse may groan,
And kick the intruders that around him sing.
Amid silent nature he wanders there alone,
While the putrid form drops down bone by bone.

These bones are seized and ground beneath the tooth
Of the hungered wolf, and the curls of hair
Fall from that head. They made more fair the youth.
But all was vanity ! The wild crows dare
To pick out those eyes Erlinda thought so fair.
The skull soon drops, and rolls upon the sand,
And the red coyote takes it for his share.
The steed, now unencumbered, here no more will stand,
But gallops back to find some kindred band.

Far down in the earth does Erlinda mould ;
 Unmarked, unnumbered, is her lowly bed.¹⁰
 And till to-night her tale was never told,
 Unless in secret. Yet often tears were shed
 O'er her silent ashes. Now the years have fled,
 And Domingo is gone, all have passed away
 Who knew that hour when Erlinda, dead,
 Was borne to her grave. Shall we longer stay ?
 See ! yon silvery star shows 'tis dawning day.

SAN FERNANDO, CALIFORNIA, 1875.

NOTES.

¹ In writing the above I have taken some liberties that belong to those who write for the amusement of mankind. That is, I have created some personages to decorate this tale, and placed others out of sight who might have been in the way of the reader.

² The scene of the poem is laid at the old mission of San Fernando, some forty miles north of Los Angeles, California. There is here a fine old building, once a monastery, occupied by the early fathers, who came to California some ninety or a hundred years ago.

The place is very handsome. I spent a couple of weeks there in the winter of 1874-5. Poor old Don Pico used to sit in the sunshine of the great corridor, and tell tales of the early days of golden California. They were golden days indeed—days that knew but little woe.

³ The hero and heroine of this tale are not all mythical. They did live in the gray twilight of California history. Were the antiquarian to dig down into the mould of San Fernando churchyard, he would find the skeleton of a young woman who did die in her bloom ; and were he to go out to Furnace Creek, near Death Valley, he might find a skull or thigh-shank which went to the making-up of a gay but hapless son of fortune.

⁴ "Now across the valley 'tis as bright as day."

The nights are beautiful in Southern California. In no land have I found such a soft and pleasing calmness ; and while one looks across the hills or valleys, no dark years of war and famine send back their ghosts to haunt our memories. No ! California possesses only one vast period of the past, where nature ruled in all her majesty.

⁵ "Brought in the Indian, gave him oil and grain."

In California the Indian was found in a most miserable condition. He went naked, lived on the meanest food, and knew no virtues. He was taken down from the hills and taught to labor. True, he received no other pay than clothing and food, along with a home; but that was far advanced from the miserable state occupied by these poor creatures before. When the temporal power was taken away from the fathers, the Indians were allowed to run into every vice. The men learned to drink and gamble, and the women were soon corrupted by the Spanish soldiery. They gradually diminished in numbers, until to-day they are no more, and the proud old mission are in the dust.

⁶ "All Spanish stock of the old blue blood."

In Spain 'twas and is yet the pride of a pious mother to hope one day to have a son in the service of the Church. I remember once, in Granada, a lady told me that if she could see her son, whom she loved, celebrating mass, she would be willing to suffer forty years in hell for so great a blessing

⁷ "Many a man to marry with an Indian squaw."

'Twas a common thing in those days, and one may now see, while in the mountains of California, a man here and there having for his companion an Indian woman, and around him a lot of degenerate half-breed children, possessing all the nature of both races, but no virtues.

⁸ "We know those days of our song, were rife."

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was much privateering done in the Spanish main and in the Pacific. No vessel was safe, and no nation was able to clear the seas of those piratical scoundrels. Thanks to modern days they are at last swept from the ocean.

⁹ "That flows near Panamint."

Go out on to Death Valley, and you will see a wilderness that may be placed among the sterile things of the world. While on the road you will see in Panamint Canyon a spring; it flows from the side of the mountain. It is a vein of water eight inches in diameter; it tumbles down into the valley below and waters the canyon for about two miles, then sinks in the sand.

¹⁰ "Unmarked, unnumbered is her lowly bed."

There is no mound there; it is level with the ground. There is no stone to mark the spot; little gray squirrels burrow around it, and when the summer comes, malver and roses grow there.

" "And Domingo has gone—all have passed away.

Who knew that hour, when Erlinda, dead, was borne to her grave."

Yes, they are all gone. No one ever speaks of the glories that have passed away. I do not think that a greater oblivion could creep over any spot than has crept over those old places where, a few years ago, another race flourished and fell.

D. M., 1875.

THE MARRIAGE OF NANCY TODD.

"Connubio jungam stabilis."

"I'll tie the indissoluble-marriage knot."

VIRGIL, *AEn.* 1, 77.

CANTO THE FIRST.

MISSOURI's hills are rich and green,

When April's sun shines o'er the land ;

The plum and blossoming peach are seen

To show forth the work of a heavenly hand,

The oak-tree, clothed with many a leaf,

Protects at noon the lovely maid ;

And 'tis of all the trees the chief—

For so inviting is its shade

That one might seek it without fears,

And slumber there for twenty years.

The dark green forest nobly waves

On old Missouri's broken shore ;

Amid those trees the storm king raves,

And through their crests the night winds roar

How oft I've wandered through those woods

And heard the summer songsters sing !

The scene would calm my angry moods,

And o'er my mind a pleasure fling

That made me glad—yet, I knew not why,

For Fortune knew no smiling sky.

The spreading elm-branches droop,
The ash and linn in beauty grow ;
The wild grapes twine in many a loop.
And round the trunks their tendrils throw,
The shellbark hickory heaves its head
Among its forest comrades tall ;
While from old wooden giants dead
The jetty pilfering ravens call,
Or echoing far the joyous note
That comes from out the blackbird's throat.

The Southern papaw's leafy boughs,
Spread out beneath the sturdy haw,
Through which the bracing south wind plows
And o'er the wood the old crows caw.
There countless tribes of feathery forms
Send out upon the morning breeze
Their trembling notes, and honeyed swarms
Prepare their stores in hollow trees,
Remembering well the winter day,
When they within their cells must stay.

Oh, 'tis a land where beauty smiles
And nature's face is ever gay ;
There Plenty leaves her golden piles
When summer suns have passed away,
And hardy sons of honest toil
Receive each fall their rich reward,
The product of the well-tilled soil,
And return for each day spent hard—
Spent 'mid the fields of wheat and corn,
Coursing the furrow ere the day was born.

But let those charms of nature rest ;
Where there's choice of subject take the best.

Yes, indeed, I'll seek the maid
To whom good worth addresses paid,
And call my muse, in buskins shod,
To describe the charms of Nancy Todd.
Thou maid of wealth and pampered strife,
Unknown to peaceful country life,
Read not this tale—lest thou might see
Some uncouth style unknown to thee.
For I know no maid was ever smitten
With a single line that I have written.
But, on! or else I'll be old and hoary,
Ere I'll have done with Nancy's story.

Nancy was as fair a girl
As ever wore a golden curl ;
Her laughing, dancing, dark blue eye
Might mock the winter's starry sky.
Her tempting lips, her blushing cheeks,
Her breast where dwelt a thousand freaks,
Where flesh and blood and passion burned,
But every thought save virtue spurned.

Her head, her breast, her snowy arms
Possessed a thousand winning charms ;
And artists would for ages beg
To obtain a view of her snow-white leg.
But beg they might, till hell froze over,
Or ocean's face was wrapped in clover,
Ere once their anxious eyes might see
A single inch above her knee.

CANTO THE SECOND.

'TWAS in eighteen hundred and sixty-one,
 When our national trouble had just begun,
 That Nancy felt the kindling flame
 Which, naught save marriage e'er could tame.
 Her sunny life was drawing near
 The morning of her eighteenth year,
 When Larkin White,
 One winter night,
 Sent deep the shaft into her breast
 That often broke her midnight rest.

Girls will love, and so will boys ;
 And oft I've seen them leave their toys
 To seek some lonely place of meeting.
 While the blood ran high and their hearts were beating,
 Beating for the noble hour
 When, in some wild sequestered bower,
 They might in stillness happy feel
 The sparks that through the breast will steel
 When love commands the heart.

So Nancy's case was nowise new ;
 'Twas only as all maids will do
 For each deserves a part,
 A portion of that holy pleasure
 Whose breadth and depth no line can measure.
 Then why not Nancy, nature's child,
 Seek out some spot or covert wild
 To meet the wished-for man,
 Where Larkin's lip might meet her own
 His arms, with all a lover's tone,
 Her lovely waist might span.

Oh then how happy are our days
When Love within our bosom plays !
We know no pain, nor fear a sorrow ;
But think 'twill last beyond to-morrow.

When winter's snow clad every hill,
When frosty winds blew keen and chill,
Then pork and beans and corn-bread
Upon the linen cloth were spread.
While Nancy and her lover sat
To share the rich delicious fat.
There Squire Todd and his worldly wife,
The helpmeet of his well-spent life,
Beheld with all save grief or woe
The honest face of Nancy's beau.
But ah, the time it came at last
When Lark must go before the mast.
His country called ; the battle raged ;
Fierce hostile troops had now engaged,
And he would not at home remain
While Northern foemen forged a chain
 To bind his country's legs !

No he must up, too, and away,
To take a part in the bloody fray.
So, farewell, father ! farewell, mother !
Farewell, sister ! farewell, brother !

 But his poor Nancy begs,
That, ere she's left in sadness there,
Sunk in grief and lovelorn care,
She too must seek the field of gore,
Where muskets flash and cannon roar,
 And stand up by his side ;
To watch him in the hour of danger,
And if he falls, be his avenger ;

Or, if he falls and does not die,
 But from a wound in torture lie,
 To stop the crimson tide.
 Though father howled and mother cried,
 'Twas all in vain their language tried.
 Nancy 'gainst all must have her way
 And to the wars with Larkin stray.

So off she cut each raven tress,
 And off she threw her linsey dress ;
 A good brown suit of home-made jean
 The work of many an hour's pain ;
 A long-range rifle, horn and pouch ;
 A double blanket for her couch :
 Then, thus caparisoned, off she flew
 To where the battle's smoke rose blue.

CANTO THE THIRD.

LEXINGTON was an awful fight ;
 Much blood was spilled and many men laid out.
 That field of battle was a frightful sight,
 And dreadful was the noise and shout
 Of angered warriors, fierce contending,
 Each trying to put his hated foe to rout.
 The sabre's clash and bombshells rending
 The flesh and bone of many a brave good youth,
 On either side defending his cause of truth.

There the Yankee troops displayed their grit,
 Or, more to the point, 'twas the wildcat Irish,
 That showed how Northern guns could spit
 Hot lead and steel 'gainst the foeman sirish.

For many an old hero fought under Price,
And young hero, too, and Lark among the number.
And by his side his comrade, young and nice,
Whose every inch is stout and precious lumber :
I mean young Nancy, the maid of nerve,
That from her purpose was never known to swerve.

The fight began loud, the cannon roared,
Blood flowed in torrents for three days and nights ;
Shot and shell from monster guns were poured
Till the ground was covered o'er with awful sights.
There flesh and bone, and blood and brains,
Were as chips of wood where white oak rails are made :
And the charge renewed amid maddening marshal strains
As the tide of battle back and forward swayed ;
And the Irish guns the very devil played.

But now 'tis time to bring Nancy to the front ;
For Nancy, I assure you, was no mere spectator.
Her trusty blade, that was nowise blunt,
Was drawn to meet the fate that did now await her.
And she and Larkin, standing by her side,
Prepared to charge on the Yankee works,
That to take before had in vain been tried,
On account the keenness of the Irish dirks.

THE CHARGE.

Now on, Hurrah ! the whirlwind goes
To crush in death the Yankee foes ;
Old Price's columns onward run
To seize and spike each brazen gun.

Shout on shout ascends the skies ;
From rank to rank death notes arise.

Onward ! though the cannon balls
Plough through those ranks, those living walls,
Up to the breast-works, every living soul,
Where the sulphurous clouds of battle roll.

Up, over the works, around each Yankee gun,
While bloody streams their torrents run ;
There each Johnny reb, without coat or vest,
And charming Nance among the rest ;
Like a tigress fighting for her whelp,
Nancy dealt each deathly skelp.

The battle raged like stormy hell,
Until at last poor Larkin fell ;
And Nancy leaped to avenge the blow
That laid her darling lover low.
Around her head she her rifle drew
Around in a circle 'gainst a head it flew.
Whiz, through the air went the broken lock,
And the ground was peppered with the splintered stock.
But she hit the mark and spoiled a handsome face,
And put a neck bone out of place,
And stopped a gallant Yankee's breath
For the brave young soldier kicked in death.

Yet still the tide of battle raged ;
The maddened foemen still engaged ;
And Nancy did to the rescue run :
She seized in haste a dead man's gun—
A double barrel ; loaded, too,
And in good order, besides brand-new.
'Twas a welcome tool, and Nancy's eye
Along its barrel quick did fly.
A Northern Captain came in range
The triggers moved to give loose change.

Bang ! went both barrels, and thirty buckshot flew
From their angry mouths, and a heart pierced through.
The Yankee Captain from his stallion fell,
And Nancy's prowess proved her worth full well.

But that fatal shot was Nancy's last ;
She turned on her heel, across the trench she passed.
But she started back and seized the captain's steed,
She mounted him quick ; then, from danger freed,
On to the spot where Larkin lay,
In lightning speed, she pursued her way.
In a moment there, then she raised his head
Bandaged his wounds that so freely bled,
And as she labored the fatal fight was done :
The foe was captured, and the field was won !

CANTO THE FOURTH.

LOUD were the shouts that passed from mouth to mouth ;
Loud cheers went up for the glory of the South.
And now 'twas feasting, noise, and mirth,
As though that field was the only field on earth.
But Nancy's work of war was o'er ;
Resolved was she to fight no more ;
And to the chieftain's tent she then found her way ;
Informed his creatures that her work was done that day ;
That she in future would watch the warrior bed,
And leave the field checkered o'er with dead.
Give me my lover : my home I'll seek once more,
And bid farewell to this blood-stained shore.
The chieftain listened to each word she said,
Heard out her story, then gayly shook his head.

Well, said he :

I've read romances till I'm old and hoary,
And I've seen and felt much of martial glory ;
But never may my soul know eternal bliss
If ever I saw or read the like of this.
And now depart from the field of slaughter,
Missouri's fairest, bravest daughter.
Go, nurse thy lover ; and may he one day be
Noble and willing to share his life with thee.

Then, after praises and a rich reward,
Nancy left the tent ; passed the sentry guard,
On to the spot where her lover lay,
And prepared at once to homeward course her way.
Larkin, her lover, on the steed was placed,
His wounds secured, and his limbs well braced,
So that the steed could not easily throw him
And break his bones on the ground below him.

Next Nancy's form was seated in the saddle,
Not at all ashamed now to ride astraddle ;
For though I do admit it did custom mar,
Yet such things are common in a time of war.
She gave spurs to the flanks, then to war farewell,
As he felt her heart now in gladness swell.
Over the hills long and late she rode
In lightning speed with her helpless load.

HER ARRIVAL AT HOME.

As the cock was crowing at the dead of night,
While the stars in the sky were shining bright,
At Squire Todd's the dogs were barking,
And the old man in the door to all tongues was harking.
A noise he heard on the timbered road
As if a horse were galloping 'neath a heavy load ;

Nearer, nearer yet it come
Till all Todd's folks with fear were dumb.
At last to the gate, up a stallion prances,
And round the yard half frantic dances,
Loud barked the dogs, yes, howled and yelped,
Although the squire their backs in anger skelped,
And soon a well known voice did call,
And that Nancy's voice ; it surprised them all.
She rode forty miles since set of sun ;
Yes, all the way from Lexington.
And light beat their hearts to see her face once more,
To know her rambling's done and her wars are o'er.
Her lover's form from the steed was borne
His life half gone, and his body torn,
Placed in a couch where kind hands took care,
Where loved ones dressed his wounds and combed his silken
hair.

Great was the joy at her home that night.
The old folks did not go to bed till day ;
And when the glimmerings of the morning light
Drove from the fields the gloomy shades away,
The good old man to a horse put whip and spur
To obtain a surgeon for the wounded man.
He soon returned with the trusty Doctor Burr,
Who did the wounds of gory Larkin scan.

'Twas but short work to dress the ugly gaps
And give a potion to set the man to sleep,
And from that potion he took one of the longest naps
That ever their bonds on human eyes did keep.
Through nine long months both day and night he snored,
Nor awakened once till that time was up.
Though the lightnings flashed and the thunder roared.
He moved not once, even to eat or sup.

'Twas September's month in which the bloody fray
 Was fought in which our hero Larkin fell,
 Yet from month to month he did snoring lay
 Within the power of the magic spell.
 His wounds healed o'er till nought remained save scars,
 And his golden locks grew in length a yard or more.
 While he lay there dreaming of fierce and bloody wars
 Many a field was flooded with this great nation's gore.

Pea Ridge and Shilao, with many other spots
 Of the sunny South, became the scene of war and death.
 There many a brave young form in silence rots,
 Where many a noble hero fighting lost his breath.
 And winter's snow fell over all the fields,
 And the storms rushed through the leafless trees ;
 The freezing days that hoary winter yields
 Crept o'er the earth in slow but sure degrees.

Month after month thus slowly rolled away,
 Yet the slumbering soldier slept in silence on,
 Till the thunder showers of soft and sunny May
 Proclaimed aloud that winter's storms had gone.
 Then one Sunday evening while the family chat
 Was at high tide, and where humor knew no lack,
 They all beheld the great old tabby cat
 Scratching like fury on the great provision sack.

'Twas a sure precursor of fierce and sudden rain ;
 And sure it was ; for hardly had he quit
 Before great drops struck the window pane,
 And bright lightning flashes the gloomy night-shades lit,
 And the rolling thunders in the vault of heaven
 Jarred like the cannon's voice in bloody fight.
 Came on the night air by rising breezes driven
 Following quick each flash of dazzling light.

Then the pelting rain came pattering on the roof,
And the storm quickened wilder still and loud ;
The streams that rushed through the walls were proof
Of the mighty torrents that poured from each black cloud.
Squire Todd, his wife, Nancy, dog and cat,
Altogether huddled in the middle of the floor ;
And near them Larkins' bed with its load of sleeping fat
That regardless of the storm continued still to snore.

Through the door-cracks the wind did wildly scream,
As if trying to enter to kill the folks within.
And it seemed as if Lark then was in a dream,
And that he beheld the terror of a battle's din.
Then all at once the thunder roared anew,
As if old Heaven had shaken off its rust,
And the slumbering soldier from his pallet flew,
Roaring, Christ ! I knew that old gun would burst !

Then, leaping round like one bereft of sense,
He hurrahed for Davis, Beauregard, and Price.
And dared to fight all who might come hence ;
Then roared and jumped, till he fell down twice.
Nancy's arms clasped him, the old man and lady shook
His hand until he seemed returned to life ;
But still he wore that wild and crazy look
That men will wear when engaged in battle strife.

He looked around, until Nancy's face
Took up his gaze ; then he yelled once more :
I thought, by Jove, 'twas another place,
And that the rattling thunder was the cannon's roar !
Now while the folks were in joy caressing
He asked how came it he was sleeping there ;
Nor noticed he what they were addressing,
But asked more questions 'bout his streaming hair.

I've had, said he, strange dreams 'bout war,
And blood and thunder, and piles of mangled dead ;
Now I wake to find but the single scar,
And this strange long covering that decks my head.
There is something wrong : tell me quick the story,
That I may know what has caused the change.
For I thought all night that I fought for glory
The bonny blue flag and a deep revenge.

Then they recited to him, in a slow detail,
All that had happened for a twelvemonth past ;
And now believe me, reader, it did in no way fail
To excite his wonder to the very last.
Good Lord, he said, can all this be true,
That I've been a soldier, warred, and fought and bled ?
That I fell in battle, beaten black and blue,
Then slept so long on that trundle bed ?

Why, it is hard to believe ; yet this scar and hair,
And my stiffened joints tell me all is so ;
But as sure as I am sitting on this chair
I feel a hunger that would eat a crow.
And then they brought him a supper of the best,
And he sat down to it and did eat his fill,
Till the very buttons started from his vest,
And though he cleared the table he seemed hungry still.

Then they talked of love, of his engagement too ;
He remembered all. Yet the rattling thunder
Shook the things around, and the tempest grew
Old with the night. But all seemed a wonder.
Then when his wonder and awful heat of mind
Had cooled a little, he said : I'll change my life ;
I'll leave, in future, bloody fields behind.
But try life's blessings with a warrior wife.

A smile came o'er lonely Nancy's face,
 And a blessing 'scaped from the squire's breast
 In the mother's features one might pleasure trace ;
 And indeed on all there seemed a holy rest.
 They named the day for the wedding feast,
 And talked of matters in the married state ;
 Praying that pleasure might not be the least
 Of all the blessing in their future state.

The fires were raked, the lights were all put out,
 Then our party shifted to prepare for sleep.
 One would think 'twas enough to make poor Larkin pout—
 To go to bed again, and wakeful silence keep.
 Well now 'tis time to let people rest ;
 So I'll drop my pen till another scene appears,
 When strange events may give room for jest,
 Or some gloomy sorrow claim again our tears.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE WEDDING.

SUNDAY morning beamed once more
 Upon the home of Nancy Todd ;
 This day to see her sorrows o'er
 By a lucky stroke of fortune's rod.
 Three words secured the binding seal
 That made our gay pair man and wife ;
 And, next for feasting, jig, and reel,
 To celebrate a change of life.

Now all was hurry and hot haste ;
 Beheading turkeys, plump, fat cocks and geese ;
 Rolling dough for pies, and mixing paste.
 As if they did intend to eat out life's short lease.

Pork, beef, and mutton, roasted, raw, and boiled
Cabbage, corn, and turnips, carrots, beans, and beets,
Parsnips pounded, and bloody sausage coiled,
Led up the rear of the well-assorted meats.

Doughnuts, pies, and crackers, cakes and corn bread ;
Plum puddings, jellies, peach preserves, and plums,
With other sweetest dishes that ever a human palate fed,
And the finest tarts that ever touched human gums.
Potatoes, roasted ; onions, lettuce, peas,
Tomato catsup, ginger snaps, and butter ;
Rich gravies seasoned, and twenty different teas,
Till the feast was ready after an awful splutter.

They sat down to it ; and made a merry meal ;
For the food was various and all hearts were jolly,
And no one spared there the pork or veal ;
So there was no reason for any melancholy.
They ate to fulness, and drank to fulness too,
Of the coffee, brandy, or the best of China tea,
Till Nancy smiled from her laughing eyes of blue.
And seemed as happy as mortal maid could be.

When the feast was over, the room was cleared for dance ,
Then tuning fiddles, and choosing dashing maids,
For waltz or reel, or whate'er it was, by chance,
Were the only thoughts. Forgotten warlike raids—
At least it so appeared ; but stay, and let the sequel
Give the closing scene of the lover's tale,
That perhaps in history could not find an equal,
Or, if so, the story was not put up for sale.

The fiddler most important grew ;
His bow across the fiddle drew,

The tones broke forth and called for dancing,
Till twenty forms around were prancing.
On fast they went, and toed it gay,
Till half the night had passed away.
Lightly bounded youthful feet ;
To virgin hearts it seemed most sweet.

Softly came each melting strain
That bade repeat the steps again ;
Round and round and round they flew,
And louder still the music grew.
Pleasure seemed each moment height'ning,
While fairy forms went round like lightning.
Down came like hailstones nimble feet,
That spent in heaven the time they beat ;
Nor was there one in sorrow there,
From the blushing, dashing bride, so fair,
To the homeliest form that graced the floor,
Or the strapping youth who held the door.

Apple cider in many a glass
Was served up, around to pass ;
And now more cheerful seemed than ever
The lovely maids that danced so clever ;
And reel succeeded waltz and reel
And tried well many a toe and heel,
Till midnight hour proclaimed that day
Would soon appear, to drive away
The hour of mirth, when sleep would steal
Upon the partners of the reel.

But at this juncture a thing occurred
Which I in verse must not fail to mention :
Some jealous critic Nancy's dancing slurred,
And said she tried to draw the most attention.

Nancy let it pass, she did not want to fight,
 And why it was of course you know the reason.
 She did not want to stain their wedding night,
 For at such a time she thought 'twas out of season.

But there is a time when we should not remain
 In peace, it but disgraces, and is no more a virtue ;
 The sneering puppy passed remark again.
 She said to herself, my boy, I soon will hurt you.
 And still he sneered. She flew across the floor,
 Her rosy arms squared, her handsome fist came down
 'Gainst the hated face ; the crimson blood did pour
 At her call again, and did the insult drown.

Yells cheered the action, for it showed the stuff
 In her composition ; she would not talked of be.
 She cried : If the scoundrel has not had enough,
 Let him come again, and I'll let him see
 How I'll pay him back for his words in full,
 And for his little task of using language free.
 Perhaps of fire he may think me dull ;
 Let him come again ; his thoughts will not agree.

Hands clapped, throats called, the mirth returned ;
 An hour more in life it burned,
 Till the foe came back, the battle to renew,
 And avenge the blood that lovely Nancy drew.

It broke in once more,

And Nancy swore :

By the God that made me ! I'll shed that scoundrel's blood.
 If they must have fight,
 Let them try their might,
 And on this floor leave a crimson flood.
 The word scarce said,
 Until there played

The battle fierce and wild ;
 Till on the floor,
 And in the door,
The gory dead were piled.
Knives glanced an instant in the light,
 Then lightning-like went down
Into the flesh of man, that night,
 The course of life to drown.
 The battle crashed,
 The pistols flashed,
The balls flew 'cross the room ;
 Great holes did bore,
 While blood did pour
Like water from a flume.
Till Nancy's foes in cold death lay,
 Save that small few that fled,
And those few friends that there did stay
 Remained to view the dead.

The smoke of battle yet was in the room,
 The light shone dimly, like a torch at sea
When the ship is shrouded in a foggy gloom,
 And all things were lonely as earthly things can be.
They talked for a time and pointed to the dead ;
But the bridegroom pointed to the room that held his bed.
 Nancy pointed up to the old wooden clock,
And said : Enough ; let us all retire.
 This scene of slaughter all one's feelings shock. ;
Come, put out the lights, and rake up the fire.
 And the squire, frantic with a noble rage,
Broke forth once more in a voice most wild,
 'Gainst those varlets that lay dead upon the stage
Of bloody battle and at the door piled.

O howling hell ! the old man cried,
Must I ever see my power thus defied ?
Shall jealous scoundrels our little pleasures mar,
And change my mansion to a field of war ?
Let this be a lesson to all future years,
And live long the picture that now in blood appears !

The lights went out, the battle died away,
And victorious Nancy won the bloody fray.
The hour was still ; every warrior fled ;
The bride and bridegroom sought the marriage bed.
Deathlike stillness reigned, and darkness wrapped in night
The place that rang with war and wild delight ;
The spot where insult found a bloody grave ;
The spot where Nancy felled the taunting knave.
The dead lay bleeding the last drops away,
And the boards were flooded where the slaughtered lay.
Yet they moved there not, but grew stiff and cold,
And the blood was curdling as the night grew old.
Then the cat came back when she found that all was still,
 And she watched the glimmer from the dying coal.
Some strange, dead feeling seemed the room to fill ;
 There the grim dead rested, but there was no soul.
There were sounds of slumber in a chamber far away ;
 It must have been up in the second story ;—
It was, perhaps, where the bridegroom lay,
 Or from the bed of the squire, old and hoary.

But the cat watched on till oblivion seemed
 To reign there supreme, as if life and light had passed ;
The very wheels of the clock there dreamed,
 As if Time were tired of his work at last.

CONCLUSION.

'Tis morn, the gloomy shadows fade ;
The larks rise up from their dewy glade ;
The flowers sparkle with each silvery gem,
Fit for the front of a royal diadem ;
While the face of nature is vailed in mildest green,
Like the royal form of some eastern queen.
Contentment smiles o'er the verdant fields
Where beauty is lavish with the gifts she yields.
We will peep within the squire's house once more,
Ere our story's ended, ere our task is o'er.

Behold the dead of last night's fight ;
How pale and ghastly to the sight !
See that one's brains, how they issue out.
See that other face ; it seems yet in a pout.
Look on this blood ; how thick and dead and cold !
Look on those others by the door rolled.
How very frightful is the grinning clay
When the soul has started from the flesh away !

Come to the bridal chamber ; see, and yet they sleep,
Sweetly and calmly, in each other's arms.
Oh, may those closed lids never have to weep ;
May that manly breast guard those blushing charms !

Well, my tale is ended. Let other bards relate
Of what yet for Nancy is in the book of fate.
May from her bosom a race of men come forth,
Endowed with courage and with honest worth ;
And may her years pass in mirth away,
Then end victorious as her wedding day !

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., Jan. 5, 1874.

THE COCK AND THE MONKEY.

"Cut short vain hope."—HORACE, Odes xi. 7.

COME hither, now, poetic muse !
And light anew the glowing flame ;
Within this mortal breast infuse
That spark so sacred to thy name.

Of simpler things I now will sing,
Than those of famed Arcadian bowers,
Where softening joys their fancies flung
O'er Love's enrapturing, sunny hours.

Nor shall I sing of crimson fields,
Where vultures feast on human gore ;
Where Might thy sword of Vengeance wields,
Till slaughtered thousands pile the shore.

No ; mine is a subject lowly placed,
Yet, by thy genius, it may be
A lasting thing, by beauty graced,
And worthily called a child of thee.

But, let me on ; for I must rehearse !
And as I change the tone I will change the verse.

The sun rose bright on soft May morn,
And his rays shone full on a field of corn ;
And far in that field a cabin stood
Confronting the shades of a dark green wood.

High o'er its roof the smoke curled blue,
And round o'er its walls the meek wild flowers grew ;
And on its eaves the martin spread its wing
At the coming dawn of each returning spring.

It was the house of one whose better part,
For five seasons vanished, moulded in the clay ;
And the weight of sorrow once laid on her heart
Seemed quite reluctant to ever pass away.
But that heart was warm, and its fire did
Consume the trouble as the flame will pine ;
And love broke out anew the day that custom bid
Her cease to mourn and her widow's weeds resign.

For, though her mate was in the tomb,
She yet retained Life's charming bloom ;
Her dark eyes they sparkled in love's warm glee
And her neck was as white as the foam of the sea.
Her blushing cheeks mocked all the rose's red hue,
And her lips were as tempting as night's honey dew.
But I dare now no longer of charms to speak,
Lest in sight of her beauty my heart might grow weak.
From among her possessions my heroes must rise
So forgive my poor weakness when I speak of her eyes.

She had a fine rooster, ah ! a beauty to see,
And a nice little monkey to sit on her knee.
The cock—he was game, and considered a pet ;
For he conquered each rooster that ever he met.
When the signal was given he'd fly to the field
And would never give o'er till the last cock would yield.
Then when out of the fallen the life spark had fled
He would stretch out his neck and crow over the dead :
Nor cease, till the peace of the neighborhood broken,
With the sound of his voice, would acknowledge the token.

But, like all earthly victors, his pride went too far ;
For he foolishly challenged the monkey to war.
But pug-face declined, and said that he thought
The crown of the victor might dearly be bought.
Besides, what have I done, that has given you cause
To raise this disturbance and break through the laws ?
If you are anxious for battle, why, come not to me ;
For Christ himself knows I've done nothing to thee.

Said the cock, You insulted my favorite hen,
And with impudence winked at the sow in the pen ;
Last week when the widow saved for me some fish.
You gobbled the shad and put stones in the dish.
You ate my potatoes, that were left on the table,
And I suspect you of sucking the eggs in the gable.
When I once was in trouble you would not go my bail,
But sat on the chimney and played with your tail.
I demand restitution, and give you till night
To either ask pardon or—meet me in fight !
Then the cock and companions marched proudly away,
While his heart beat with hope for a battle next day.
The monkey's face wore a queer comical grin,
While his crooked fingers played with the beard on his chin,
As he said to himself : Yes, to-morrow we'll see,
How the war will come out betwixt Coco and me.

Next morning, the widow arose from her bed
Ere the stars left the sky, or ere Phebus made red
The orient sky with the first golden ray
That would smile on the world and herald the day.
She dressed her fair form, she donned her best gown,
Then, mounting her donkey, rode off to the town.
The house was now held by the dog and the cat
And Puggy, the monkey, who solemnly sat

In an old arm-chair that was placed near the fire,
While something deep hidden seemed his mind to inspire,
As he sat on the cushion and picked with his nail
The rings and the ridges that covered his tail.
At length he broke forth : Let him come if he will ;
I think I can manage to give him his fill.

The words were scarce said when in came the cock,
The door being free from a bolt or a lock.
(Remember, the widow knew powder and lead
Were far better than patents in guarding her bed.)
The cock he looked round, to the table he flew,
Then stretching his neck he defiantly crew.
So loud was the sound and so jarring the call,
That great patches of plastering fell down from the wall.
Come down with my crumbs, he cried, in such terror
That the sound of his voice cracked the old lady's mirror.

The sound roused the monkey from the spot where he sat,
While the eye of brave Coco his countenance met.
Vile son of perdition ! said the cock in a rage,
Are you ready this morning your foe to engage ?
If not, then prepare ; for when breakfast is o'er
I'll taunt you again to the battle once more.
But where is my mistress ? I see she has fled,
And you too have eaten my fragments of bread.

You lie ! said the monkey ; how dare you to claim
That I would steal crumbs, and thus tarnish my name !
You demand my submission, my courage to quell ;
But rather than give it I'd see you in hell.
I too long in submission your insolence bore,
But I swear by the gods that you'll lord it no more.
Then he jumped from the chair ; to the door he flew,
And the rickety boards o'er the opening he drew.

Now, said he with a grin, you are fast in my plot,
As he fastened the door with the fair lady's pot.
Come to battle at once, as your heart is so willing,
And let the rest of the house stand and witness the killing.
The words were scarce said when the battle began,
And soon o'er the floor the red claret ran.

Each moment it wilder and wilder still grew,
While the cock's coat of feathers through the domicil flew,
Like the falling of snow in a cold winter night,
When the stars in the heavens are hidden from sight.
The cock's fair companions there fainted away
While Towser the dog, he in ecstasy lay.

A pot was upturned, and emptied its flood,
And the floor ran red with the rooster's blood.
The cock would slap the monkey's face ;
The monkey would turn and give him a chase.
The battle continued, the long minutes told,
The warriors together in the hot ashes rolled.

For a time the rooster held his own—
Until his passionate heat had flown ;
'Twas then in vain he strove to fight,
For the monkey's nails had ruined his sight.
Now, begging for mercy, he called in vain ;
The monkey mounted his body again
To tear the flesh while he cried for life,
Loudly begging the monkey to cease the strife.
But no, his pride it had gone too far ;
He himself had created this fireside war ;
And now as its victim he faltering lay,
While his very life-blood was passing away.
He cried : Alas ! my race is run ;
I ne'er shall see the set of sun.

O cursed ambition, empty fame !
 I sought to win a deathless name,
 And it has left me here ! Again he sighed,
 Put forth his tongue, stretched his wings and died.

The monkey rose from off the dead,
 Looked sly around, then scratched his head,
 And broke the silence again once more ;
 Said he : I've drawn that rooster's gore,
 But, I leave it to God and the world below.
 'Twas not my fault ; he would have it so.

MORAL.

Now, man, my brother, when this I've told,
 Take heed of the moral, although it be old.
 Beware of ambition. Go not so far
 As to indulge, for fame, in unlawful war.
 'Tis true we may gain success for awhile
 And bask in the light of Flattery's smile ;
 We may draw the red life-tide from many a heart,
 But we ourselves from the world must soon depart.
 Glory shines for awhile but it soon is past
 And Death, like the monkey, will conquer at last.

CONDEMN ME NOT.

CONDEMN me not for what I've done ;
 There is a greater power
 Than rests with Adam's fickle son,
 To judge my dying hour.
 And grieve not if my steps may lead
 To pleasures vile and low ;
 For mine's the wrong and mine's the deed,
 And mine shall be the woe.

If I have wronged thee in my day,
 Then rise and cast thy stone ;
 But, if I pass thee on the way,
 Then let my name alone.
 For thou art not my guardian here ;
 Then why to wield the rod ?
 The deed for which thou hast a fear
 Lies 'twixt me and my God.

'Tis not with man I'll have to do
 When Death shall hurry to my door.
 If I am rich then they will woo,
 But shun me if I'm old and poor.
 I've seen too much and felt too much
 To e'er become a slave ;
 The garment that should cover such
 Fits only on a knave.

Of things that are I am a part,
 An atom of the universe ;
 My day requires my hand and heart
 Regardless of man's love or curse.
 Then little care I for the tongue
 Whose slander would destroy my name ;
 For little is my hope among
 The mighty crowd that call for fame.

If fame were all that could be gained,
 It would be vain to live at all ;
 'Twould be unto misfortune chained,
 To eat of earth, and drink of gall.
 Since none that ever sought to gain
 That paltry praise that men bestow,
 But were compelled to feel the pain
 That haunts the march of fame below.

"Tis mine to be as I would be
 Unknowing and unknown,
My heart unbound, my spirit free,
 And left to live alone ;
No care save what is for to-day
 Nor dread of coming morn ;
No fickle love on me to prey
 Nor make the heart forlorn.

So, chide me not for what I am,
 In faith or thought of life ;
'Tis not thy power to save or damn—
 Then why should there be strife ?
Think for thyself, and not for me ;
 I have a right that's mine ;
My heart's unchained, my will as free
 As is the will of thine.

If I am wrong, do not the same ;
 My sin is all my own :
To my ill-deed thou hast no claim ;
 My crime is mine alone.
Then shudder not at my ill-deed,
 But seek thy better way ;
Go where thy chosen fancies lead
 And with thy pleasures stay.

FAREWELL TO NEVADA.

FAREWELL to thee ! land of my pleasure and glory,
Thy sage-brush and deserts so dear to my heart ;
Farewell to the miners, of wild song and story ;
Farewell to ye, comrades, to-day we must part.
Farewell to each camp where the furnace is roaring,
And the great mill is pounding away at the ore ;
Farewell to each lake and each cataract pouring :
Alas ! from to-night I may see ye no more.

I go, but the faces of those that I loved best
Shall live in my visions when far, far away ;
And every fair form that once I there caressed
In dreams of the future around me shall play.
The furnace is roaring, the charcoal is burning,
The gin-mill is running to-night as of yore ;
But I to the land of the Celt am returning :
Perhaps from this night I may see you no more.

The Alkali Desert I traversed so often,
The scurvy coyote that howls from the hill,
The boulders of granite that Hell could not soften,
Live all in the page of my memory still.
There is not a camp but I well can remember,
And every strange character walking the street,
The faces of friends that were cold as December
And faces of ladies that held a white heat.

Alas for me ! now that I am in a hurry,
I fain would remember each one in a line,
And praise every face from Virginia to Cherry
Although I now drink their dear memory in wine.

O, Cherry Creek ! Cherry Creek ! could I but tarry
With thee for a season, my troubles were o'er ;
The white-headed girl I gladly would marry
Then o'er the wide world I would wander no more.

Days once were in prime, when the coveted money
Was plenty amongst us ; we knew not a care.
The boys were so wild, and the ladies so funny
The long nights of winter had nothing to spare.
The champagne was foaming, the faro checks clicking,
The keno or poker game trifled with luck ;
And while the new timer the moments were ticking
The champions of fortune sat rushing the buck.

Columbus, Aurora, and Treasure Hill City,
Virginia, Eureka, and Eberhardt town,
Dear Belmont, the spot where the judge was so witty,
Where the man that's now dead came nigh putting me down
Pioche and Bristol, then Hamilton after,
Next Bellville, with Tybo and Mineral Hill,
Old Austin, the camp where I once had my laughter
Through a dame that resides by the Manhattan Mill.

Cornucopia, Bull Run, Peavine and Reno,
Palisade, Elko, Spruce Mountain and Ward,
Robinson, Duck Creek, that district that we know
Dear spot where the lady sent over her card ;
Jefferson, Mammoth, Old Ophir and Carson,
Genoa, whose valley I truthfully knew,
And that fair little camp where I played with the parson
Oh, all ye fair sisters ! I bid you adieu.

THE PRIDE OF BILL WILLIAM'S FORK.

OH, I have roamed these hills for years,
I have borne fortune's frown,
I have toiled till gloomy fears
Have left a bald patch on my crown.
I have seen the life-blood flow
From the heart that loved me best ;
Saw my comrade lying low
With a long lance in his breast.

Where the Hassagampa flows
Once I took a bloody hand,
And a pala verde grows
Where we left them in the sand.
Since that well-remembered day
Past full many a year has run,
And the bleaching bones still lie
Where the bloody work was done.
I have dwelt here clothed in rags,
Lived on beans and jerky beef ;
Skulked amongst these burning crags,
Like a nightly haunted thief.
I have watched the old gray stars
'Till the long night wore away ;
And I've gazed from prison bars
On the hues of breaking day.

Here, old pardner, Billy Brown !
Hang my gun and pistols up ;
Take that big black bottle down,
Hand me now the old tin cup.

Let us drink the cheering flood,
For the night it yet is long,
And whilst it's in the blood
Let us sing a merry song.

Oh, Addie came from Oregon
And drove her daddy's cattle ;
They travelled on till cash was gone
In keeping up life's battle.
Then by Big Sandy River bank
The old man squatted down
For water flows, and grass is rank,
Three miles from Green Wood Town.

And that was luck for me,
For ere a month had ended,
My heart, that used to be
As hard as quartz, was rendered.
I met her at a dance
Where the fiddles were in tune,
And invited her to prance
'Neath an Arizona moon.

Softly came the fiddle's cries
While the nightly hours stole,
And the love that lit those eyes
Lit a fire in my soul ;
And the gentleness of heart
That I felt throughout that night,
Seemed a hidden spring to start
And my course to steer aright.

For, when night was in its prime
And the fun was wild and high,
I would sure commit a crime
Were the maid not lingering by,

As I heard this jealous note :
Hang that scoundrel over there ;
I would like to cut his throat
And wipe my dagger in his hair.

Had it been another spot
Than the one wherein I sat,
I would have let him have a shot
At the dropping of a hat.
But though lead was at my side
And a knife was in my boot,
For the lady I had pride,
And I did not like to shoot.

'Gainst them all I've won the maid,
And I'll make her soon my wife ;
And we both will haunt the shade
There to lead a merry life.
For I've slept alone too long
'Mongst these mountains wild and hoary,
I have sang the mourner's song
And I have told the wanderer's story.

The cactus it may grow
On the sandy, barren plain ;
And the summer sun may throw
His last red rays on the slain ;
But till my flesh is flayed
And my life-blood forced to run,
I will still defend the maid
Till the last shot leaves my gun.

There are gray hairs in my head,
And my breast it bears a scar,
That was made by flying lead
In the last Apache war.

But I'd face the wars again,
And I'd suffer ten times more,
Ere she's numbered 'mongst the slain
Or she's borne from the store.

Now, the old McCracken Mine—
It is very rich I know ;
And the silver comes out fine
When they send it down below.
But let them keep their wealth,
I am rich as I would be ;
I have nerve, and I have health,
And she's all the world to me.

Then raise your spirits high,
With another drink of gin ;
Let your toast be Beauty's eye ;
To refuse would be a sin.
For I feel as light as cork,
And my heart exultant bounds :
She's the pride of Bill William's Fork—
And she weighs two hundred pounds.

DOWN IN ARIZONA.

THE drifted sands are cold and damp,
And the night comes down on the Hassagamp
As alone and aweary my way I tramp
At the close of gloomy day ;
And the dome of Heaven displays no lamp
To guide the traveller's way.

The cacti stand like spectres tall,
Or columns robbed from some grand hall,
Or like the giants ere their fall
 In ages long ago ;
And from afar the gray owl's call
 In a voice that's sad and low.

The cacti stand along the plain,
With outstretched arms, begging rain,
While some lie low, like heroes slain
 In Glory's fight,
As gathering shadows come amain—
 Dark robes of night.

The Indian fig on yonder hill
Grows green, unknown to stream or rill ;
The deadly nightshade's odors fill
 The damp, dark air.
And from the rocks come voices shrill
 Where wild wolves lair.

The mosquito bush all thornéd o'er,
The pala verde by the shore,
The river where no waters pour
 Into the sea ;
And wild coyote's yelp and roar,
 In hellish glee.

Gretta grass and burning sand,
Dead men's bones on either hand,
Panting skies and barren land
 Make up the day ;
And here at night a hungry band
 Of wild beasts stray.

The rattlesnake, with venom'd eye,
Haunts the secas old and dry ;
Horned lizards seem to fly
 Across the way ;
Vultures sail in silence by,
 In quest of prey.

Gela monsters, down the river,
Bask where rods of arrow quiver ;
Give them chase, but you will ever
 Remain behind.

Land of thorns, wild and hoary,
Land of ancient Aztec glory,
Scene of old forgotten story,
 Red with blood ;
Lovely plains once left all gory
 With war's flood.

When will be thy silence fled ?
When will be thy torments dead ?
When will noble glory shed
 Her light in thee ?
When will midnight burnings, red,
 Here cease to be ?

Romantic land ! where I to-night
View the day's departing light ;
Where strange visions meet the sight
 On every plain ;
Where the hideous god of blight
 Holds ancient reign.

Lovely splendor in the sky
As the day's about to die,

Golden clouds like fleeces lie
 Far in the west ;
 And Nature's children seem to cry
 The hours of rest.

By this mesquite, dry and old,
 I my blankets will enfold,
 And will this little shelter hold
 Till break of day,
 And take the rest more worth than gold,
 While here I stay.

Davy, partner, with me share
 Our little stock of homely fare ;
 And ye, my dogs, a noble pair,
 Now lick your toes ;
 For in this flitting world of care
 Each has his woes.

HASSAGAMPA, ARIZONA, January, 1877.

THE LOSS OF BIG KASOCK.

My heart is sick, my feet are sore, I wish that I could sleep ;
 That I could once forget those things that long have made me
 weep ;
 That I might find some spot of land where women never trod—
 I'd dig a well and build a house, and there I'd worship God.
 For in this changing, busy world the heart finds only care,
 And things that seem to us so great, fade into shapeless air.
 My lady love was called Kasock ; I loved her as my life ;
 For all the boys that knew the girl supposed she'd be my wife,

Till up the creek and down the creek our names were known
as one,

And I did look upon her breast as something I had won.

My sweet Kasock ! I loved her well the pride of all these
grounds.

That lay within her daddy's ranch : she weighed two hundred
pounds.

Along Big Sandy's frowsy banks we courted by the day,

Until she struck a tender cord, and bore my heart away.

We danced at Mickey Dolan's, and we dined with Tom Des-
pain,

We ran our bronchos up the creek, then trotted back again.

We courted like two merry cats, 'way down in Greenwood
shade,

And in the little parlor there we drank our lemonade.

I sold my team, I took the cash, I bought a suit of clothes ;

I got a pair of fancy boots that fitted well my toes.

Again I went to see Kasock ; she met me with a smile,
I pulled my little wallet out and gave her half the pile.

Said I, Kasock, if all this world was knocked in sale to me

I would not move to take the prize unless you would in it be.

For you have grown to be the tree around which I shall cling,
Till water turns up the creek, till winter turns to spring.

She smiled and took a rabbit up that lay upon the floor—

Her dad had killed it with his gun before the cabin door—

Well, Cap, she cried, it seems to me we might as well begin it ;
My dad he knocked this rabbit down, now what do you say,
we skin it ?

We skinned the rabbit, boiled it down, we ate it from the pot,
I laughed, she smiled ; I laughed again ; she cried, This soup
is hot.

Said she, I like the rabbit best ; it eats so nice and tender ;
And then she asked about the dress that I was going to send her.
The old man next chipped in a word about the long dry weather,
Kasock shoved in a funny word, and then we laughed together.

When all the rabbit disappeared we sat before the fire,
The old man took the poker up and made the sparks shoot
higher.

And there we sat till twelve o'clock, I bid them all good-night,
I started up Big Sandy Creek, my heart was glad and light.
For oh, I thought Kasock was mine as was the shirt I wore,
Nor thought I then, beside that stream, I'd see her face no
more.

I started to the park, next day, a proud and happy youth,
I gazed upon the smiling world, a world of love and truth.
But three weeks more : I came again, Kasock, O where was
she ?

The folks had left, the house was wrecked, and none was there
for me.

The willow walls were bleak and bare, old rags lay on the
floor ;

A broken chair, a rifle stock lay bleaching by the door.
The fire out, the wagon gone, and silence reigned around,
Where but so late my love had been was only barren ground.
I asked my friends ; they told me all Kasock's folks travelled
on,

Kasock had fled ; my peace was up, my better days had gone.
Oh, why not leave a letter there ? Why did she go so soon ?
What could it mean ? Where did she go ? I asked beneath the
moon.

But ah ! no voice came back to tell. Enough, that all had
fled

And nothing now save loneliness where light and love was
shed.

I found a piece of rabbit skin ; the tears began to flow ;
I thought of the rabbit we did skin that night one month ago.
I found a track, it was Kasock's. I spread my quills about ;
It was Kasock's, I knew it well, how could I help but love it !
But all had gone, and this lone track was all she left to me,
And lizards run and rabbits skip where once we used to be.

She threw me off ; I saw it all. My curse upon the park ;
While I was there her heart grew cold, or found another lark.
And I am left here like some ghost, that wanders up and down
In quest of love, in quest of home, and only find a frown.
I wish I had a piece of land where women are not seen,
A flowing spring, a little house, and tall trees in between.
I'd rest there in the welcome shade, behind some giant rock
And never take it in my head to cry about Kasock.

1879.

THE DYING ARIZONIAN.

THE rheumatism in my bones has left me in my bed,
And deadly aches and horrid pains have filled this old gray
head.

I am dying now, I know it, boys ; my days are nearly run,
So draw around my little bunk and let me have my gun—
That dear old gun above my head ; long it graced these cabin
walls ;

Now take her from the mezquite rack, and load her up with
balls.

There ; now my navy, put her there ; that old Sharp's rifle too ;
That ammunition nearer yet. Hold, comrades, that will do.
I want those weapons at my side when called upon by death,
For these are tools that in my hands have stopped Apache
breath.

Yes, boys, my race is nearly done ; I know I wildly rave,
And soon the bones now racked with pain will fill a lonely
grave.

But while the fever's on my brow, I'm living in the past,
Where scenes of blood and savage war around my feet are cast,

And I feel that deadly danger calls my fiercest courage up,
Till I drain the welcome liquid from the ever-bracing cup.
Boys, I've grown gray here fighting, and I feel my work is
done.

For I know from how I'm sinking that my share of life is run.
So 'tis little use in hoping ; I must turn back to dust,
While the weapons that I handled will be left a prey to rust.
But I feel, my gallant comrades, that I've done my duty well,
When I sent the wild Apache to the scorching flames of hell.
Thirty years these hills I've wandered, facing woe and want
and strife,

Thirty years I've hunted treasure while I struggled for my life ;
But to-night I'll take the journey that I dreaded long ago,
Though to-night I die contented, for I've my days of woe.
I have crossed the Hassagampa full a hundred times or more,
And I've often spread my blanket by the rapid Gila's shore ;
From Tucson to Fort McDowell, cross the dry and arid plain,
Oft I skulked through nightly hours, lest I swell the numbers
slain.

Up the Verde, down the Sandy, out to San Francisco's peak,
Over mountains cold and lonely, while the wind was cold and
bleak,

Cross Bill William's Fork to Date Creek, seeking wealth from
year to year,

While my hair grew white with danger, and my strong heart
beat with fear.

I have gazed upon the dying, fallen by this stricken hand,
And I've hunted through the moonlight many a ruthless savage
band.

But it was the hand of vengeance that directed every blow ;
For the blood of slaughtered comrades lying in their silence
low.

I have jerked my beef while watching for the foe that never slept,
And I ate my beans while skulking from the eye that never
wept ;

But we hailed them at the daylight with our whistling bolts of lead,
While we charged with gleaming sabres o'er the dying and the dead ;
Till the land that knew but rapine slumbered in the moonlight still,
And the beams of peace at morn kiss the gently sloping hill.
'There are bleaching bones at Date Creek, there are more at Sacatone,
There are ghosts that wander nightly through the lonely Mo-kaone ;
But there are no cries of murder where the mountain torrents wend,
And the white man's wheat is waving in the fields at Gila bend.
Those that dwell in peace and plenty, by the far Atlantic shore,
May cry, alas, with sorrow, that the savage is no more.
They may say that he was noble, that his spirit it was free,
'That his nimble step was bounding as the waters of the sea.
The youth and maid may listen to the story told in song,
Of the wild and handsome red man Fortune doomed to end in wrong.
And the preacher long may talk about how badly did we do,
When defending here all dear to us, the ruthless fiend we slew.
But let those folks that live down East behold what I have seen ;
Let them fly with me at midnight, haggard, hungry, cold, and lean ;
Let them from the distant hill top watch their little home in flames ;
Let them stand there chill and sleepless till the grief their spirit lames ;
Let them steal back at the daybreak while their eyes are filled with tears
As they gaze upon in ruins all the wealth of bygone years ;
Let them watch the dying mother, let them hear the infants' cry ;
Let them see the bleeding sister whom the savage dooms to die ;

Let them see the hapless victim cast upon the cactus thorns ;
Let them see the quivering arrow in the infant newly born,
Whilst the flames are burning wildly 'bout the bleeding captive
bound,

And yells of savage devils make the dark night ring around.
Such it was in Arizona in the lonely bygone years,
When we watched from house to hill-top, filled with ever anx-
ious fears.

But we warred until the savage saw his reign at last must cease
And the Angels hailed our triumph with the olive-branch of
peace.

Now the spire points to heaven, 'bove the Christian's place of
prayer,

And the school-boy's peal of laughter rings out on the morning
air.

The woodman's axe is chopping in the Bradshaw's noble pine
And the busy drill is clinking far down in the silver mine,
While a thousand homes are happy in the light of coming morn
And the winds go gladly stealing through the valleys green with
corn.

'Tis enough. I've lived to see it, and I feel I now must die
Like the once proud giant cactus fallen 'neath the summer sky !
Sometimes my mind it wanders, and I see again the home
Away back in old Kentucky where in boyhood I did roam ;
And the orchards there before me, where the peach and apple
grew,

And my father's sheep are feeding where the grass is rich and
blue.

There, while the fever's burning, do I seem to drink once more
From the clear cold crystal water where I often drank of yore.
The sister that has moulded in the grave for forty years,
Blooming woodland flowers, to my mind again appears ;
While my poor old mother calls me to my supper near the door,
And I eat the welcome bounty that was all our stock and store.

Oft I think I see my father making whiskey at a still
Where the cold spring boiled and bubbled, far beneath the
wooded hill ;
Or the neighbor boys around me try our flintlocks on the coon
That we hunt with shouts and yelling by the soft light of the
moon.

Till some cow-bell of the woodland seems my dream to melt
away

Like the little changing pictures that upon the hearth coals play.
Last night I raved and wandered till I thought that old Cochise
Met me up at Yaki Wilson's, and he said he came for peace.
But my comrades were around me and our fire raged again,
Till the foe we warred so often sought the Hassagampas plain.
There his young men, dead and dying, near the spot I stood,
did lie,

While their life blood ran in torrents red as is the evening sky.
But I woke and found 'twas dreaming then my mind thought
of the dead,

Who shared my days of danger in the seasons long since fled.

Poor old Yaki Wilson's lying, cold and bloody in his shroud,
Where Antelope is hidden 'neath the chilling mountain cloud,
And the gun that killed him's hanging on a bleak abandoned
wall,

While the man that did the murder is gone where no intruders
call.

Jack Swilling died at Oyuma, and Bill Williams is no more ;
And Tom Walker long since started for the hoped-for Golden
Shore ;

Johnny Peebles, here in Wickenburg, still holds the reins of
life,

Happy is his home though humble ; he of all obtained a wife

Ho, boys ! bring in some water, it is growing dark around,
And strange unearthly figures seem to steal along the ground.

I hear a voice—where is it? now 'tis sounding far away.
Catch me, boys, oh quick! I'm going; for this trembling spirit
pray.
Water, water! God have mercy! There Apache comes in
sight;
Out among the giant cactus, we must fight again to-night.
Here! Here! Quick, they're coming. Oh, and his eyes, all
flaming red,
Flashed around the room a moment, then fell, and he was
dead.

The spirit had departed for the judgment-seat of God,
While his corpse lay cold and lifeless in the land he often
trod;
And the voiceless calm of twilight fell upon that wrinkled
face,
Where the weight of war and watching left its deepest, sternest
trace;
And the mission blankets round him pressed his aged limbs
grown cold,
And the death-sweat, chilling, rested on that forehead high and
bold.
The last light of the evening kissed the weird and broken land,
Where the wolf pursued his journey o'er the Hassagampas
sand,
The night-hawk swept his circle round the dwelling of the dead,
For no noise broke in the stillness save the watchers' lonely
tread;
The bat flew after plunder through the old deserted halls,
And the owl peered through the starlight from the crumbly
village walls.
The death-watch there was ticking where naught else fell on
the ear,
And the dead man's uncouth comrades whispered round the
pioneer.

Fighting, laboring, searching, watching, through the night of twenty years,

Daring still to seek for fortune where the darkest day appears,
Dying now where one poor candle gives the only light that's shed

On the old and wrinkled features of the wanderer lying dead.
A few hours more he is buried in the land his valor won,
And his dust with dust will mingle while the ages forward run.
Like the millions gone before him, till forgotten evermore
Are the brave and daring wanderers of the Hassagampa's shore.

PREScott, ARIZONA, December 31, 1878.



PADDY WHACK AND TROTTER'S GHOST.

AN EPIC OF LATTER DAYS.

PART I.

THERE was a youth in Erin's Isle
Unknown to fortune or to fame ;
Lowly were the joys that did beguile
Him where the mucky turf did flame.
There was a youth in Erin's Isle,
Wild, rough and daring to the last ;
His face it wore a roguish smile,
And in most lands they'd call him fast.

His name was Paddy, surnamed Whack,
A name already known in story ;
For if an age we'd wander back
We'd find that name held forth to glory.

But once, there was no laurel on his noble brow ;
Once he was not famous as we find him now.

True, his frame was filled with that native fire
That has flamed for Erin through a thousand years ;
The Saxon horde warred against his sire
O'er the famine stricken his mother shed her tears.
On Clontarf's plain his fathers fought of yore,
Till they bathed their falchions in the viking's gore.

But Pat was born in another age
Where the chains of slavery held his country low.
His heart oft burned with a noble rage
Yet he had no weapon with which to give a blow,
Save his black shillalah often marked with blood,
And as often washed in the Liffey's silvery flood.

'Twas vain to battle in a cause like this,
Where no hope for victory led the warrior on ;
No distant prospect of freedom's noble bliss ;
No bright returning of a glory gone.
The Saxon soldier wanders the field, the hill and dell,
And the cannon's frowning charged with shot and shell.

He may dream at night of the battle's mighty roar,
And with his comrades rush against the foe,
Till the hated English fly the Irish shore
And the bloated tyrant in death is lying low,
But he wakes at morn ; his chains are on him still,
And the English sentry stands upon the hill.

He goes forth to labor till the mighty drops of sweat
Roll from his brow. Yet what is his pay ?
His home-spun shirt with his brine is wet,
He toils till twilight—what is for his day ?

A few poor potatoes, a wretched bed of straw,
Are all the earnings that his daily toil can draw.

His only pet is a snowy pig
Whose daily food is equal to his own.
He may still be happy and dance a lively jig,
And smoke a *dudheen* by his own hearth-stone ;
Though even that wretched spot he cannot call his own.

The pig goes for rent, and his cow, she too
Gives her golden treasure to the landlord's purse ;
A life of toil he may years pursue,
But his wretched state is daily growing worse,
His bones are weary with the weight of toil ;
And his crop, it withers in the barren soil.

His hens, his geese, their pearly eggs may lay ;
He dare not eat one, but brings them to the fair,
For the landlord's bailiff he may come to-day
And for Paddy's palate he has little care :
The rent must come, or a mother's aged form
Is driven out to face the winter's pitiless storm.

THE EVICTION.

From Gweedore's vale comes a cry of woe :
The stack of straw's in flame, and the widow's house lies low,
Lonely desolation hails the coming night
Where late, the peasant blessed the traveller's sight.
The farmer's banished from what he thought his own ;
The shelter's taken from the aged and lone ;
Paddy Whack is there, his home a ruin now
The scowl of vengeance rests upon his brow,
For his eye beholds the breast whose milk he drank
Naked and cold by the rugged bank ;

The wild night coming, and no spot to hold
 A mother dying, a father weak and old,
 Here to-night evicted, like a thousand more,
 Trembling, cold and hungry, by their native shore.

The landlord's word had come : no one could stay ;
 The soldier's bayonet soon was brought to bear
 On him who, stubborn, would not go away
 From that home and land to which he was right heir.
 Of course the world knew that it was not fair,
 Still they drove him out ; it was no matter
 What gloomy storm the sky might wear,
 Or how the cold rain on the aged might patter,
 No, damn their eyes, they must get up and scatter.

'Twas a proud lord's land—a lord who held his right
 Through a mandate given by that old robber, Cromwell.
 Men might call it his, but not in freedom's light,
 In this modern age all men know too well
 That such flimsy claims cannot take well,
 When reason teaches that 'twas first place robbery :
 That if there's such a place, Cromwell now is in hell
 For that very act of most ignoble jobbery,
 And his followers should be, for their many acts of snobbery.

Should we blame the peasant if he do not pay
 Rent to a lord ? The land, it is his own,
 This, plain as the sun that shines above to-day.
 Then what little wonder, should the hurling stone
 Crush the landlord's skull when he's found alone.
 'Tis an offering to justice for five hundred years
 In which the peasant did suffer toil and groan,
 In which he has labored 'mid a thousand fears,
 And gave up the bread moistened with his tears.

Paddy saw the night come on,
Where his parents, weak and old,
Lay, their life light nearly gone,
And his own breast felt the cold.

The pattering rain came down
On the heather old and brown,
And the night began to freeze
By slow but sure degrees ;
Until ice formed on that hair
White and gray with weight of care.
Yes, his father's hair, that night,
With the ice grew still more white,
And the spirit passed away
From his mother's form of clay :
Passed away long ere the morn
In the purple east was born.
And his father did not stay ;
For, ere night had passed away,
Two souls from out life fled
There they both, so old, lay dead.

And the mournful wind that hurried by
Took up their spirits to its breast ;
It hurried with them to the sky
To find for them a place of rest.

When the morning came and he found that they were dead,
He knelt beside them while the heartfelt prayers
Arose from his lips, and his gray eyes shed
Love's burning tears on those snowy hairs,
And he kissed those brows where life's weary cares
Left their deep furrows. He counted o'er his beads,
Then rising closed the eye that coldly stares
Then took the path that to a ruin leads ;
'Twas a ruined church covered o'er with weeds.

There were some old graves, and he opened one
 To make a place for his parents' bones.
 And ere the day all its length had gone
 Their forms were resting far beneath the stones.

They were gone, and they died, too, of cold neglect ;
 They died of want ; 'twas an awful death.
 But they had a son, he would recollect
 That night and day till his latest breath.

The priest did chant the requiem mass,
 Just as the hour was breaking dawn,
 The morning wind did coldly pass
 Across the hill and frost-clad lawn.

And Paddy knelt before the altar,
 Weeping while he there did pray ;
 Yet now and then his voice would falter
 As diamond tears did course their way.

'Twas done ; he sought a place of rest,
 But still the storm was in his breast,
 His bosom felt a woe appalling
 And from her mount revenge was calling :
 Go out into the nightly track !
 Go out into the open day !
 Go out and do not turn back
 Until the cause of this you slay !
 Think of the land that was your own ;
 Think of that land your hand hath sown ;
 Think of the hearts that now are cold—
 Deep, deep beneath the dark brown mould ;

Think of thy race whose tears were shed
Above a starved kindred dead !

Then swear by me,
That you will be
Avenger of the crime.

He slept awhile, then, rising up once more,
He took his shillalah and started up the road,
With a last resolve to leave his native shore,
And till 'twas noon onward swift he strode,
But just about this hour a coach came into view ;
The rattling wheels Pat's attention drew.

Was it good or evil ? Be it as it may,
Pat prepared for battle ; 'twas the landlord's coach.
He got in attitude to keep them all at bay,
And while the carriage did quite near approach,
Behind the thorns he stood with cudgel ready
And prepared to strike with a nerve steady.

They came, he sprang, one blow dashed out
One horse's life, the other horse did wheel,
The driver gave a murderous shout,
But Pat's shillalah made him reel
In the dance of death, the lord he loudly crew
For life and pardon, but Paddy on him drew.

The carriage door opened ; the two men met ;
'Twas for life or death ; the landlord knew it well,
In another instant Paddy's hand was set,
On that well-shaved throat, the shillalah fell
With a crack on that skull, the soul did take its flight
To some lonely regions of wild, unbroken night.

Pat gazed on the blood, as from the dead man's head
It ran in a stream, and curdled to purple in a pool below.
When it started out 'twas a fine rich red,
And like a flame of fire for a time did glow.
Where was now the pride that lately scourged the poor—
That brought woe and sorrow to the peasant's door ?

Vengeance had come ; Pat had done his work,
So he started off into the broken hills,
And within those wilds now he safely lurks
While the tale of blood all the country fills.
'Twas wild excitement, but the Irish fox
Found a cozy den in his native rocks.

He stood on Sliabh Liage lofty height
And gazed upon the fields below ;
He viewed that land dear to his sight,
And wept upon her woe.
He wiped the teardrop from his eye,
And bade his native land good-by !

While the dark clouds gathered on his way
And thunders bellowed in their wrath,
While baleful lightnings mimicked day,
He hurried down the One Man path ;
Until he once more touched the sea
That bore him to a land more free.

PART II.

THE night comes down on Paddy's land,
A ship has left that vernal shore ;
The silvery wave may wash that strand,
But he shall never tread it more.
No ; he, the hero of to-night,
To other shores has taken flight.

The night comes down on Paddy's land,
The last lone crag soon fades from view ;
The sails are full. No more that sand
Will show the print that once it knew.
The stars look down and light the foam
That bears him to his future home.

And soon Columbia's shore looms up in the West ;
'Tis his land in future, his home and final grave,
He will wield his falchion, bare his manly breast,
And rush to the conflict with his brethren brave,
Meanwhile, the storms and the wild waves rave,
The groaning timbers of their vessel tell
What strain is upon her, as each mad wave
Breaks 'gainst her side, and the foamy swell
Dashes high its spray ; but the watch cries, All is well !

'Tis o'er at last ; New York seems grand to view
And there is a strangeness here in all he meets.
He seems quite taken with these customs new,
But while he is gazing, hark the loud drum beats,
And the fife's shrill music every note repeats
Of sweet Patrick's Day. As he heard it on that soil
That gave him birth, and as he listens, quick his stout heart
beats.
He thinks of the past, his cares, his woe and toil ;
He thinks of the dead ; his blood begins to boil.

'Twas the note of war. He hurried to the spot,
To the fine old building where they took recruits
For the Sixty-Ninth. Well, it seemed his lot.
To one side were placed piles of fine blue suits,
And beside them boxes filled with soldier's boots.
He took the oath, and pulled on a pair.
They were just his fit. What shall be the fruits

Of this wild freak ? Will his life be fair ?
That Pat did not know, and he did not care.

He only knew that there was war on hand,
That hell-born treason frowned upon that flag
Of his adopted country, so he now would stand
On the smoothest plain or the highest crag,
And, till that banner was shot down to a rag,
He'd face the storm, be it shot or shell,
And defy each rebel, from Davis down to Bragg,
Braving the danger where it thickest fell,
Or where the battle-storm seemed to blow from hell.

DEPARTURE FOR THE FIELD OF WAR.

They hurried forth. Adown the iron track
The mad train hurries, the mighty engine roars ;
The revolving wheels in their wild speed crack,
But they hurry on. Like a bird she soars
On, across the fields to where Bull Run pours
Down its crystal waters, alas ! that soon will be
Red with heroes' blood, and its verdant shores
Be heaped with the dead ; the mighty and the free
Lying stiff and bloody in wars tempestuous sea.

They gain the field ; the wheels at last stand still.
The cars are emptied ; the lines are formed for battle.
The whole brigade is ordered up the hill
To where the warm dead lie like butchered cattle,
While the green hills tremble with the roar and rattle
Of red, wild war, and the cloud of smoke
Rolls across the field and the day grows hot, till
The great drops fall where battle broke,
Where mad War dealt there its first wild stroke.

Then charge on ! charge where the Black Horse thundered ;
 On, across the field, like a band from hell ;
 Brightly flashed their swords while the whole host wondered
 Till upon their ranks the mortal storm fell.
 But yet on they come ; the wild cries higher swell ;
 And their pistol's volley sweeps again the field,
 Where the cannon's thunders are a funeral knell
 For the gallant forms that in death have reeled,
 And a voice of warning to those that will not yield.

Well, the Irish met them ; the fight was hand to hand :
 'Twas shoot, stab, cut, plunge the bayonet in.
 The steel went up to the very band
 Of the musket's stock, and the mighty din
 Did not all give o'er till cold Death did pin
 Half the foe to the earth, and the rest retreat,
 And the Irish follow, stripped off to the skin,
 Madly excited with the battle's heat,
 Giving the hand of death to all they chanced to meet.

'Tis a thing of history how the battle turned ;
 And in that turning noble Paddy fell
 Into rebel hands. Still he was not spurned,
 Until into Libby by chance his sad lot fell.
 But, ere the winter, he escaped to tell
 Of his prison horrors, and again to fight,
 For he'd not enough ; he seemed to like the smell
 Of the burning powder and the lurid light
 That lit for an instant the battle-field at night.

'Twas a long, long war, and he saw it all ;
 He was down at Vicksburg and helped besiege the place.
 He was first to hurry at the bugle's call,
 And was not always last when the saying grace

O'er a soldier's meal, proved that yet a trace
Of old faith remained. Still his noble mien
Was yet quite fresh, and perhaps his face
Was the very fairest that could at all be seen ;
And though the grub was poor he was nowise lean.

On Malvern hills, where low lies the dead ;
At Chickahominy, where their ghosts yet hover ;
On Potomac's shore, he shot away his lead
And faced the foe, till the rich green clover
Was red with the blood and bespattered over,
With the once good brains of some gallant man ;
Who was like himself, by fate, a hapless rover.
But it is an honor to be in the van
When the battle rages ; that is, if we can.

The last gun sounded by the river's shore,
The night of stillness told the strife was o'er ;
The dead soon mouldered into mother clay,
The smoke of battle forever died away.
The long lines departed from the battle-field,
Where the Northern warrior forced his foe to yield.
The soldier wandered to his home again ;
The green fields flourished in the pleasant rain.
And Peace once more came and took her stand,
The lovely mistress of a united land.

But where was Pat when the great war ended,
When mild-eyed Peace to the world descended ?
Where was that warrior first within the fray,
That man of nerve, where is he to-day ?
Ask not till years have echoed in the tread
Of Time's great march toward oblivion's sea ;
Until the flowers grow above the dead
Whose boon companions once he used to be.

Then we'll meet again in the proper season ;
We part to-day ; do not ask the reason !

Amelia was a lovely maid,
Who dwelt beside Kentucky's shore,
Until in wedlock's bed she laid ;
Then all her happiness seemed o'er.
For her vile husband had no store
Of that sweet love that should always be
Where hearts are joined ; but for evermore
He was filled with promptings of dark jealousy,
That green-eyed monster the terror of life's sea.

And though she loved him with a woman's heart,
He would still be jealous, and would curse and swear.
At the dead of night he would wildly start,
And cry aloud that some other man was there.
He then would catch her by the golden hair
That decked her dear head ; and her wild cry
Would pierce through the night, and her face so fair
Would bleed from the strokes that he did apply,
And his slaps would blacken her sweet, soft blue eye.

A scowl was on his face, and cruel all the day,
So that her dear heart nothing knew but woe.
Thus did her hours sadly steal away,
Yet no taste of pleasure did she ever know.
Her heart was sore, her tears did often flow,
Her poor lip quivered, the lip that knew no kiss ;
Her heart was weary and her spirits low.
The days went on she knew no tender bliss,
For with her lord all things went amiss.

'Twas like the flower, that, growing in the field,
Is pressed by the viper till it has lost its hue,
And with black poison its poor fate is sealed.
So was Amelia ; for her eye of blue,

That was so lovely, seemed to lose its hue.
And her poor cheek faded till 'twas pale and wan.

Then her wedding-day often did she rue ;
For that fatal day was her only ban—
The day that linked her to a cruel man.

When he would labor in the field afar,
And gaze on his home, if he saw a stump,
He would hurry straight, and with pent-up war,
Roar like any lion, while at every jump
He would wildly swear, till he gained a clump
Of trees near his home ; then he'd see he was mistaken—
'Twas a huge black tree ; he'd sit on his rump
Till some other fear would in his mind awaken.
But 'twas all against one, that one to joy forsaken.

At last one day he had to put down his ticket ;
'Twas election day, so he must be there—
You know that's the law ; no one else could stick it.
He went, but suspicions of his lady fair
Filled his black heart, till his venom'd care
Sent him back running to the one he used unkind.
To see, perchance, then, if she would dare
To favor another when thus left behind—
Indeed he always thought she was to vice inclined.

I do not know exactly how he used to vote—
'Tis not of politics I am writing now ;
But if my memory's clear he wore a nut-brown coat,
And there were some wrinkles too upon his brow ;
And he quick did hurry, hoping that a row
Would reward his labors in running all the way.
He was a strange genius indeed, I must allow ;
It was almost useless for such a man to pray
When he was all so wicked at his time of day.

Now, in his field the black crows used to come,
 And scratch up the corn he put in for seed ;
 Birds of nature's free-list, they considered some
 Of each man's corn theirs ; little did they heed
 His fierce, wild curses. The oldest crow would lead
 The rest to the mischief, and all would scratch pell mell,
 Perhaps, the crow would say, he don't like my breed ;
 Perhaps he wants this corn all to sell—
 Well, if he don't like it, he can go to hell.

Now, when his wife found herself alone,
 She thought she'd make a man to scare the crows away ;
 Or, rather, a scarecrow ; so when day had grown
 To its hour of prime she did quickly stray
 Till she found some sticks that did scattered lay ;
 And she made a frame and put some clothes upon it,
 And while she made it, on that summer day,
 As she sat on the floor, her head without a bonnet,
 Her husband Trotter came. He still of course was on it.

As the fox will steal when he wants to catch a hen,
 As the hunter steps when he wants to shoot a deer,
 So did Trotter step, that bright evening when
 He to his home did come skulking near ;
 And while his vile heart beat 'twixt hope and fear,
 He reached his own door, he gazed into the room
 Where they used to sleep, and did a moment peer.
 A thing met his sight—that sight would be her doom ;
 For she there was sitting in the secret gloom.

A man in her lap ! He drew his pistol quick,
 Bang ! bang ! went two shots ; his poor wife gave a scream,
 Then, fainting, fell ; and the clock did not tick
 Till another shot let his own blood stream,

And his soul went sinking in Death's eternal dream.
He was soon stone-dead and growing cold,
And not until the sun was shedding its last golden beam,
Did life come back to that form of classic mould,
Or rebeat that heart of greater worth than gold.

She trembling rose, and saw her husband dead,
Her own breast wounded ; and the house was covered o'er.
The stormy spirit from that form had fled,
And his navy pistol lay upon the floor.
Then she hurried out, and, trembling at the door,
She called the neighbors in to gaze upon the sight,
That was clothed in cold terror, while her tears did pour
Down her sweet cheeks, and when the dark night
Came down on the world, many saw the sight.

And they heard her tale of woe, while their own eyes
Filled with sorrow's waters, and their hands did make
A shroud for the dead. The next night he lies
In his narrow home. Oh, that he would not wake,
And every peace from the country take.
But alas, no sooner is the funeral o'er
And the neighbors cease to work in mercy's sake,
Than his ghost comes back to haunt the place once more
And make it sadder than it was before.

For, from a well in the corner of the field,
A well old and useless, filled up with weeds,
This the precious liquid long had ceased to yield ;
And from this often the black ghost leads.
First he stays awhile amongst the willow reeds,
Then hurries onward clad in flames of fire,
Until the sight—a wild confusion breeds,
And still each day does the noise go higher
Nor does the ghost seem to lose his ire.

The cattle frightened grew most poor and lean,
 The horses fled, the sheep were seen no more.
 Such consternation no man had ever seen,
 For all the farmers by the river shore
 From their cosey homes in a terror pour,
 For no rest by day nor sleep can come at night.
 While that hell-fired ghost doth so madly roar,
 While the sheep and cattle all are put to flight,
 And the very crops suffer from a blight.

So that soon all lonely was that lovely land.
 No soul remained, save poor Lady Trotter,
 Who bravely said that she here would stand
 Till the very death, although all besought her
 To leave the land. But that land it got her
 The dear staff of Life in darker hours than now.
 So she said I'll stay ! I believe they might have shot her
 But she would not go ; so with one old cow
 She held the farm, while care was on her brow.

But as time went on, the ghost did cease to visit ;
 Then the folks came back and laid away their fear ;
 Yet still they'd say to each other, Do you know what is it ?
 When he made his visits only once a year ;
 And then would cry he who knew the most ;
 I know, by God, that it's Trotter's ghost !

PART III.

A MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN.

ONE day in Heaven, when things were somewhat dull,
 When Peter stood with his pen behind his ear,
 When all creation seemed to feel a lull,
 And that mighty court was of turmoil clear,

Michael cried, as he lay upon his back,
I say, Sir Peter, where is Mister Whack ?

Peter stroked his beard, and then thought a little,
While on the floor he did fix his eye ;
Then gathering his lips he sent out a spittle
With such force and vim that he shot dead a fly.
Let me see, he said ; I guess I'll have to look ;
I'll find his name somewhere in my book.

Mister Paddy Whack ? yes, he is living yet,
And is still quite virtuous, although very poor.
In the United States he has some trouble met ;
I guess we'd better leave something at his door ;
That is, improve his fortune and give to him a home ;
For I thought of that when I was last in Rome.

Then they talked of others in a careless way,
Till Michael said : Where is Mrs. Trotter ?
Peter shook his head : If I'm not astray,
The relentless tyrant in his clutch has got her.
But wait ; I'll see. And he rang the bell,
And down the corridor came Death pell-mell.

Hallo ! said Peter ; how are things to-day ?
Quite well, said Death ; but not much a-doing ;
Indeed, said he, I do not often stay,
For victims now are not worth pursuing.
I send my clerks around, they do the work quite well
And if the case is tough, of course they always ring the bell.

Well, continued Peter, where are the Trotters now ?
I have not heard their name at all of late !
Death gazed a moment, his hand upon his brow,
Then grinned to tell of the mortal's fate.

Oh, yes, he cried, Mrs. Trotter's well ;
But her husband Dick, you know, he's down in Hell.

Is that so ? said Peter ; Why I was not aware
That he'd been cut off ; was it long ago ?
Why don't you remember the time you sent me there—
You said lay the jealous scoundrel low.
I know it all, for my memory's clear ;
You signed the warrant, and I have it here.

Do not mind, said Peter ; but how is his wife ?
Glorious, said Death. She is getting young again ;
Since the ghost grew still she leads a happy life,
She toils now daily, but she knows no pain ;
And her flocks increase ; her fields are robed in gold ;
And her heart is merry, as it was of old.

Just then came a call that grim Death was wanted
Somewhere on Earth, the angel did know.
So he started off, till the spot he haunted ;
It was easy hunted when arrived below.
And at the same time came from above,
And the saint and angel beheld, the God of love.

Well, cried the monarch, I heard you all below ;
So I have just concluded to have another marriage.
The Trotter match was a thing of woe ;
Indeed, to tell the truth, it was a sad miscarriage.
Let Paddy Whack have the widow now
That he may prove useful while youth is on his brow.

Saint Peter bowed, as did Michael too,
And quickly turned to their former post,
Where once more their conversation drew
About the marriage on the earthly coast.
I am glad, said Michael, that he is so lucky
For I always liked his style, he is so brave and plucky.

And then broke in Peter, Bet your life you'll see
 Some fun on Earth when this couple marry.
 If Satan tries to get up a spree
 With Paddy Whack, it will all miscarry.
 Now mind you, Michael, what I here say :
 There will be some fun on their wedding day.

Then there came a cloud to obscure the mortal eye,
 And Heaven faded from my anxious gaze.
 When the cloud went past I gazed into the sky,
 But I could see nothing save a smoky haze.
 Of course I heard enough ; so I'll wait till Time
 Shall spin more yarn to finish out my rhyme.

PART IV.

To where Ohio flows, a man is on his way ;
 He is very weary but he pushes on,
 He seems quite anxious ere the close of day.
 To find a shelter, for if day be gone
 Ere he chance to find it, he may sit all night,
 And count o'er his beads by the pale starlight.

A stick is in his hand ; it is seasoned, black and old,
 Do you know it, reader ? 'tis that same old stick
 That left the landlord lying stiff and cold ;
 The very one that gave the famous lick
 On an Irish road in the day of grief and woe,
 When men's hearts were sad, in the gloomy long ago.

In its aged seams clotted blood is hidden,
 Its black sides are polished with a jetty hue,
 As in the days when it grew unbidden,
 When it grew a bush bright with morning dew ;

And who is he who wields it on the road,
Who to-day is wandering 'neath a heavy load ?

That is Paddy Whack, as I'm sitting here,
And as handsome as ever is his jolly face.
Of course there are changes, each succeeding year ;
But I can't distinguish, hardly yet, a trace
Of age on that brow, and his manner just as clever,
As it was on the day when we last did sever.

What a noble form ! muscles full and round ;
A leg like the mast that is formed of oak.
That leg, back in Erin, gave the deer-like bound,
And that iron arm dealt the deadly stroke.
That breast faced danger 'mid the battle cry
And the cannon's lightning lit that fine gray eye.

With a firm step as he treads along—
But what is his luck all since last we parted ?
What is the burden now of his song ?
I know by his face he is not broken-hearted.
No, his is the heart that beats bravely on,
And welcomes each danger till the life is gone.

But he feels quite lonely. For the noble heart
Yearns for some object here to call its own.
'Tis true from this world we will one day part ;
But who in this world would live all alone ?
No, he said to himself, I must change my life ;
For a man's more useful when he has a wife.

I have seen enough ; I have fought upon this shore ;
I've stood snow and storm, the pelting hail and rain,
I have won a heritage ; I shall war no more,
But labor the field, where the golden grain

Waves 'neath the zephyrs of the summer day,
And enjoy my hours till life has passed away.

'The sun was setting in the west,
The birds were sailing to their rest,
The crows were quarrelling on a tree,
That was burned as black as black could be ;
The rabbit hurried from its hole
And 'mong the opening buds it stole ;
The cows were lowing far away,
The wandering sheep did homeward stray ;
The oak-clad hills were still quite gray,
For winter had but passed away ;
The broad Ohio rolled along,
Fit object for the poet's song.
And from one roof the blue smoke rose
For 'twas chill yet at the evening's close ;
And down the hill bold Paddy came ;
Beside the house he saw a dame :
 That dame was Lady Trotter.
She here arranged a flower bed,
And golden curls decked her head,
 Just when his gray eye caught her.

Now that morn, ere he took the road,
 He heard the story about the ghost from hell ;
And all his blood in a hurry flowed
 As, in detail, he did hear them tell
 What a sore misfortune on the lady fell,
And of how, the spirit of Dick Trotter dead,
 She would dare to linger in that peaceful dell.
Well, said our hero, as he onward sped,
I don't fear the living and much less the dead.

Now, when they met at the fall of night,
Her face was so lovely, her eye so soft and blue,
Paddy's fluttering heart felt a wild delight,
And as he gazed wilder still it grew.
Then he said unto her as he forward drew,
Good woman it's late and I'd like to stay
In your house to-night, for the falling dew
Is now on the buds, and 'twas early day
When from the village I started on my way.

Come in, she answered, while her lovely face
Wore a smile so winning, and her golden hair
Flowed down her shoulders, while a nameless grace
Seemed to deck her whole form. Come in ; we'll share
What we have with a stranger. It is homely fare,
But there is plenty of it. Coffee, sir, or tea ?
Which you like for supper ? Well, I do not care,
Cried Paddy, smiling : as the case may be ;
Either tea or coffee is good enough for me.

Fie, fie, good sir ; you are very kind
To take whatever it may chance to be.
Indeed, most travellers are not so inclined ;
For they then want coffee when we've only tea.
But what seems the strangest of all things, to me,
Is how they call for what I have not got.
The herb that grows on China's favorite tree
I have not always ready to put in the pot,
Which is used for both as it is by lot.

Oh, take things easy, said the warrior then,
What you have is good ; it would be very strange
If you could now have all things, when
Your recent troubles have had such range ;

But I am glad to see that there has come a change.
I have heard all your sorrow ; indeed it was enough
To lay you in the grave. For when the mange
Destroys the cattle as with Job, 'tis tough
That then the husband should grow so wild and rough.

O sweet sympathy ! how the human heart
Is made glad by thee. Now the lady's face
Was radiant once more, and her loving heart
Beat faster still, as she did trace,
On that noble countenance a grace
That made her love it. Her bright tears started ;
Oh yes, she said, there was trouble in this place—
My once loved spouse, he was so all hard-hearted,
I guess its well that we are forever parted.

Ah, these years are dreary ; and although the ghost
Comes now quite seldom, still I have my care.
Yet in most hours I can proudly boast
That the silvery threads are not in my hair,
And that all my feelings are now as they were
Ere I knew life's trouble. 'Tis a pleasing thing.
To love and be loved, and our joys to share
With those that are worthy of the love we fling
Upon them, with pleasure, when in Life's gay spring.

I was born to love. Even when a child
I found love 'mongst the flowers ; for a mother's breast
Gave that with its milk. Every alcove wild
Showed me an object for this passion blessed,
And I found a pleasure in the rose I pressed
To my girlish lip ; the sky, the earth, the air,
Seemed to love me back, and love was my guest,
It was native to me, and I did have my share
Till the day I met him who proved my bane and care.

Yes, I saw Dick Trotter, and I married him,
 For he was right handsome. Oh, I little knew
 That my heart would weary, and my eyes grow dim,
 From the woes and sorrows that he round me threw.
 Yet still I loved, though he daily grew
 Unkind to me ; till the night his hand
 Cut short his own life and I then did rue
 His untimely end, though I ill could stand
 His dark ill tongue, the worst in all the land.

My heart is vacant now ; my home I watch alone ;
 The soil I till, the golden corn comes back ;
 For the sweat I give from each weary bone,
 The flour rests in each well filled sack,
 The fodder bends down the mighty rack.
 My flocks, they thrive, and wander through the wood.
 And because I've health, my hand is never slack.
 As to changing life, many say I should ;
 It might be well to do so if I only could.

As hours fled, that night went past on wings
 That were tipped with gold, and three days more
 Found a marriage-making, all the various things
 Were being brought forward and fond love did pour.
 Its joys o'er their hearts that were sad before.
 The priest did splice them, and that very night
 The ghost came back to the earthly shore.
 He did not linger nor tarry in his flight,
 But came hither straight the marriage bed to blight.

CONCLAVE BELOW.

'Twas night in Hell, and a fine large fire
 Was burning on the hearth, while the Devil sat
 In his great arm-chair. There was not much ire
 On his hard old face, as most things were flat

In the world below. He just now was grinning,
For there was news from earth that most men were sinning.

There would be a good harvest in the future day ;
For his sons were busy putting in the seed.
It was a pleasure that these men of clay
Would turn to him, yes, all Adam's breed
Would one day be his. If things held in this manner,
He'd have souls enough placed beneath his banner.

As he sat in this mood, up did come the news
That Paddy Whack would marry Lady Trotter ;
And when he heard it he seemed to take the blues,
For he felt quite certain that he himself had got her.
Can it be, he cried, that an Irish knave
Dare wed the widow of Dick Trotter brave !

Then up came Trotter, his soul was burning red,
And 'bout forty devils were in his companie.
A crown of rattle snakes were upon his head,
And most awfully troubled he did seem to be.
O Father, he cried, as he looked up to the Devil
On Earth to-night there is an awful revel.

That wife of mine is about again to marry
An Irish warrior, shall we let it pass ?
If you say go on, why I will not tarry,
Till I strive to ruin the one who, alas,
Has left me burning in this world below,
No hope in prospect but eternal woe.

That was your own lookout, the stubborn monarch cried ;
But I'll let you go if you will destroy her.
All right, said Trotter, and away he fled ;
If I can't do that I'll at least annoy her.

Then the Devil cried, stay and turn up the gas ;
You cannot go till I write you out a pass.

Dick did stay and the gas was turned,
A fine light flamed while the Devil wrote
A complete pass as the bright flame burned.
With a firm voice he read out the note :
Pass on the bearer to Kentucky State,
And don't detain him, lest he should be late.

Dick took it and started ; he passed through the smoke
To where lava was more smooth and level ;
Then with lightning speed on ahead he broke,
Holding up his pass to each anxious devil ;
Till he reached the gate where the guard did hail him,
But as he had the pass, why they did not nail him.

Where the music played on the fiddle string,
And the happy throats did with pleasure ring,
Where fair Amelia was once more
A wife upon Kentucky's shore,
Where Paddy Whack did find at last
A reckoning for his troubles past.

There was pleasure there till 'twas twelve o'clock—
The dead of night, then the guests did turn
To their own dear homes. There was a mighty flock
At brave Paddy's wedding. The light did burn
For two hundred eyes ; yes, perhaps, and more ;
For to tell the truth, I did not count them o'er.

When all were gone, Amelia went to bed ;
And, as is the custom, Mr. Whack did follow.
They got in together—of course they now were wed—
And he clasped that bosom that was never hollow.

'Twas Ireland and America wed in fondest love ;
For, as you remember, 'twas a marriage made above.

Her fine flushed form filled the hero's arms ;
He kissed her with pleasure—he had a right to do it.
She was now his wife ; these were now his charms ;
She was all his own, and Paddy, well he knew it.
So woe to him who would these pleasures mar
If there was one to speak, let him come to war.

Now, when 'twas dark, Trotter found his way
From the mantel-board where unseen he sat.
So now to their chamber he unseen did stray,
And when he came there, upon a mat
Lay the lady's garters ; they were quite brand new
They would be a trophy, so he'd take them too.

For 'twould be quite easy for to say in hell,
Look at these garters ; see, the lady fell.
He held them a moment, Paddy saw the face.
He jumped from his bed and prepared to give him chase.
Down with the blackthorn from where it rested,
And against the fiend he with fury breasted.

But the ghost he fled through the open door,
And the hero followed to regain the garters.
He swore with an oath that he would restore
Them both to their place. Now they run like Tartars ;
On, across the fields, as though they both had charters
To leave the wind behind. Oh, how the fire
Flamed from the ghost like from the martyrs
When they roasted in Rome to please the tyrant's sire ;
But the fiend—he burned with old Hell's desire.

Oh, while the dark night was upon the earth,
There was sorrow in the heart that was lately glad ;
One flitting hour turned away their mirth,
And the lady, weeping her whole heart, was sad.
But she knew that her husband would again return,
For so great a soul in Hell could never burn.

She watched through the night ; the stars did twinkle ;
Yet they both did hurry to the gates of Hell ;
The falling dew all the grass did sprinkle,
But the run and chase did more lively swell,
Till the gates were reached ; then the hinges swung,
And Hell's vast concave with their music rung.

The word it flew to Heaven ; all that mighty court
Went helter skelter on to see the show.
'Twas long indeed since such glorious sport
Was obtained for Heaven from the world below.
On went the chariots thundering cross the sky
And the bands of angels next came coursing by.

High on the battlements made of purest gold,
And along the vast walls built by God of old,
Stood the troops of angels gazing far below
Where the fires eternal in wild fury glow.
The Son of man in his splendor shone,
And gazed on the man who would dare alone
To make war on Hell. Shouts on shouts arise
As Pat in his glory cross Hell's red plain flies ;
And the sweat that rolls from his breast and back
Rises in steam from his manly track.
The devils face him—his shillalah beats
Hard on the face of each fiend he meets.
On through the crowd to the very throne
Where Hell's grim majesty proudly sits alone.

There Trotter fled, calling out for aid
 But still our hero in his footsteps laid.
 Till they met at the footstool of man's arch foe,
 The descending club gives the dreaded blow.
 Fiend Trotter falls ; Paddy follows after
 And with a clutch doth seize each striped garter.
 He springs to his feet, his foot yet on that neck
 Around him the club does vengeance wreck.
 Till hell cried for mercy, and Satan, filled with fright,
 Cried in a terror : Why is all this fight ?
 Fly, scoundrel, fly to thy native isle,
 Nor face in thy daring this my royal pile.
 I am monarch here, why then touch my throne ?
 Why brave my power ? I must reign alone.
 Ah, fiend, cried the hero, face me if you will ;
 The prince of liars, could I only kill
 Thee and thy subjects, I would then return
 And Hell's wild storm ever cease to burn ;
 But I'm here to-night, and thou'l not forget
 This 'ventful hour when at thy throne we met.

Paddy sprang to the throne ; his hand upon that throat
 Was quickly fixed ; Satan roared for aid ;
 The infernal cries through the great vaults float,
 While the shillalah's strokes on that form are laid,
 Till the Devil surrenders and swears that nevermore
 Will he let fiend Trotter seek the earthly shore.

Enough ! cried Pat, take thy seat again,
 And remember in future to let my house alone ;
 For Hell may be yours, but in that house I'll reign,
 I speak these words in defiant tone.
 This wretch at my feet your passport bore,
 And sought to give sorrow to my wife once more.

Let to-night be a warning ; that woman now is mine.
So while the ivy round the oak doth twine,
I'll fight for her virtue, and let no man say
That he as a trophy could take that gem away.
Who here says it, I am now in Hell,
And future ages to the child may tell
How I thrashed thee, Satan, and thy servant here
For thy snake-like action. If you've not enough,
I'll off with this jacket and meet you in my buff.
At this a shout from the angels broke,
And the golden cymbals gave an awful stroke ;
The music came down and cheered Paddy's ear ;
The word cheered the soul that never knew a fear.
Satan cried, Pardon, I will always be
A monarch of others, but a slave to thee.
For thy hand did o'ercome on this royal throne,
And thy iron grip forced out each deep groan.
Oh, depart from my land, and come never more
To destroy my power on this warlike shore.
For I've too much pride that it should be known
I was subdued by one man at my very throne.
Well, adieu, said Paddy as he turned away
To pass from hell ere the break of day.

He hurried on, while the vast crowd stood
And gazed on him speechless ; it was such a wonder
That one wild Irishman to do such things could,
That he'd come to Hell and create such thunder,
That he'd march up to Satan and give such awful blows
And draw his shillalah on his very nose.

A shout went up from the host on high
When Pat returned to his own loved rafters,
And the scowl of battle still upon his eye,
While in his great hand he tightly held the garters.

On through the gates that now half-open hung
And the place was silent that with discord rung.

The apostles laughed till they were half sick,
And the angels cheered the hero on his knightly way.
Well, well, said Saint Peter, that's a fine old stick ;
'Tis an awful pity that it should turn again to clay.
Yes, said Saint Patrick, 'tis the best of wood
And has oft been stained in the best of English blood.

Then cried out Saint Paul, true, I am a Roman,
And think much of my country as it is my right ;
But I will say this, that no ancient showman
Ever led such a tiger to the arena's fight.
For I can swear, and not to be in error,
That this Irish hero is a holy terror.

He cuffed those devils in a noble style,
I never, indeed, saw one fight so well.
I am quite sedate ; but I had to smile
When I saw this trouble rising down in Hell.
Three cheers for the Irish and Americans too :
Long wave the green with the red, white, and blue !

'Twas o'er in Hell, and Pat he gained his door ;
His wife she met him—'twas now peace forever ;
Kisses on those lips he with joy did pour,
And she cried we'll again be parted, never.
No, never, cried Paddy ; I have won the prize,
And he held the garters to her astonished eyes.

Years fled. Pat reigns by one fire now—
'Tis his own hearth fire ; and by his side
Sits his noble wife with unwrinkled brow,
And two lovely babies, that seem to be his pride ,

They are twins ; and oft does he to them tell
The wild adventures of his night in Hell.

Hail, peaceful nature ! Hail, Kentucky's shore !
Let the wanderer praise the home of Paddy Whack.
This tale is ended ; we will meet no more
Till the judgment morning. Ah me, alack !
So part all things. Good-night, my gentle friend ;
I have brought my story to a timely end.

VISIONS OF THE MIDNIGHT.

COULD the past forgotten be,
Surely I would rather
That it would remain with me
Ever ; for I gather
Pleasure from the hours fled,
From the days I'll see no more,
And the sweet bliss that they shed
Haunts the heart for evermore.

And I dwell within the past,
As a garden, whose fair flowers
Are the ghosts of other days,
And of summer's brighter hours.
'Tis a brighter world than this,
Peopled with the young and fair,
And a thought of quiet bliss
Seems to haunt the spirit there.

When the deep night's on the plain
And the starlight's on the sea,
Do I seem to haunt again
What was once so dear to me.
Far, within the by-gone years,
I am pleased with what I cherished,
Ere I knew of sorrow's tears
Or the things I loved had perished.

Oh, when in the night alone
I am left to seek the past,
Then it seems that I am blown
To some region old and vast—
Where the dead come forth to meet me
On a strange and fabled shore,
And a hundred voices greet me
As they did on earth of yore.

How the soul that seems to rally
Till the hours of youth return !
And the cool groves in that valley
Know no torrid sun's that burn.
But a soft light fills those regions
Clothed in everlasting bloom,
While I hear the songs of legions
That are long beyond the tomb.

Often when the night is deep,
And this mighty world is still,
While the noiseless owlet keeps
Its night vigil on the hill,
And I sit beside the embers
That are dying there away,
While the silent thought remembers
Many an old and vanished day :

Then, there thinking, thinking, thinking,
 While the soul within my breast
 Slowly sinking, sinking, sinking
 To a land of happy rest ;
 Floating lightly down an ocean
 Never known to heavy wave ;
 Floating, noiseless in its motion,
 To the land beyond the grave :

Then I seem to steal through cities
 Silent, gloomy, weird, and old,
 Where no sound falls on the pavement
 Covered o'er with mossy mould ;
 And I seem to see strange people
 Running ever to and fro ;
 Running up from street to steeple
 Where the bells rang long ago.

But no bell rings in the steeple,
 And no breezes move the vane,
 And these strange and noiseless people
 Hurry up and down again ;
 While dead monks there wonder staring
 From the shrunken, hollow eye,
 And that cheek seems sorrow weary,
 While repentance tear is dry.

Then old knights, in rusty armor,
 Seem to steal once more to fight,
 On some field where no alarmer
 Breaks the silence of the night ;
 There old withered dames go riding
 To the fatal field of blood ;
 They their withered faces hiding,
 Marred since gone beyond the flood.

Through the gloom they all seem stealing,
While the steeds that bear them on
Canter back and forward, reeling
Like the steed whose spirit's gone ;
But the knights go on to glory
And the monks go on in prayer,
And those people old and hoary,
Seem to sadly at me stare.

Then old kings in glad procession,
Marching from the dusty field,
Who, of strength in old possession,
Made the haughty foemen yield,
And I see the flags of nations
Forward with the victors borne ;
Yet I hear no lamentations
And no captives seem to mourn

And the dead, all pale and shrouded
In the garments of the grave,
Forward to some bourne crowded
Though in noiseless dance they rave,
Theirs are wild and fitful dances,
Till they pass in turn away.
And the vision onward glances
Where the fair immortals stray.

There in other fields more holy,
And in other cities fair,
Where the angels meek and holy
Fill the soft and balmy air,
I am left to dream of pleasure,
That the living never know—
Joys so far beyond the measure
Of poor mortals here below.

Till, the last red ember dying,
 Does the past come back again.
 When the night-wind once more sighing,
 Moves the broken window-pane,
 When I'm wakened from my dreaming
 To this flitting world of pain,
 To a land that's ever teeming
 With unheeded cries of pain.

JARVIS PASS, ARIZONA, Jan. 31, 1879.

THE BASHFUL HUSBAND: OR, HE WENT TO BED WITH HIS BREECHES ON.

A STORY OF NEVADA.

PART I.

THE Comstock lode is broad and deep,
 And many the men who work below,
 Where the genii of wealth their treasures keep
 Since the world's creation long ago.
 The buckets go up, and the buckets go down,
 With their precious freight of silver ore,
 And there by the side of Virginia town
 The good mills keep up a continual roar.

The city up there, like a fair young bride,
 Is rich and happy as city could be ;
 The flush and the bloom of her heyday's pride
 Is still on the brow of that city, I see.
 But, list to me, traveller, a tale I will tell—
 A society tale of that fair young city :
 Of the sad mishap that to lovers befel ;
 A mishap that will fill every heart with pity.

Miss Molly Van Stock was the pride of the girls ;
 Her skin it was white, and her hair was in curls ;
 Her lips were as red as the cherries in June,
 And her feet they were dancers to every tune.
 Her cheeks were as roses brought up from the bay,
 To the State of Nevada where white snows lay.
 And her sweet little nose of the Grecian type—
 Not as noses resembling the bill of a snipe—
 But a dear little nose to match that face
 Of a hundred charms in matchless grace.
 And her hands, and her brow, and her ears, and her breast,
 And her waist ; and oh ! reader imagine the rest !
 For they were all fair, in that form of clay,
 As the light of the dawn on a soft spring day.
 But the dear little spirit of Miss Van Stock,
 Was as stern and stiff as the sea-washed rock,
 For her father was prince of a Comstock mine,
 And her mother came down from a blue-blood line ;
 And money was flowing to every door,
 Renewing each day the gems she wore,
 Until it was said that her precious stones
 Could buy from the altar a martyr's bones.
 Proud of her beauty and proud of her wealth,
 Proud of accomplishment, proud of her health,
 Proud of the ore that went out of the mine,
 Proud of the ingots, polished and fine.
 And proud, alas, of the beating heart
 That down in her bosom performs its part,
 A charming girl, long sought in vain
 By the rich and the royal from over the main.
 For the foreign bloods sat down to her wine,
 And the stories they told her were spicy and fine.
 But on Christmas night of seventy-seven
 The fatal stroke to her heart was given :

A wonderful genius, not long in the town
Through nicest of courting her colors brought down.

PART II.

I SEE them walking in the light
Of a glorious summer night,
And, while their love their voices smother,
I see them fondly kiss each other.
Then kiss again, as if this hour
Must be made good, while in their power.
And now I hear the lady sigh
Unconscious that a stranger's by.
Sigh on, sweet girl, I'd be all sighs,
If such were pleasing in thine eyes.
They kiss again ; the Oakland flowers
With deep sighs envy those sweet showers,
From out of which new life would flow,
To give the rose a deeper glow.
And while the starlight from the sky
Meets the lovelight in her eye,
The shadows deepen 'mongst the trees,
And soft words float out on the breeze.
Love on, ye mortals, till that night
When fairy fancies must take flight.

PART III.

THESE lovers were wed in Virginia town,
And their bed was made of the softest down,
The feast and the music, the beauty and gold,
That graced her fair home were a sight to behold.
For a millionaire's daughter was wedded that night
In the glorious ray of a diamond's light.

Well, far in the night, when the dance was done,
 And the wedding, like all things, its race had run,
 The husband and wife went off to bed,
 Where a golden lamp its faint light shed.
 But here, oh, pause, ye angels and men !

What do you think the husband did ?
 He pulled off his kid-skin boots and then,
 With his breeches on into bed he slid ;
 While the poor dear eyes of the trembling bride
 Filled up with tears, and her soft sweet breath
 From out of those lips would fain to have died,
 For the shock to her life was but short of death.

O man or maid ! did ever you hear
 So woful a sight as then did appear ?
 Went into bed with his breeches on !
 Was his poor brain cracked, or his manhood gone ?
 The bed was soft, the sheets were white,
 The air was sweet on that summer night ;
 The pillows were mountains of down and lace,
 And one was graced with an angel's face.
 And a dear little form in linen lay
 In that beautiful bed one night of May.
 Oh, rich are the ores of the silver mine,
 Where the bullion bricks in splendor shine ;
 Rich are the piles of glittering gold
 Received for the millions of Wildcat sold.
 Rich are the diamonds from Afric's shore ;
 Rich are the laces from days of yore ;
 Rich is Heaven, and rich is Earth,
 When wealth comes greeting us at our birth.
 But Molly forgot all her beauty and gold
 When she saw her love to his breeches hold,
 And wondered in silence how wicked must be
 The heart that would torture a lady so free.

She lay in the circle he made with his arms,
 And his breast lay close to her lovely charms ;
 But a silence was there that would not break,
 And a terror came o'er her there lying awake,
 And his sweet words failed to reach her ear.
 For only this voice could the fair one hear :

He has come to bed with his breeches on !

He has come to bed with his breeches on !

At the foot of the bed she seemed to see
 A young devil dancing in all his glee,
 A rose on his tail and a patch on his eye,
 And his laughs and his jeers seemed to reach the sky,
 As he shouted : O girl, with all your gold,
 And your diamonds and lace, you were badly sold !
 For the man you got, he is no man at all :
 See, he goes to sleep as he faces the wall,
 And while his heart should have filled with pride
 When he was permitted to lay by your side.
 While you there lie like a snow-white swan,
 He ought to have gallantly acted the man ;
 And not, when the dancing and feasting were gone,
 Slip into your bed with his breeches on.

What was the matter or what could it mean ?
 Was ever before such conduct seen ?
 Did ever, in all the smoky old times,
 So blackened with arson and horrible crimes—
 Did husband and wife meet in such plight
 As this of our friends on their wedding night ?
 Was he so chaste as to think it a sin
 To take off his breeches when turning in ?
 Was he so much purer than she now his wife,
 Whom he vowed to console for the rest of his life ?
 Or had he forgotten, as an Irishman might,
 To take off his clothes on his wedding night !

Oh, no ; for Mike might make this mistake,
But when in the morning again he would wake,
He would pull off his breeches on rising from bed,
To prove that no evil had dwelt in his head—

Yes, take off his breeches when he got up
Instead of when he'd lie down,
And charge it all to the smiling cup,
While the story went over the town.

But, alas, the husband of Miss Van Stock
Had no such reason her feelings to shock ;
For he was as sober when they went to bed
As the corpse in the grave that lies seven years dead.
And the way that he acted that night, it was plain,
On the very next night he would do it again,
And he went to sleep while the imp below
Winked an eye, that lit with unearthly glow,
While he mocked and jeered in the poor lady's face,
Crying : Madam, dear madam, oh, what a disgrace !
For never before, since Adam's and Eve's
Sweet nuptial night, 'mid Eden's leaves,
Did woman receive such treatment as this—
So dead unto duty, so void of all bliss !
Never did Moor or licentious Turk
Repay one's love with such thankless work,
As to come to bed when the evening was gone
And sink into sleep with his breeches on.

No sleep, that night, for her poor eyes,
While sentry stars watched in the skies.
No dream, no vision of endless day,
Were there in that bed where she sleepless lay.
But, thinking with horror of what he had done
Till she cast her eyes on the morning sun,

When the gloom of the night from the world had fled,
Disgusted with mankind, she rose from her bed.
For never was creature unhappy as she—
Though wedded, unheeded, the world might see
She ran to her mother and told her the tale,
And the story went out on the evening gale.
The baker, the butcher, the banker, the priest,
The doctor, the lawyer, took part in the feast ;
The seamstress, the actress, the shopkeeper's wife,
Were all in their glory, rehearsing the strife.
And down in the depths of the Empire shaft,
The brown muscled, rollicking miners laughed.
For while changing the shifts there the story was told
How the bridegroom had treated the daughter of gold ;
How the broadcloth breeches the bridegroom wore
Had clouded their sunshine for evermore.
Oh, most unfortunate Tarleton Twiggs !
'Twere better thy lot had been slaughtering pigs,
And, when you'd performed the butcher's round,
To sell your pork for one penny a pound,
Than to do as you did when the fiddlers had gone—
Roll into bed with your breeches on !
'Twere better, oh man, that those breeches I see
Were rotting far down where the salt waves be ;
Or 'twere better you ran to the great quartz mills
That rumble and tumble down under the hills,
And fling in your breeches to feed the stamps
Where each monster of metal the whole night tramps,
Then walk through the streets in your white shirt tail,
Displaying your legs in the evening gale ;
Than to wear, as you wore them beside your wife,
Whom you vowed to make glad for the rest of her life ;
And the fiend of misfortune has you in his claw,
For your knee must bend low to your mother-in-law !

The story went up, and the story went down,
Till its scandal employed every tongue in the town.
The father, the mother, the daughter, the son,
From garret to basement, like many cats run,
Till D Street and C Street are shaking with mirth,
For the tale was the richest since Solomon's birth.

The doors were closed where the wedding was last,
And the hurrying people looked up as they passed.
But the windows were blinded, and silence was there
For the lords of the mansion were wearied with care.
The old lady's council had labored in vain,
For the groom of an evening refused to explain.
He paid for those breeches, those breeches he'd wear,
To bed or to breakfast, to feasts or to fair ;
And those who objected might do what they could,
And strip 'fore the world ; but he never would !
These words were but spoken, when, off went the bride,
As sighing and sobbing she faintly cried :
Oh, take me, ye angels, to some little isle
Where man in his cunning can never beguile ;
Where breeches are seen not, where man's actions cease,
And the heart that is troubled may perish in peace.

The scene, it has vanished, the family—fled !
The house of their glory is still as the dead.
The hinges are rusty, the locks growing old,
The chambers are gloomy with gathering mould.
The spider is weaving his web on the wall,
And the angel of death steals at night through the hall.
The hearth, it is cheerless, the floor is bare,
And the long days may pass but no footstep is there,
For the bridegroom stole off on the evening train,
Down the little crooked railroad and came not again;

But whither he went or whither he sleeps,
 The power of darkness the secret well keeps.
 And the winds round the mansion deserted may roam
 But the spot of his dwelling to-night is unknown.
 The mother and daughter went over to France,
 To roll in the wealth that they made by chance.

But their millions are fled,
 Like the snow from the hills,
 And the glory they shed
 Was in millinery bills,

For the stocks of their mine fell to nothing at all,
 And the numerous debts stripped the family wall.
 Van Stock broke his neck down the Mexican Mine,
 One night as he wandered too merry with wine.
 And now where the winds of Mount Davidson rave
 The ghost of the jolly dance jigs on his grave.

Ill-luck to the mother ; ill-luck to the child ;
 Ill-luck to the father ; that luck sent him wild :
 And that luck ! it came, first, when the fiddlers had gone
 And the groom went to bed with his breeches on.

Poor Molly may sorrow, afar on the Rhine,
 Whilst her blue eyes are shedding the clear drops of
 brine ;
 And her proud mother curses the source of their woe
 Who kept on his breeches in bed, long ago.

Take warning, then, reader ; be kind to your wife !
 Don't tease her, but please her the rest of your life.
 From the hour of marriage be genial and kind,
 And work to her wish in a manner refined.
 Be a staff to her papa, a son to her mother,
 To her friends be a friend, to her sister a brother.
 Give, and give money, give time and give care,
 When fortune gives glory, give her equal share.

Be ever the source whence her pleasures take rise ;
The love of her dreaming, the light of her eyes.
Be the star to whose shining her glance ever turns,
The man for whose coming her loving heart burns.
When the light of the day has gone out in the west,
From the wars of the world steal thou to her breast.
And hearken ! I ask thee, ere reaching thy pride,
Lay mantling, lay wrapping, lay shirting aside,
Oh, yes ; if you would that full pleasure be shed,
Pray, hang up your breeches one mile from her bed !

CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA, 1879.

THE MAN THAT LIVED ON BUMBLE BEE.

PART I.

SOME mortals think their life is sad,
When winds are high and weather is bad ;
Though be their limbs wrapped in good clothes,
A warm fire near their nose,
A table loaded down with food,
A bright hearth never short of wood,
A nice, soft bed, a wife to match it
A field with game, and dogs to catch it,
And yet they long for other stations,
Some wealth or clime in foreign nations.
And other men, 'neath softer skies,
Where Nature beams with loving eyes,
Complain, though every passing hour
Brings some new pleasure in their power.
The orange thrives throughout the year ;
There streamlets please the listening ear ;

In every month the roses bloom
And beauty follows to the tomb.
Afar in Spain or Mexico,
Drinking mezcal or oporto,
Lords feel a drowsy, dead sensation ;
Some call it merely heat's prostration.
And even the Russian autocrat
Sometimes feels like a mewing cat.
When Turkey shows new signs of life,
Or Poles prepare for gathering strife.
But all are not for such to blame,
And I know one—but hold his name.

'Mongst Arizona's fitful rills
That rise and fall beneath her hills,
There's one the folks call Bumble Bee—
And a poorer stream you'd hate to see !
For but one month of all the year
Is pool or running water here ;
For there the stream hides from your hand,
And sinks from sight low in the sand.
A rocky source, a sandy shore,
Adown its banks the raw winds pour.
A short day's ride from Prescott town,
A traveller's rest ; so lay you down.

PART II.

A GOOD man dwelt in Kansas State ;
He rose at dawn, he labored late ;
His prairie home, a quarter section ;
Was safely his by law's protection.
He thrashed the wheat, he plowed the corn,
Through the balmy summer morn ;

Called his lowing cows at night ;
Milked them in the pale starlight ;
Fed his sows of Chester breed,
With well-filled troughs of luscious feed.
His roosters crew in lusty pride,
His horses neighed in glossy hide ;
Nor were these all ; he still had more :
A lovely wife and daughters four.
A happy man he, at this date,
But woe for him there was, in fate.
He had enough, but wanted more
Of sordid wealth or golden store.
Not thinking time would ever throw it,
He had enough, but did not know it.

One eve in lonely chill October,
While our friend was calm and sober,
Just as his loved ones made a rush
To gather round a pot of mush,
His thoughts were far beyond his State,
 Out in the wilds of the western shore.
Where golden stores the poor man wait,
 And want of money is felt no more.
So there, with his bowl and spoon in hand,
He said : I believe I will sell this land,
And move my family out to the West,
Where man with gold is always blest.
Too long I've labored 'mid the corn
Since our oldest child was born.
My curse on farming ! 'twill not pay—
'Tis always work, and never play.
Let others stay and till the soil—
I'm not content to always toil.
And, Sal, last night I had a dream :
I thought I travelled up a stream

Where men were working with their picks,
And turning out large silver bricks.
And one there pointed to a spot
That seemed to be a vacant lot ;
And, though the wind most loudly blew,
I heard him cry out : that's for you !
I woke, resolved to seek that land
Where gold dust mixes with the sand,
Sal cried : I'm in for change of life ;
I hate to be a farmer's wife.
And here, you know, our darling girls,
Whom nature graced with beauteous curls,
Why, they can marry millionaires
And live 'mid wealthy mountain airs.
I hate the thought of them to stoop
To farmer's wives fed on pea-soup,
When all their skin is white as snow,
Their cheeks are always in a glow,
And every step and every move
Proclaim them, worldly queens of love—
Yes, love, I'm in for emigration,
To change our dull life's situation.

The old man then laid down his bowl,
And in it he left his spoon ;
And a spirit of change was up in his soul
And whistled a marching tune.

One month from that day, the place was sold
And Tom Rashons, the farmer, sat counting his gold.
His wife she was smiling the smile of the blest,
For the very next week they would start for the West.
The girls were laughing and talked of the day
When they'd marry four heroes, now far, far away,

And said that the county in which they were born
'Twas fit but for raising the sorghum and corn.
Adieu to the grasshoppers, prairie and brush,
Adieu to the sow-belly, sorghum and mush.
They went, and they travelled to Old Santa Fé
But devil a bit fortune or love did they see ;
Though they still hoped for better afar in the West,
Where the sun of the summer went sinking to rest,
Toiling still onward toward the salt sea
Till their wagon broke down on the dry Bumble Bee.
They built a fire on the spot ;
Gathered lumber left to rot ;
Built a house beside the road—
A stage hotel, the signboard showed.

Arizona ! Scarce of shade,
Forty men to every maid ;
Haunted spot, the wayside station ;
Eyes that lead you to temptation,
Curls on an ivory shoulder,
Pleasure to the glad beholder.
When across the desert turning,
Features scorched and nostrils burning,
Eyeballs that would fain to burst,
Spirit drooping with the thirst,
How sweet it is to see a well,
And house where human creatures dwell !
And how much sweeter, when four girls,
Rosy cheeked and glossy curls,
Watch you from the open door
As though they'd seen your face before.

One summer day four travellers weary
Came down the road that's long and dreary.

One had a small canteen of gin,
A rosined bow and violin,
Another one was gaily singing,
His arms this way, that way, flinging,
Now one step slow the next step faster ;
This gent was a dancing-master.

The next bird leading on the string
By some mishap had lost a wing,
He proved a soldier of the wars,
Rich in gab and battle scars.

The fourth, a man of middle size,
Long black hair, and mild brown eyes.
This man you'd think of no amount ;
But lo ! he was a Russian Count ;
A man of millions o'er the sea,
But here afoot on Bumble Bee ;
A handsome form in some respects,
Though had in sight but few effects,
Save what the rhymester's art might call
The Life and Soul of every hall.

They reached the door of the inn ;
The old man met them with a grin,
No ! with a smile ; each was his guest ;
To make them free he'd do his best.

The landlord's wife, with many airs,
Inquired about their late affairs :
Where were they from, where would they go,
When did they think we'd have more snow ?
If they had dwelt here many years,
Liked they those rings now in her ears ;
What were their names, and, each, how old ?
Are those mountains really rich in gold ?

Do you like rice ? Would you have tea ?
Would you like to live on Bumble Bee ?
But, come to think, now pray do tell,
Can this man play the fiddle well ?
Yes ! well then we'll have a dance to-night !
I'm glad you've come ; I feel so light ;
It is so nice to see such men as you !
Oh, now, dear sir, won't you have gravy too ?
Oh, now, good Lord ! I know you'll believe me rash,
But I think those mountain folks are awful trash :
I think that drinking is a dirty habit ;
Say now, Mr. Josh, do take more Jack-rabbit.

She was born, she said, down in Delaware ;
When she was a girl she had curly hair ;
That she had been noted for her early piety,
And her folks had moved in the very best society.
But the folks out here were not smart at all :
She'd been twice insulted at a Prescott ball ;
That a young man, last Sunday, Charles Henry Rich,
Had dared to call her dog a son of a bitch !
A very low expression for any one indeed.
Where could such language in the long run lead ?
True, every dog is but a bitch's son,
But it would sound much softer to have said son of a gun.
Our daughters, here, intend to marry well,
Where their men will come from, yet I cannot tell.
But it's my intention that they find their matches ;
That their several weddings will be the very best of catches.

When she had said all she had to say
There was a silence, but it passed away,
For the old man asked the travellers 'bout the weather :
How long in company had they been together,

And so on ; sometimes for mildness putting in, I suppose,
And, while they answered, playing with his nose.

The soldier said, I confess it plainly,
That my ways and manners may be most ungainly ;
That my dress is not what most great men wear.
The cloth in these breeches is not very rare,
This coat is worn but to keep me warm ;
Self-respect to me seems the greatest charm.
But no matter, ladies and sirs, around me here,
I am a soldier and never had a fear.
At Sumter's storming, this right limb was lost,
But 'twas for my country ; what cared I for cost !
And listen now, I will tell you all the reason
Why I'm travelling here so much out of season.
Out of season ? Yes, that was well put in ;
For what is not truthful always must be sin.

When my country's peace was again restored,
A fine ship anchored, and I went aboard.
We sailed to an island in the lonely sea,
Where the things in sight were all new to me.
'Twas a lovely island, green groves on the hills,
The hollows flowery, and fed with cold, sweet rills.
We found fruit and honey in almost every tree,
And wild fowls nestled bordering on the sea.
• We found gold in plenty and great white quartz veins,
And the land was watered by most gushing rains.
And we were quite contented till one moonlight night
When almost surprised we were compelled to fight.
We were taken unawares by the native cut-throats,
And had not even time to gain our precious life-boats.
All the rest were killed, but, happy 'twas for me,
In the row of murder I found a hollow tree.

I went up the hollow till I found a hole,
From which I looked with horror. For a long black pole
Was run through a comrade, held across the fire.
Why they did this action I did not inquire.
But my comrade was roasted, and I saw them eat him,
And high in the heaven I one day hope to meet him,
The others they rolled down to feed the fishes,
And while they did this I had a hundred wishes.
And the chiefest wish of all my anxious care,
Was, I wished to God I was out of there.
They left me at day break ; I left a little after,
And risked my life to a lonely, floating rafter.
I took a cask of water and some fresh sardines,
Sixty loaves of bread and twenty sacks of beans.
I took one keg of whiskey, another keg of wine,
And a lot of fagots of the best pitch pine.
I took cloth for sails, and cords, and ropes, and tools ;
I took cloth for clothing, and thread, some ninety spools.
I took jerked meat, salt meat, powder, shot and lead,
Muskets, pistols, sabres, blankets for my bed.
Then steering my vessel from that accursed shore,
I risked my fortune to the seas once more.
The winds blew wildly and my boat went on,
The night was coming, and the island soon was gone.
I stood at the helm while the small white stars
Shed their faint light on my flying sails and spars,
The light in the waves sparkled in my wake
Where the foam was dancing as the white snow-flake.
On through the waters, swift and silent now,
My heart beat easy, and peace was on my brow.
I thought, as I gazed on the boundless sky and sea,
Of my silent comrades late so dear to me.
Far behind on that island was their funeral plain,
There unkindly murdered, and there untimely slain.

Their bones would whiten in the ocean's brine,
And their souls must wander far away from mine.
The white sands sparkle in the oft-receding flood
By that vanished island where my comrades shed their blood.
I gazed on the heavens, solemn, starry, grand.
I gazed on the waters, a sea without a land.
I heard the soft whispers through the dim-lit midnight air :
And then I was happy ; for I felt that God was there.
Onward, through regions that I did not know,
While my eyes they were gazing on the stars' soft glow,
Till wandered my thoughts to pages dim with mould,
Blood-stained, but beauteous, illustrious days of old ;
Thought of how Abraham gazed upon those stars,
Thought of how Cyrus passed through glorious wars ;
Peered through the twilight of Troy's expiring day,
And wandered in vision till the long night wore away.
I sank into sleep, careless of the world,
While the cool, silent wind filled the sheets unfurled.

Morning again ; the sea was wild and high,
Clouds large, black, and heavy, held the troubled sky.
The lightning flashed along the bounding wave,
And the thunder followed each flash to its grave.
The rain poured down, the wind it wildly blew ;
The sails in tatters, hither, thither, flew ;
Till my bark was wrecked on a reef of sand,
And I sank exhausted on a lonely tongue of land.
When I woke, it was day in the happy yellow East,
But the land that I stood on had no man there or beast.
'Twas but sand, and all barren ; the wild waves kissed the shore,
And the distant thunder seemed fainter than before,
But I now was hungry, and there was no bread ;
And thirst was upon me, no water here was shed.
I must die here, at last, friendless on this isle,
Should God now desert me and Heaven cease to smile.

My boat was wrecked, my wealth, a precious store
Of bread and of water, was in sight no more.
My cloth, my gold, my thread, my sails and rum
Had sunk in the ocean. I stood there speechless, dumb.
My thirst, it was burning ; but no drink was there ;
While the soft wind was whistling through my tangled
hair.

Once more I threw my body on the sand,
And cursed that day when first I left the land.
But I looked aloft and saw a small black cloud
Gather above me like some sable shroud,
High in the zenith of that summer sky
From out this cloud I saw bright flashes fly.
Now thunder bellowed above that tumbling foam
As if to mock the wanderer far from home.
But at last one flash and the thunders broke
As if all heaven shivered with the stroke.
And the black cloud burst ; a stream poured on my isle
I drank of the treasure ; my heart was still awhile.
The water filled a hollow rock near by,
Then the cloud grew smaller and faded from mine eye.
When I was hungry a great bird came in view.
Its breast was yellow and its wings were blue.
Its feet were black ; its head as white as snow :
And its tender eyes with life were all aglow.
In its beak a basket filled with food it bore,
And flying downward left it on my shore.
The bread was white and made by angel hands,
And the fruit was other than earthly lands.
The wine was sweeter than that of Spanish soil,
And the lot was closed with one sweet cruse of oil.
I ate and drank ; was happy once again,
Why should I grieve, with bread, and fruit and rain !
Not nigh the bird came. Sitting far away,
On a sandy hillock, it sang a weird wild lay.

Till my soul, enraptured, blessed the storm that bore
My courseless vessel to that sandy shore.
Thus day by day the bird did sing its song ;
The cloud gave water ; the white bread lasted long.
I then was happy, every trouble past,
Not thinking but pleasure would forever last ;
Till one day my bird buried in the sand
Some seeds it carried from a distant land ;
And from one there sprang a mighty creeping vine
That o'er the rocks its threads began to twine.
One blossom appeared and a gourd grew there ;
'Twas smooth and white, a species very rare.
I nursed it, it grew to sixty feet around,
Juicy its pith ; its seeds would weigh a pound.
I dried its pith, and I made a bed ;
I ground the seeds into wholesome bread.
'Twas sweet and oily, baked on seaweed fire
It was light, life-giving and all one could desire.
Of the empty gourd a house I gladly made,
The sun-dried pith then in the bottom laid.
My food I carried and hung it on the wall ;
My clothes, though scanty, were here treasured all.
One hole in my gourd let in sufficient light,
Serving for a door ; I closed it up at night.
My bird sang on, until one summer day,
It fell and sickened. The music died away.
I watched all that night but at morning breaking
The wild bird had fallen into sleep that knows no waking.
I wept like a child for my cherished friend,
Who saved my life from untimely end.
It lay on the sand till its flesh to dust had gone,
And the wild wind rising, bore its white plumes on.
The bones there whitened 'neath the warping sun,
And I mourned the lost one my heart had won.

From one of his bones a slender flute I made,
And o'er its keylets many a note I played,
Forgetting the past save where joy was shed,
And crying full often: Happy are the dead !
But one night an earthquake shook the mighty sea ;
My island sunk but the gourd still floated free.
When the morning broke I was upon the wave,
Still safe, though bounding o'er a watery grave.
In the gourd I had water and the gourd-seed bread,
Some nice dried oysters, and a fish's head.
My ship was light, and the wind it blew away,
Till at length I landed in San Diego Bay.
'Twas just ten weeks from the night my isle went down
Till I ate my supper in San Diego town.
Now I thank the Lord for my good luck, here landing,
For I met an uncle in quite easy standing.
He dressed me well, and gave me plenty of money ;
He made it easily, selling white-combed honey.
He gave me a billet at herding half his bees ;
But I'd rather govern an island in the seas.
That island is mine ; I am emperor there,
To recover my realm is my constant care.
I left the bees, and here I am to-day,
In quest of comrades I pursue my way.
Till I shall have gained the requisite number
To secure my throne I'll not rest nor slumber.
This lone single arm has swept the gleaming sword
This weary eye gazed where loud the cannons roared.
Though slight the chance—a Minie bullet buried in my rump,
And at night rheumatics in this ugly stump—
Yet I'll still be king ! Pass that mutton round
Were those carrots frozen ? hardly one is sound.

Good gosh ! cried the landlord ; you were awful lucky,
And I'm forced to add, you are most awful plucky.

And the oldest girl—her large brown eyes were wet.
She was to play the part of another *Juliet*.

Well, said the count, on the Neva River
I trust our navy will safely ride forever.
For I was born in Russia, the land of ice and snow,
Where frost is monarch, and winds their highest blow.
My great-grandfather fought at Peter's side
On many a field where Russian swords were tried.
He stood the brunt across Pultowa's plains
Till they made a sconce of fighting Charley's brains.
And my granddad, his son, did splendid work
Swinging polished steel against the turbaned Turk.
My father fought Frenchmen from old Moscow's wall
To that smoking field where Napoleon had his fall.
And friends, I'm a fighter of the good old stock ;
I can swing a blade, or spring a musket's lock.
I was wounded at Plevna in our Turkish war ;
Twice a shot from a cannon—look you, here's the scar !
He showed them a cut now quite healed over ;
Had it deeper been he'd not become a rover.
And see, he added, my commission here
Dabbed o'er with blood ; it has cost me dear.
And my passport too ; I love the Yankee's manner,
In time of war I'd serve beneath their banner.
I came to Arizona to see the giant cactus,
But on the road from Yuma, Greaser cut-throats sacked us,
Yet I saw the cactus and gained Prescott City,
In whose hardened hearts I found but little pity.
They said 'twas common for men, when out of luck,
To make complaint and say they had been struck,
Their money taken, bleeding on the sand,
Without a patron in a foreign land.
Too bad, indeed. Why in the devil tarry !
Find a rich man's daughter, woo her, win, and marry ;

Take the old man's cash, go back to Russian soil,
 Tell your kindred there 'twas made by striking oil !
 To men of the army, to doctors, lawyers, teachers,
 To men of money, to miners, hunters, preachers,
 I told my story, asked their help, in vain.
 Their cool reply was : Young man, try again.
 I offered my services to shoot Apache braves,
 But they only answered : The worst are in their graves.
 Old Cochise dead, Serum is quiet now,
 The tall Mohaves labor at the plow ;
 The Moquies peaceful toil through sun and sand,
 And white men wander careless o'er our land.
 No, thank you, sir ; we'll have no killing here.
 When we want a butcher, doubtless you shall hear,
 I turned away ; my noble blood was chilling,
 My misty eyes with Russian tears were filling.
 What could I do ? Fitch went on charity,
 While Fremont said that greenbacks were a rarity.
 My landlord lastly opened wide his doors,
 And told me, blandly, he was short of stores.
 I am sorry, cried he, that your game won't play,
 But in our city even counts must pay.
 I left the Montezuma ;¹ Bashford did not know me,
 And the very ground seemed shaking then below me.
 I went but left my curse upon their bones
 Who respected caste so little as to let me sleep on stones.
 But I'll have revenge in the month of June,
 When my cold contemners will hear another tune.
 When my thousand tenants shear my Russian grounds
 I will then receive my forty thousand pounds,
 And I'll settle here, and I'll wed a wife ;
 And I'll taunt my foes with my splendidrous way of life.

¹ A hotel of Prescott, Arizona.

The skunks of that city will hear of my cash,
And I will remember that I went without hash,
In a land where the eagle of liberty flies
And plenty is vaunted in every one's eyes.

The shadows gathered on the wall,
The wandering soldier bowed his head ;
The silence deeper seemed to fall,
Till all around that spot seemed dead.
A moment only till the laughter
Reached the landlord's highest rafter.

For next the fiddler told his story,
That was not long but lacked not glory.
Said he, I played on many shores,
And as a fiddler made good scores.
But I went last year to the Sandwich Isles
Where I've known good fiddlers win golden piles.
I found the king ; I won a station,
As chief of fiddlers 'mongst his nation.
I walked with princes through the day,
And o'er the gardens used to stray.
My pay was good, my dress was royal ;
My heart beat high, my soul was truly loyal.
I was very happy, scraping catgut
For royal ears, and my only output
Was the price of rosin : the nation furnished strings,
And my fiddle was given by the best of kings.
To add to my station, there around me flourished
Those noble people whom the good king nourished :
The blooded families, white, or black and tan ;
And the public preacher, a very nice old man ;
The daughters of the king, and the king's nieces :
The maids-of-honor, young and lovely pieces ;

The king's sons and the royal cousins :
Of these latter mentioned there were many dozens ;
Generals of the army, captains, commodores,
And nice men, keepers of the royal stores.
And the queen—Lord save ! it would be hard to find
A heart more loving or a queen more kind.
She would tell the servants to make well my bed,
To stew my mutton, and to toast my bread.
I was very happy on that sunny shore,
And my fiddling bettered daily, more and more ;
Until, one evening, the king drank too much gin
And I perhaps was as happy in.
The maids of honor had just gone to bed,
And the loving queen began to scratch her head.
The king, broke loose, began to rip and tear ;
He was a born fighter and could lick a bear.
He collared me, saying : You fiddling monkey !
'Twas a lucky day you became my flunkey,
To scratch my fiddle and to carry news,
To please my courtiers and me amuse.
Sit down there, dang you, like a clucking hen,
In vanished days, I have eaten better men.
'Twas a lucky day I gave to you a place
Within the presence of my august face.
I doubled up and seized him by the head,
And threw him sprawling on the poor queen's bed.
'Twas a terrible racket, the king did wildly roar,
And the royal court came hurrying to the door.
The maids-of-honor and the cavaliers,
The chieftains and the royal peers,
Shouted, Hang the fiddler ! Others shouted, Burn !
And the king's scared daughters shouted in their turn :
Kill the murderer ; boil him ; feed him to the crows,
And cast his relics where the scorching lava flows !

Then I cried out : 'Let me from this shore,
 And confound your kingdom ! I'll fiddle here no more,
 Where shirtless demons, of forty years ago,
 Are made kings and emperors, no matter what they know ;
 Where greasy captains of a ten-foot sheet
 Are foremost admirals at a monarch's feet ;
 Where pirate cut-throats quote a nation's law
 And thieving scoundrels the poor man's penny draw ;
 Where petty royalty mocks despotic states
 And a ridden people leave it to the fates.
 I had to cease, and was sent to jail ;
 When I came to trial none would go my bail.
 In vain I pleaded, the king began the row ;
 They called that treason, and cried : We have him now !
 I was condemned, and had to leave the city
 Without a heart to serve me with it's pity ;
 I had touched the feelings of my friends the gentry
 So back to their bosoms there was no re-entry.
 I took my carpet sack ; the steamer's whistle blew ;
 The island's verdure faint and fainter grew,
 Then disappeared. Had it been a dream ?
 Had I really dwelt there ? Such did hardly seem.
 So sudden was the change, that I was forced to doubt it,
 But when I tell the story, half the people scout it.
 I reached San Francisco, and now I'm here to-day,
 Travelling by my fiddle along the weary way.

Poor fellow ! cried the lady of the wayside inn
 To treat you thus vilely was a cruel sin,
 I would like to hurry to that wicked hive,
 And for satisfaction to burn them all alive.
 And I would too, said the youngest girl
 As she moved her hand to lift a fallen curl.
 'Twould be serving them right said the landlord lowly,
 And if I started in, I would do it slowly.

The dancing-master raised his leg, and placed it on a chair
Then spread his slender fingers out and ran them through his
hair.

I never travelled much, said he,
Though I was gently bred
Beside the wild Atlantic sea
Above old Natick head.

I was intended for the law,
And studied that some years ;
But my wild mind could never draw
My bread from client's tears.

They next did place me in the care
Of holy men and kind ;
They thought, perhaps, in dwelling there,
I'd some day change my mind.

They thought, perhaps, my youthful heart
Would fit a sacred bore ;
That I would mount on some strong part
To thunder evermore ;

To beard the devil in his den,
To shame ill-doers from the land ;
To be a bright guide unto men
And lead with fearless hand.

Mistakes, again ; it would not do ;
My heart was dead and cold ;
I read the Sacred Scriptures through ;
Their maxims took no hold.

Come then, my stern old father cried,
Your proper place is found :
Go now into some blacksmith shop ;
The anvil you must pound.

The bellows puffed, the bright sparks flew, the forge was in a
glow,

The white bar struck the anvil's face, and I gave blow for blow.
The old man stood beside the door and looked upon his son ;
His old face smiled, his bosom shook, he seemed to think it fun.
I pounded there for three long weeks, until, one stormy night,
I rose from bed, I broke the door, and onward took my flight.
Good-by, sweet home. In Boston town, and next down in New
York,

Upon the stage-boards I appeared with men of burnt cork.
I studied dancing, night and day, upon the public stage,
And won bright laurels for my jigs, at twenty years of age.
The queen of England saw me dance one night in Drury Lane,
She threw a hundred guineas out and cried, Come dance
again.

I met the Russian Bear one night, down in the South of
France ;
I'm told, said he, by men who know, that you are great on
dance.

Perhaps I am, I gently said ; the public ought to know :
I danced for kings and noblemen, at Nice, six months ago.
Come work your legs, the monarch said, I want to see you do
it ;

They tell me you can beat my wife ; I want to see you through
it.

So I got up and danced a jig. An artist came to paint it.
The nobles yelled, the ladies roared, the Russian Monarch
fainted.

When he came to, he called for me, and said : I was so funny,
If he could do what I could do he'd give me half his money.

But as it was he counted out Napoleons just threescore ;
I took the cash, then hurried out, and saw his face no more.

And now I've sought this desert shore
To find a quiet home ;
I ne'er intend to wander more,
Nor after wealth to roam.

I'll get a wife within these hills,
Whomsoever she may be,
And only dance to pay my bills
For sugar, beef, and tea.

Well now, said the lady, I see no estrangement
Unto you gentlemen making a new arrangement.
Now you, my friend, can play the fiddle well,
And the dancing-master, Mr. Thornbell,
We'll employ you both ; and the king of the isles
Can stay here with us until the soft spring smiles ;
While our friend the count can wait here for his money :
He is doubly welcome to a little bread and honey.

Good Lord ! what happiness filled the girls' souls,
And their eyes through the floor burned full forty holes.
They would all have lovers and would learn to dance,
And they'd have good music—what a splendid chance !
And the oldest girl thought, as she took the mush in,
That if the count was willing she would study Russian.
And the second girl thought, in her happy smiles,
That she'd be one day queen of the Western Isles.
And the third girl thought how happy she for life,
If the royal fiddler, would take her for his wife.
And the fourth girl pondered, as she made the pies,
Of the dancer's movements and his loving eyes.

She thought of what pleasure it would have been to see
Those dear legs dancing where emperors used to be ;
To hear great England's queen giving forth her royal cheers,
And throwing out her guineas to the first of dancing peers.
And the mother thought they had found a mine
In these noble scions of a royal line.
The old man pondered, as he walked his grounds,
Of the Russian Count, and his forty thousand pounds.

Well, they all stayed there and there was some courting ;
There were Russian lessons and many kinds of sporting ;
And of the many hopes not a single one miscarried,
For in three weeks to a moment, all the girls were duly married.

The oldest girl took the imperial bear ;
The youngest had the dancer for her share.
The second one became queen of the isles ;
The third, a creature full of joy and smiles,
Took the prince of fiddlers. She was quite contented.
When she once said yes, it was enough—she meant it.
The wedding was royal, the dinner was fine,
And the food was well moistened with ten quarts of wine.

The royal fiddler rosined up his bow,
The sisters' eyes did bright and brighter grow ;
They were all so happy in their new-found station—
Countess, artist's wives, and queens of foreign nations.
They passed around the cake, they followed up with wine,
And the supper lasted till exactly half-past nine.
The guests made merry with the best of cheer,
The music floated on the night so clear,
The count told stories of his Russian wealth,
And the fiddler toasted oft the young queen's health.
The king of the isles told his stories of the wars,
Then the count stripped off, to show his battle scars.

The first of dancers boasted of his art
And his wife she smiled as he pressed her to his heart.
The king declared that a few months more
Would place him safely on his own green shore.
The dear landlady to one side sat alone
And the landlord near her picked at ease a boiled beef-bone.
The lady was quite happy, you could tell it in her eyes,
Her daughters, princesses and queens and artists' wives ;
And she sat contented in the flickering candle-light
While her daughters frolicked on their wedding night.
The king related more about his island,
Its mountain slopes, its valleys low, and highland.
The dancer spoke about his best quadrilles,
His waltzes, polkas, jigs, and slow treadmills.
The fiddler told them of some famous air
That he used to play behind the royal chair,
And the count talked glory, thought of one more scar
He received at Plevna during their last war.
It was done by a shell in the very foremost ditches,
But to show it well he must take off his breeches.
Ladies, please go out ; it will take but just a minute ;
I must show these artists what a horrid wound was in it.
The men all saw the wound, the count pulled up again ;
The returning ladies mourned for his pain,
For it must have pained him when that Turkish shell
Went so very near to ring his funeral knell.
Well, the midnight came, the guests they went away,
And the last burning fagots on the hearthstone lay.
They all went to sleep ere the last spark fled,
The count and the countess slept out in the shed.
The king of the isles and his beautiful bride,
Through their love of the stars, spread their blankets outside.
The prince of fiddlers had the trundle bed,
And on a sack of feathers the artist laid his head.

'Twas the hour of happiness, silence reigned around,
And the landlord listened to catch some passing sound.
But no ; all was silent as the soft blue sky
Save when the countess heaved a tender sigh.

That night went by, the days that followed
With love and laugh were days most hallowed,
Till a month went by. The twenty-eighth of June
Wiped out the last thread of the genial honeymoon.
The count and the king consumed the landlord's money,
And, strange to say, the count received no money.
No letters yet from Russia ; could his friends be dead ?
Had his agents robbed him ? Too oft he scratched his head,
And wished they'd hurry. But slowly fled away
The tortuous months of summer, and each sunny day
He and the monarch, and the latter's lady,
Would seek for a spot that was nice and shady,
Where they would sing and dance and talk of wealth for hours,
And eat their well-cooked lunch, amid the cat-claw bowers.

The queen believed her lord was all a king,
That he had ruled beneath a golden crown,
That those lands and isles of which he used to sing
Would one day be hers ; and his face so brown
To her was quite handsome. She believed it royal.
She felt herself a queen ; of course her heart was loyal.
And the count whose eloquence about the icy shores
Of the far-off Baltic, of how Ural's torrent pours,
Of the Russian armies ; of his own grand halls ;
Of the hundred paintings on their massive walls ;
Of his gold and silver, of his precious stones,
Of his proud escutcheon before the first of thrones—
Touched the young wife's heart. She seemed to float in air,
For a hundred pleasures were around her there ;
Happy, contented, believing all he said,
As her hundred curls on his breast were laid.

Happiness of mortals ! born from the cloud
That ere the morrow may serve us as a shroud.
For the blasted hope ; how sweet is thy coming,
When the young heart feels it full of pleasure !
The air is laden with the wild bee's humming,
And the music of the heart plays its softest measure.
But there was trouble brewing ; like the sun of March,
That shines bright in the morning, but hides in clouds ere
noon,
Or the loving winds that woo the mountain larch
Then rise to tempest around the midnight moon.

The count he wondered at not receiving money.
And the king of the isles thought the reason funny
Why those ten thousand muskets did not yet arrive—
But perhaps the maker was not yet alive—
To San Diego Bay, he could well remember,
He had them ordered some time last December.
He intended to use them in conquering fine isles
Just west of his own land some one hundred miles ;
And nine cannon also, of the largest bore,
To sweep the lowlands of the south-end shore ;
And a little item of ten thousand balls :
He ordered the hardest, for battering stone walls ;
One hundred kegs of English cannon powder :
He liked that kind, it shot off so much louder.
Now the prince of fiddlers lived in expectation,
For the dear good empress of the German nation
Had promised to send him a famous violin,
That once was Beethoven's, the bass-string made of gold,
And the fiddle case made of leopard's skin ;
The tone just as perfect as in days of old.
The darling husband of the fourth fair child,
Listened long for calls from some foreign court,
Where, in other days, he lived a favored sport.

But nothing came, the king went into rags,
Waiting for his muskets, the count most seedy grew,
And the famous fiddle of which the minstrel brags
Came not with the summer, and things were growing blue.
But the count said : Father, I will make you a knight,
Because I wed your daughter ; what a great delight
It will be to the family to know their warm heart blood
Will change its color and run with royal blood.

Loan me two and a half until my money comes.
Yes, Father, it surely will be there to-day ;
I'll pay you three for one on these little sums.
Let me have it quick, the stage is going away,
Let me wear your coat, the king would often cry,
I must go up to Prescott to send away dispatches,
My own looks bad, its old and all in patches.
Send for more new strings, we will dance to-night,

The fiddler said. But alas, there was no more,
The price of the farm had taken flight,
And the days of jollity all were o'er.
A general murmur, the days wore on ;
No money, yet blue blood at par—
Or perhaps below ; some dissatisfaction,
Time that was happy into night had gone,
The count, with sorrow, saw his waning star,
And the king of the isles sank into distraction.

'Twas shameful. Wicked, full on mischief bent,
Thugs of the world, were this wondrous four.
Strange that the landlord saw not what they meant ;
But it made no matter, they had his stock and store,
His lovely daughters, his little pile of cash.
His bread, his meat, his beds, his warm fire,
Were now all consumed ; now another crash,
And what was it ? Neighbor, oh, do not inquire.

The king of the fiddlers went off with his bride,
They lived on his music—'twas medium fare ;
And the first of all dancers from justice must hide,
The sheriff called in ; there was no artist there.
'Twas for stealing, I think, and his wife disappeared
The very next morning, and never came back.
The count he went next ; it had some days been feared,
And they wished that the Devil might keep on his track.

Yes, up the road one gloomy day,
The count rode off on a load of hay,
And the wind might hum on that rainless shore,
But the chief of the Sclavs returned no more.
The king of the isles and his poor little queen
In the field of our vision will never be seen.
They have gone like the rest. The old folks alone,
But women are women—their hearts are not stone.
So the landlord's wife, from those accursed hills,
Ran off with a man that peddled patent pills.
Then the poor old man sat down by the hearth,
Sad and alone there, no pleasure or mirth,
In rags and abandoned. O heaven ! he cried,
It were better I stayed with my cornfield
In peace and in plenty I there might have died,
And to such disgrace, there, I never would yield.

My pot of mush I wish I had again,
My sides of bacon hanging on the wall,
The long wild grasses waving on the plain,
And my horses standing in the simple stall.

The wife, the children, and the cheerful fire
The hope of years all blasted in a day !
He looked around, then rising in his ire,
He grasped the objects that around him lay.

He smashed the stove, he broke the crippled chairs,
He cursed his day and trembled in his woe ;
He seized the ringlets of his long gray hairs,
And called on that mother who loved him long ago.
But no one answered ! Alas, the night had come,
The gloom of life, the night of weary years,
The sun of hope may rise again for some,
But his small portion was in future tears.
He went along the road, his blankets on his back,
A homeless wanderer by the mountain track ;
A broken spirit, an arm that trembled now,
A bosom troubled, an aged and wrinkled brow.
He wandered onward toward the old peak mine
That's sunken far amid the mountain pine.
He thought of the past, the day he first was wed,
The home of his manhood, the little household fled ;
Then gazing back, good God ! said he,
I wish I'd ne'er seen Bumble Bee.

MOKEONE MOUNTAINS, ARIZONA, Jan., 1879.

TO A COYOTE.

WITHOUT a friend, without a home,
A born tramp, you always roam ;
Trotting here and skulking there,
A scoundrel look you always wear,
Night and day you prowl and steal,
Risking life to get a meal.
“ Mine ” and “ thine,” to thee are vain
As the patterning of the rain.
Sage-brush, cedar, pinion pine,
Each have coves where you recline.

Plotting mischief for to-morrow,
Sleeping down some present sorrow,
Suckling puppies in the dark,
Listening to some distant bark ;
Gnawing bones of murdered sheep
While thy comrade's vigil keep.

When the night comes dark and cold,
Then your paltry heart grows bold ;
Stealing from your sage-brush lair,
To sleeping sheep-camp you repair.

When at last the spot you gain,
With little noise a lamb is slain :
You drink the blood, you eat the flesh,
So sweet to you when warm and fresh ;
Nor does the herder hear a moan :
You do the work without a groan.

Or when the winds have ceased their wars
And Heaven's filled with twinkling stars,
You cross each stream and warbling branch
Until you gain some lonely ranch,
Where roosters, perched upon a beam,
Of vanished days in silence dream.

Oh, pleasure's vain to all below,
A day of bliss, a year of woe.
The roosters dream, the thief draws near,
The guard is gone, the way is clear.

Then you, coyote, gain the glory,
Flesh and feathers of the story.
But many are the days you wander
Without reward of goose or gander ;
Thirst and hunger, cold and rain,
Disrespect and famine's pain,
Roaming restless, far and near,
Hollow-bellied half the year.

O'er Nevada's sage-brush gray,
Throughout a checkered life you stray,
And pathless wastes you hunt alone,
A foe to all, a friend to none.
Oft at breaking of the day
I hear you screaming far away,
Yelping, howling, where you've fed,
Upon some hapless victim dead.
Straggler of a thieving band
Skulking o'er a desert land,
Beneath a cliff you sit and gaze
Afar into the misty haze ;
Every form of earth and sky
Meets your roving, restless eye.
Bird or rabbit, mouse or mole,
Would arouse your hungry soul.
But now, behold, on yon rocks,
A silent, gazing, bush-tailed fox,
Your smartest cousin, known in rhyme,
For shrewdness, craft, and bloody crime—
Sitting on yon rocky shelf,
Another robber like yourself.
Straggle on from year to year,
A day will come, you need not fear,
When clay you took up at your birth
Shall have returned to dust of earth.
Why should I chide you, when your life
Is one continued scene of strife ?
Your task has been to hunt for food . . .
O'er sage-brush plain and mountain wood.
The life that's in you soon will go—
To dwell in what ? I do not know.
Why are you here ? I cannot tell—
But if to steal, you have labored well.

EMANCIPATION.

BROTHER BONES has gone to glory :
 He in his day was a fine old man,
 The wool on his head was crimp and hoary,
 And his face was black and tan.
 Forty years he hoed the corn
 Frue the sunshine and the rain,
 Singing his glad song every morn,
 Down in de fields of waving grain.

CHORUS.

Oh den, our dear Lord !
 Why don't you hurry up ?
 Why don't you hurry up ?
 Why don't you hurry up ?
 Oh den, our dear Lord ! Why don't you hurry up,
 And bar' your children home ?

His dear old face was always smilin'
 When a nigger sought his door,
 And his pot was always bilin'
 For de hungry and de poor.
 Nowise stingy 'bout de bacon
 Hangin' on de cabin wall,
 And his hoe-cake always a-makin'
 When a traveller chance to call.

CHORUS.

But de war came on a roarin'
 Cross de land whar cotton grew,
 And de soldiers came a-pourin',
 Whilst de whistlin' bullets flew ;

War to free God's chosen people,
 Bones, he heard de music play,
 And when de bells rang in de steeple,
 He wid de army marched away.

CHORUS.

Onward, 'neath the flag of glory,
 Marchin', fightin', night and day,
 'Cross de fields all black and gory
 Whar de dead and dyin' lay.
 Till at last, 'way down at Shiloh,
 Whar death's shower swept the plain,
 Cold and bloody he did lie low
 'Mongst de towerin' heaps of slain.

CHORUS.

But his ghost went on with Sherman
 Till our army reached de sea,
 And Aunty Kate did watch for her man
 Gone to make de nigger free.
 When she heard dat he had fallen
 Oh ! she cried, I knew it well,
 Kase I heard de angels callin',
 Ring de good man's funeral knell.

CHORUS.

Up in de clouds wid de prophet Moses
 Brother Bones is happy now,
 In a long white robe, and a crown of roses
 Resting on his noble brow.
 Out with de angels, through de mountains
 He will have to work no more,
 But drink and sport around the fountains
 Flowin' on that heavenly shore.

Now den, O dear Lord !

Why don't you hurry up ?

Why don't you hurry up ?

Why don't you hurry up ?

Now den, O dear Lord, why don't you hurry up,

And bar' your children home ?



THE EXILE'S BRIDE.

OH, look ye on these silvery hairs,
The offsprings of a thousand cares,
Behold this form, now bent with age,
That once was filled with youthful rage.
Look on this old and wrinkled brow,
Behold this arm that trembles now,
Behold the hand that held the sword,
Behold this breast, its blood was poured
For freedom's cause on Erin's strand,²
That peerless spot, my native land.
There was a time, in life's bright spring,
These locks vied with the raven's wing,
This form erect, this breast afame
For glory's cause and longed for fame.
I saw the part that Fortune gave,
I heard myself pronounced a slave,
I saw the land that gave me birth,
The dearest, fairest land on earth,
Chained down in base abjection low,
The victim of perpetual woe.
I drew the sword, for Freedom's cause,
Against the tyrant's grinding laws.

But Fortune failed, the field was lost ;
The conquered paid the fearful cost.
I fled my land, a wanderer driven
Before the pitying eye of heaven ;
O'er the dark waters of the boundless sea ;
I fled to the land by hallowed blood made free,
Yet not e'en there contentment could I find ;
Some hidden trouble brooded o'er my mind.
I wandered again where brighter hours smile,
Afar, till I rested on Cosmos' lonely isle. *Tired of the world, there I hoped to rest
When the cares of Earth might resign my breast.
Alone, uncared for, there my future home,
No more for glory or for fame to roam.
Let human tyrants ever have their way,
The just be punished, and the slaves obey.
The reckless winds and the stormy roar,
The surges lashing the sandy shore,
The sun by day and the moon by night,
The stars that beamed in their holy light ;
The sea-birds sailing o'er milky foam
And the faithful dog that there with me did roam ;
These my companions, careless, wild and free,
Owning but life and reigning with the sea.
Years passed away, long my dark locks grew,
And round o'er my shoulders uncontrolled they flew —
Such was the nature of the life I led.
The wild food to nourish and the moss my bed.
But man is a creature made and formed to love ;
That soft sweet spirit, coming from above,
Longs for a bosom where kind feelings glow,
Some fair companion to pity our deep woe.
Thus did my spirit from the desert turn
And for a dear and fair companion burn.

Free was that isle, but my heart did beat
 In a wild rebellious fire with its holy heat.
 When sleep enwrapped me in its soft embrace
 I saw in my dream a fair angelic face,
 Sweet to behold, but sweeter yet to own
 Nor waste the years of joyless life alone.
 Dark were her eyes and wavy was her hair ;
 Red was her lip ; her face divinely fair.
 I awoke, but I loved the vision of the night,
 For that angel form hovered in my sight.
 The days went past ; I only longed the more
 Again to wander toward that lonely shore,
 Seeking those eyes that looked so clear to me,
 Be their fair possessor on the land or sea.
 While my young soul pondered stormy grew the sky ;
 The ocean billows heaved, both wild and high,
 I list to the thunders of the mighty deep
 And the whistling winds that round my isle did sweep.

The night fell fast,
 The dark shades cast
 Their gloom o'er hill and vale,
 When from that shore
 Where tempests roar
 And sweep the stormy gale,
 I heard a cry from off the wave
 When danger there ran high,
 I hurried forth a form to save
 From out the ocean's nameless grave,
 Though thunders rent the sky.

The mighty gleams of lightning flashed
 And lit the midnight sea ;
 Against the rocks the white spray dashed,
 And wild and high the billows washed
 The mainland's broken lee.

Now louder yet the thunders roared
 Above the sea-birds' mew,
And fiercer still the black cloud poured,
Across the sky the lightnings sword
 In zigzag courses flew.
From off the cliff I looked below,
 And listened long to hear
That faint and piercing cry of woe
That tempted me my life to throw
 Upon the surges near.

While yet the tempest thundered loud
And fires illumined the midnight cloud,
While grandly rent the sky's black dome
And lit the wild sea's sparkling foam,
 The cry broke in once more.
Ah, sad and sweet it seemed to be,
And as the sound came up to me
 I hurried to the shore.

Once more the burning lightnings flash,
And followed quick the thunders crash,
But, ere the bright flames died away,
Amid the foam and snowy spray,
I spied a form upon the wave,
A dying shriek for help it gave ;
 I plunged into the flood.
The wild waves rolled against my breast,
 The mad breeze bore me on.
On to the dying form I pressed,
My arms grew weak, I felt distressed,
 And thought all hope was gone,
 And frozen seemed my blood.

The night bird screamed, the faint voice cried,
Again once more my arms I plied.

The rising surges bore me on,
My strength returned, and fear was gone.
Another surge, and then my arms
Embraced a woman's dying charms.
No thought of death ! my heart beat high,
While yet the tempest ruled the sky.
I clasped her form, and now the shore
I boldly tried to reach once more.

The flood rolled back against the rock
And scattered o'er the sand,
I felt, too, now the last rude shock ;
We rested on the strand.
I started up, I grasped her form,
Now free once more from ocean's storm.
I bore her on beyond the foam,
And to the broken rocky dome
Where dashing tempests never come.
In joy I stopped a moment there,
To view that face so calm and fair.
O God ! 'twas she in sleep I saw,
The one in dreams my love did draw.
Oh ! such a place ! Oh ! such a night !
When all save death was lost from sight.
Such was the scene upon that shore
When I from death young beauty tore.
And now I looked upon that face
Where dwelt such lovely looks of grace,
My only lamp the lightning's flame,
By fitful flashes went and came,
Displayed that breast that yet was warm,
And glowed upon each trembling charm,
Her sea-wet ringlet of black hair,
Her tender eyes looked up once more,
I met their gaze, I wished no more.

I bore her to my island home,
I bathed her dark hair free from foam.
Upon the mossy couch she lay
Unconscious till the break of day.
The morn returned, and on the wave
The rebel winds had ceased to rave ;
The sky was calm and balmy now
As is the look of Beauty's brow.
And now my fair one, whose sweet face
Would draw the angels to embrace,
From sleep awoke, and sighed again,
As if she had been saved in vain.
Those lovely eyes looked up once more,
That face seemed fairer than before ;
Her only garment left her breast,
So soft, so warm, so fair, unpressed ;
And those sweet lips so ripe and red
No melting charms or bloom had shed.
That brow, whose beauty yet I see
When dreams of love come back to me,
'Twas white and spotless as the snow
From out which Gila's waters flow.
Beside the mossy couch I knelt,
The warm and throbbing pulse I felt,
Then asked her thus, Come, sufferer, tell
What lot of woe to thee befell.
Hast thou been wrecked before the blasts
That strewed the deck with broken masts ?
What power of earth made sport of thee
To cast thee to an angered sea ?
Oh ! when the storm was wild and high
And glaring fire inflamed the sky,
When danger ruled the midnight wave,
Was there no loving one to save ?

And art thou now all that remains
 Of all who shared in last night's pains ?
 If so, perchance thou art to be
 The future star of life to me.
 Thy lovely form might yet be dear
 To share with me life's exile here.
 What is thy name ? Where was thy home ?
 What tempted thee afar to roam ?
 Wouldst thou from here to wander on,
 To seek some joy or pleasure gone ?
 I brought a flask of generous wine,
 The life-blood of the Spanish vine.
 I filled a cup, she drank a part ;
 The genial juice revived her heart.

CANTO THE SECOND. *

SHE thus began : Oh, sad the day
 When I was forced from home away ,
 From that sweet home that yonder lies
 Far, far away 'neath Chilian skies ;
 Where life doth know no sullen gloom,
 Where countless flowers in beauty bloom.
 There I was born 'mid pride and gold,
 In truth was blessed with wealth untold.
 My years have fled as one sweet day ;
 Dear years ! alas, too sweet to stay.
 There I have known the sweets of love.
 Reared in the balmy orange grove,
 For me the precious gold was stored ;
 For me the sparkling wine was poured ;
 For me the painter decked the walls
 Of parlors grand, or marble halls ;
 Don Roqua's child, no grief I knew.
 My days were bright, my skies were blue,

The happiest one on all that shore
Where chilling winds are felt no more
Fair Santiago was the spot⁴
Where Heaven cast my early lot.
Who has seen that bright and flowery land,
Who has trod that white but distant strand,
Knows well the part that women play
Within the space of life's short day.
But years flew past, until that morn
So dear to love at length was born.
But oh, alas, that wedding hour
Was like the weakest new-born flower.
I did not love—but yet I swore
To love Francisco evermore !
His snowy locks, too old for me ;
Where white as foam upon the sea ;
His form was bent, his blood was cold,
His head it drooped, his look was old.
Forgive me, Heaven ! but could my heart
From out life's spring with him depart !
Oh no ; I shuddered at the thought ;
Another heart to love I sought.
And yet my lip would not say No,
Lest it might cause a parent's woe.
'Twas gold they sought ; while my young breast
For want of love then knew no rest.
The morn came forth, I as a bride
Was dressed, to deck an ancient's side.
The steeds were brought ; we rolled away,
But oh ! 'twas not my marriage day.
The white steeds rear, I feel a shock,
A shot I heard ; I know no more.
Around the storm of battle broke
And o'er me ran Francisco's gore.

Then when I came to life again,
 I found my limbs bound with a chain,
 I wept, I cried, yet none came near
 To bring me hope or still my fear.
 O gracious Heaven ! in pain I cried,
 Have loved ones vanished from my side ?
 O sacred Saint ! O Mother mild !
 Come help, I ask, thy troubled child.
 Thus there, by turns, I wept and prayed
 Till shades of night around me played,
 Then overcome with grief I lay ;
 Oh, that it were my funeral day !
 I woke ; 'twas night. A sound came near :
 A sound that filled my heart with fear,
 Four wicked hands my frail form grasped,
 Upon my mouth a gag was clasped,
 My eyes were bound ; I knew no more
 Until I left my native shore.

My young pulse throbbed, my heart beat high,
 My fevered lips were parched and dry.
 I rose and turned unto the light.
 But, oh, my God ! how sad the sight !
 There naught but sea before me lay ;
 Above, glared fierce the flame of day.
 The sails were filled, the vessel flew
 Across the waste of waters blue.
 Oh, sad my fate in that lone hour ;
 No friendly aid or Christian power.
 A pirate held me for his own !
 My life seemed lost, my hope seemed flown.
 The sky above, the sea below—
 My poor sick soul was wild with woe.

While thus I wept, a footstep came,
I heard my own familiar name.
I looked—and there before me stood
A blood-stained monarch of the flood.
Inez ! he cried, why shed those tears ?
Come smile on me and calm thy fears,
Thou shalt be queen upon the wave—
Thou wilt in beauty rule the brave.
My partner on the boundless sea,
My future joys I'll share with thee.
I'll win the treasure of the mine ;
I'll sail to shores where diamonds shine ;
That thou the queen of love may be
A pirate's bride, and life to me.
When war shall heap our boards with slain,
When gory streams our decks shall stain,
When wavelets of the briny flood
Shall crimson grow with human blood ;
When musket's flash and cannon's roar
Shall loudly echo to the shore,
Then, in that wild and troubled hour,
Those tender eyes shall be a power
To wield our swords against the foe,
And lay the pride of nations low.
Avaunt ! I cried, thou dog of hell,
Presume not words like those to tell.
I be thy bride ! No, rather far,
Be lashed till death to yon black spar,
Than serve thy lust or spur thee on
Until thy brief career be gone.
No ; let me die ; I ask no more,
Since every joy and bliss is o'er.

Not yet ! he cried ; a moment stay.
I shall not let thee faint away.

Thy blood must cool, and thou must, too,
These thoughts of hate, 'gainst me undo.
'Tis vain to cry, I've sealed thy fate ;
For thee my warmest hopes shall wait.
I saw thee in the crowded hall,
I saw the fairest of them all,
And then I loved, and love thee still ;
And though thou hate, I'll love thee till
Thou now art no more. Thy form I won.
I'll not repent the deed I've done.
I'll take thee to a sunny isle,
Where flowers bloom and summers smile ;
There thou wilt share in every bliss,
Shalt give there, oft, the anxious kiss.
I'll rule the sea, and thou my home
While I upon the seas shall roam ;
And whilst thy heart for me shall live,
Thou'l have each joy that life can give.
Thou, in that isle, where I thy love shall be,
Wilt be my care, and sweetest guide to me.
For such I've longed through vanished years,
For such I've shed grief's burning tears ;
And when thy blooming charms I saw,
I feared no sword, I knew no law.
No, though thy form Francisco led,
And fain would win thee to his bed,
By all the powers of light, I swore,
That I would bring thee from that shore.
And I have won ! Yes, though grim war
Did swear revenge on me afar,
In spite of every dog of Spain,
I've won my native seas again,
And thee, my prize, I'd not resign
For all the wealth of Chili's mine.

Then learn to love. Accept thy lot,
Be former pleasures all forgot ;
Think never now of that far shore,
For thou shalt see thy land no more.
Be all to me ; for I am all
To whom thy love can ever call.
Around thy home the waves shall swell,
But they thy woes shall never tell.
When this he said, his red hand pressed
In amorous touch my trembling breast.
Away ! thou wretch, I cried, away !
Dare not thy hand on me to lay,
I have but hate for all thy race.
So never think that on my face
Thou'l find a smile. Nay, all I know,
Is to remain thy helpless foe.
If thou'd have gold, thy course retrace,
And leave me in my native place ;
Then will thy lockers here contain
A sum to thee of greater gain.
Oh, take me back to them, I pray,
Ere my poor life shall fade away.
Let other maids thine isles enjoy ;
I ne'er can be thy slave or toy.
He smiled, and said : My fickle maid,
In my soft couch thou wilt be laid.
'Tis vain to weep, so dry thy tears,
For future days shall calm thy fears.
I leave thee now, but hope to find
Thy future thought to fate resigned.

He left my sight, my poor soul sank
Beneath the weight of early woe,
And from grief's font my spirit drank ;
My poor young troubled heart beat low.

Around, once more, the night shades fell—
Oh, sad that dark night was to me ;
And higher yet my thoughts did swell,
For those sweet friends I ne'er should see.

I slept ; but, in that troubled sleep,
There came no rest from heartfelt pain ;
For through my dreams dark forms did sweep,
Until I woke to woe again.

The morn came back and lit the sea,
But brought no rays of joy to me.
Around me wealth and splendor lay,
And o'er me shone the light of day ;
My pulse beat low and short my breath,
I sank again and longed for death.
Throughout that day I wakened not,
And woes and cares seemed half forgot.
I woke—a sound broke on my ear.
I rose, the din of war to hear.
Upon the sea before us lay,
Half hidden in a fog of gray,
A foreign ship, her decks aflame,
While murderous cannon pierced her frame.
Wild raged the fight. Our decks they board
And boldly face the naked sword.
They fight ; they fall ; but oh, in vain :
The bloody decks were strewed with slain,
And, backward driven, they fail in breath,
Or, overcome, they sink in death.
Blackstaffs now sprang upon that deck,
That now was but a burning wreck.
He calls to save the treasured gold,
And orders others to the hold.

They win the prize ; and now the night
Beholds a sad, and awful sight,
That ill-doomed ship is burning red,
Where lay the dying and the dead,
In fire enwrapped 'mid sheets of flame.
Against the sails the wild winds came,
And poured its breath upon each mast
That, 'neath the tempest, withered fast.
We left her to her lonely fate,
And far away the end did wait.
The flames had reached now far below ;
Around her decks their tongues they throw,
Until at last the flames rose high,
The thunders shook the very sky ;
Then all grew black. I heard no more,
And silence told that all was o'er.

Then rose the victor's battle song ;
Rang o'er the waves both loud and long.
And Stafford came once more to me.
He said : My love, I've won for thee.
The prize is ours, and in the fight
That broke upon thy rest to-night,
I've killed a hated mortal foe,
And left his worthless helots low.
Sleep now, my love, for soon our isle
Will on thy lovely features smile.
He left ; I saw his face no more
Until that night of blood was o'er.
The days flew past, and time passed on,
Until three weeks of life were gone.
My captor vainly sought to gain
The form that once he dared to chain.
But no. My end seemed coming fast
And my career would soon be passed ;

Then he who robbed the flower's bed
Would soon behold that flower dead.
Thus seemed the will of Heaven to be—
But Heaven's intent, alas, we never see.
While thus I thought that all was o'er,
And that I'd see the land no more,
The sky grew dark, the thunders roared,
Upon our decks the torrents poured ;
The wild winds blew, the waves rose high,
The lightning lit the midnight sky.
The sails were rent, crash went each mast,
While roaring gales went rushing past.
The waters filled our fatal bark,
And, while the night was wild and dark,
The cry went up : Our ship is gone !
And as the waves came rolling on,
They sought their boats ; they seized my form,
They dragged me out to face the storm.
The boats moved off from that lone wreck,
And as we left the shattered deck
I saw no more, save fire and sea,
Until the billows swallowed me.
The boats were sunk, and all were lost ;
Upon the surge my form was tossed,
Until thy hands bore me to shore—
And from that time I know no more.
But who art thou who rescued me,
Who won me from the stormy sea ?

Then unto her I did relate
Of vanished years and former fate :
Of how for years I tarried there,
Racked by the fiend of boding care.
But oh, I vowed the thoughts I felt
While by her couch I fondly knelt,

That every grief, and every pain
 I'd undergo with joy again,
 To save that form from out the deep
 And guard around those fair charms keep.
 She smiled, as if to give the prize
 That lingered in her lovely eyes.
 The days flew fast and brighter grew
 The prize that from the wave I drew.
 She learned to love, and I adored
 That lovely one who joy restored.

O love from Heaven ! that there did bloom
 In all thy native charms,
 That put to flight the lonely gloom
 When she came to my arms !

We loved in all that holy fire
 That fills the soul with soft desire.
 She was my joy, my only care,
 And in that face that seemed so fair,
 I found a potion for each woe
 That e'er my mortal life did know.
 At last, with smiles, she blessed the day
 When she was dragged from home away ;
 And when her lovely lips I'd press
 And on those lips stamp love's caress,
 Oh, what soft pleasure filled her eye,
 The dearest gem beneath the sky !

We lived, we loved, and drank the sweet,
 The sweetest cup that life can give.
 We there in love did fondly meet,
 And caused the spark of hope to live.

Ye who have seen the Spanish maid
 Within her balmy native shade,

With beauty, love, and pleasure crowned,
Where thousand beauties dwell around,
Know well how fondly she will press
To meet the joy of love's caress ;
How she in love will faint away,
And on the lover's bosom lay.
Thus unto me sweet Inez proved,
And with a heart as keen I loved.
Still, for her home she'd often sigh,
And wish again for that soft sky,
Where nature, in a bright array,
Blooms in an endless summer's day.
Oh, come, she said, to that sweet shore
Where wintry winds are known no more,
Where scented breezes ever blow,
And flowers divine in beauty glow.
There we in love shall spend life's hours
Within those fragrant vernal bowers.
There golden wealth for thee shall shine,
And for thee flow the mellow wine.
And I, thy love, will linger near
To make that lovely spot more dear.

CANTO THE THIRD.

No more that isle had charms for me ;
I looked beyond the foamy sea.
I said, my love, with thee I'll roam,
And seek thy distant, sunny home.
Yes, seek the land that thou dost sing,
Where life knows but eternal spring.
She smiled, then kissed. We fled away
To where our island cottage lay ;

There, 'mid the scenes of our lone isle,
The hours of life to there beguile.
But whilst her warm breath touched my brow,
And as she won my latest vow,
A shadow fell upon our floor ;
A脚步 quick approached our door.
She shrieked ; my Inez from me fell,
I leaped to meet the horde of hell.
My gleaming sword a circle drew,
Then through the air the foremost flew.
He reeled beneath the fatal stroke,
That through his purpled temples broke.
Wild was the shout from those without the door,
And 'gainst our walls their leaden hail did pour.
Yet still I stood, and swept the blade
That on their front red havoc made ;
Then, whilst the red steel dared the foe
And gave the death-insuring blow,
My Inez came. Her wild, dark eye
Along the deadly tube did fly ;
A touch, a flash—the foremost fell !
And whilst his spirit fled to hell,
His comrades ran to gain the sea,
And left their gory dead to me.
They won their boat ; the splashing oar
Soon swept them from our islet's shore,
Whilst hollow dirges of the wind
Bemoaned the dead they left behind.
Behold, cried Inez, him whose hand
Did bear me from my native land !
O wretch ! he strove to seize again
And bear me o'er the raging main.
I thought him long beneath the brine,
And his vile heart long dead to mine.

But he no more shall rule the wave
That soon will be his nameless grave.
And thou, my love ! come let me band
That wound made by a pirate hand.
She watched my sleep, with fondest care,
Until the darkness gathered there.
And when I woke, the dead we drew
And to the wave each form we threw.
The surge rolled back, the forms are gone,
The wild waves roared in grandeur on.
My wound soon healed, and when the sail
Of friendly ships came with the gale,
I faced once more the silvery tide,
And homeward bore my lovely bride.

O ye who in the fetters lay,
Behind the rusty prison bar,
There left, thy life to waste away,
Shut from the glorious light of day
As captives to a tyrant's war :
To such is freedom not more sweet
Than was that joyful hour to me,
When she my soul had longed to meet,
The one for whom my heart now beat,
With me sailed o'er the sea.
Nor to the damned in lower hell,
Where keenest fires ever burn,
Where pains and torments ever dwell,
Could sweeter be life's welcome turn
Than was the hour when my young maid—
Well formed to love in nature's shade—
Did lead me from that rocky isle
To where her native land did smile.

The white foam followed in our path,
But 'twas not charged with stormy wrath.
The sea-birds screamed, the soft wind blew,
The rippling water brighter grew,
The placid night brought round the day
Until our mild voyage wore away.
Bright was the morn when Chili's shore
Came to our anxious gaze once more.
The sails are filled, the morning breeze
Is scented from the floral trees.
The vessel nears the wished-for shore ;
'Tis done : our days of pain are o'er.
Bright was that eve in golden halls,
Where love and beauty came to view,
Where young love as the night-dew falls
When panting heart for pleasure calls,
While we the long night joys pursue.
A father blessed the lovely child
I'd saved when nature's soul went wild.
A mother blessed the hand that saved—
That for that child the sea had braved.
But oh, I blessed the glorious hour
That brought fair Inez to my bower.
And while sweet strains did all entrance,
Or beauty sought the mazy dance,
I thought of all that heaven had done,
And blessed the prize I'd nobly won.
That night went by on pleasure's wing,
And gave each joy that life can bring :
The glorious tone of music's martial strain,
The lovely eye that smiled, and looked again,
The forms that moved in pleasure's melting sound,
The heart that worshipped there its idol found.
There youth and age beheld what love had brought,
The breast that loved, and the loved one sought.

Such was the scene when fortune smiled on me,
And gave the garden where I longed to be.

The year rolled on ; she was my life,
The very essence of all that pleasure knew :
Of beauteous mould, a fond and loving wife,
Fair beyond others and to me ever true.
Life was perfection ; for we knew but bliss.
Each passing moment did our joys renew :
The tender favor, the soft and loving kiss,
The rapturous pleasure that wild passion drew.

Such was our wealth in life's bright day,
We saw our young years fade away,
But we sighed not. 'Twas in our power,
So we enjoyed each golden hour.
And when the years of life's short span
In mortal life their course had ran,
She slowly faded from my eye,
And sought a home beyond the sky.

Green be thy hills, O fairest spot on earth !
Where rest the relics of her once fair clay.
Thou hast seen her beauty, and shared too in her mirth,
And saw her vanish to eternal day.

Now Luna, from her silver horn,
Pours light upon the flowery vale ;
And odors sweet, from beauty borne,
Perfume the whispering evening gale.
Once thou wert here to cheer me on,
But oh, alas ! thou now art gone.

The ocean roars as when we passed
 Across its dark blue foamy wave.
 But oh, thou wert too fair to last,
 So thou must slumber in the grave ;
 Whilst I am left on life's lone shore,
 And think of joys I'll know no more.

NOTES.

¹ The above tale was partly founded on accounts of the pirate wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These wars were mostly confined to the Spanish main.

The bold buccaneers carried fire and sword to all the ports of South America, Mexico and Cuba. The Spanish shipping was the especial prey of these freebooting hordes. This was because all the silver and gold taken from the South American mines was by means of these vessels sent home to Spain, which metals rendered them so inviting to the piratical hordes of England and France.

The towns along the coasts were frequently taken, sacked, and many of the inhabitants taken into worse than slavery.

The present tale is placed in the early part of the eighteenth century, at which time most of the pirate warfare had disappeared from the seas, owing to the peace of Ryswick, in 1697. A few still followed the main, and deposited their ill-gotten wealth on some mysterious island, or in time abandoned the life of ocean plundering.

² "For freedom's cause on Erin's strand."

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the tyranny of England over the Irish caused many thousands of the noblest among the latter to seek rest from slavery on foreign shores. Some went to France, some to Spain, and to America or Asia.

They, like the Jews, always held a memory of their native country, and an undying hatred for their country's foes.

³ "Afar till I rested on Cosmos' lonely isle."

This spot is the property of the Mexican republic, and was formerly the haunt of pirates and buccaneers. It is little more than a rock, and, like all of the Lower California country, of but little value.

⁴ "Fair Santiago was the spot."

I do not think that I have ever seen a more beautiful spot than this old Spanish American city.

It is divided by a river called Mapocho. The north side of the city is much the largest, and laid off in fine streets running at right angles.

Owing to the danger of earthquakes, the buildings are but one story high.

There is here a beautiful square, or plaza, in which there plays a fountain of the finest workmanship; and the cathedral, one of the finest in South America, faces this square.

The city was founded by one Pedro de Valdivia in the year 1541. It progressed but slowly until the independence of Chili, after which it became one of the finest cities of South America. The population must be very near one hundred thousand souls. The burning of the Jesuit church of La Campanice, in the year 1863, was a terrible disaster, in which over a thousand women and children were burned to death. This is still talked of in Santiago, as there is hardly a family who did not lose one of its number in the flames.

D. M., 1878.

THE CHILDREN OF NATURE.

A TALE OF NEVADA.¹

"Love is a credulous passion."—OVID.

HIGH in those hills where rest eternal snows,
Where the cedars flourish and the pine-nut grows,
There lived a race of other men than now
In quest of silver climb the mountain's brow.
First of their race, and, like Adam, best
Of all their race, that find their lasting rest
In the dim dark earth, that cold maternal clay,
That holds our ashes when life has passed away.
In these western wilds, where now we hunt for gold,
There dwelt Mahashib,² a mighty man of old,
An Indian chief, if titles then were known;
But I think 'twas long ere simple ways had flown:
Best in his tribe, who ever drew the bow
Or laid the panther or the grizzly low;

The famed inventor of the wild-wood dance,
That seems forgotten as the whites advance ;
And many another sport we yet can claim
Although 'tis covered with a learned name.
Mahashib ruled, and was ruled in turn,
As his chosen squaw for village fame did burn.
And oft she ruled him with the laurel rod,
That Mahashib feared as he feared his god.
He ruled without, but she ruled within,
And made the children of Mahashib spin
Around the wickerup, in that wild confusion
That we see at home when we make a bad illusion.
But there came a day when another skid
Showed what the efforts of Mahashib did :
A smiling promise of the female stripe
And a future prospect for destroying tripe.
But this noble effort was the lady's last,
For from the bed to the grave she passed,
Whilst all the signs Mahashib placed around
Showed his squaw had started to the happy hunting ground.
Still, Mahashib smiled ; for he knew that more
Of the female sex decked the earthly shore.
He shed no tears, but danced the night away,
Nor sought for slumber till the break of day.
For 'twas his creed that his scolding wife,
The scalding torment of his early life,
Was now transformed to a coyote slut ³
Sent through the hills after hares to glut.
For sure, in that land where the mighty spirit's chief,
There ne'er will enter that dark source of grief.
For what source of grief on earth was ever flung
That is more prolific than a woman's tongue.
But no matter, Mahashib, as the subject fell
Cared not a pine-nut ⁴ if she went to hell.

She was gone : 'twas enough. Mahashib bought another
To fill the place of mistress, wife and mother.
He sat in sunshine and smoked the hours away,
Or spent his days in wild and royal play.
For an Indian chief knows few cares of state
Than those consistent with his love or hate.
The squaws must toil ; the bucks will roll in glee
Their wild souls as happy, and their hearts as free,
As the hawk or crow perched upon the hill,
Their minds contented—so they have their fill
Of grubs or pine-nuts by a sage-brush fire ;
Their young ambition never carries higher.
But Mahashib's child into beauty grew
Till from her eyes a loving fondness drew
Her shirtless daddy ⁶ to love her still the more
Than if her mother lingered on earth's shore.
For in her eyes there dwelt that nameless thing
That would calm a devil or captivate a king.
And yet in beauty grew she day by day
And continued still to bear his heart away.
She to him was dearer than the heap of stones
That covered o'er her scolding mammy's bones.
Her dusky limbs and her heaving breast
In the fringy bark of the pine ⁶ were dressed,
And her bed the choicest of the rabbit's fur,
And the fragrant cedar burned bright for her.
Knowledge, pride and beauty waited at her call,
And bucks and princes placed her first of all.
Yet now the reader might as well discern
That, in her nature, she was a little stern.
She'd have no nonsense from an outside squaw,
For her look was thunder and her word was law.
Yet her face was pretty and her heart was kind,
And her fond eyes pictured her opening mind,

Clear as the surface of the unwritten page,
Lovely as maidens ever, at her age,
She was the solace of the good old man
And to his side she often fawnlike ran,
Poured her sweet language on his willing ear,
And with her fondness stilled his every fear.
Thus young Lucoa spent her early years,
To grief a stranger and unknown to tears.
But jealous rivals sighed to see her face,
Where beauty flourished in its latest trace,
The young squaws murmured at her happy lot,
But though they murmured they displayed it not.
For to royal women we must pay respect,
Lest our jealous movements turn to bad effect
And destroy ourselves, instead of those
That we, through envy, long have deemed our foes.
The sixteenth summer on her full form smiled
And a thousand fancies her young heart beguiled.
Yet she felt a strangeness in her little breast:
Some wondrous feeling that often broke her rest.
Her soul seemed burning for some unknown bliss,
And her rich lips ripened, spoiling for the kiss
Of love so precious, while her eyes grew sad
And oft she seemed like one with love gone mad.

When love's fever cooled, she would meditate
 On the strange condition of all things around ;
Wondering if there were not some happier state
 Than this which our small ring of sunshine bound.
 She pulled the flower, and wondered at its hue,
Wondered who made it there to bloom alone ;
 Wondered who tinged it yellow, red, or blue,
 And placed it blooming by the little stone.

She watched the moon, that ran its mighty race
 Across the circuit of the midnight sky,
And she watched the form that decorates its face,
 Wondering how in the devil it got up so high.⁷
Then she'd seek her couch, that knew no darkening roof,
 Just a roofless chamber without lock or bars ;
She'd lie there calmly, from all fear aloof,
 And from her pallet watch the wandering stars :
Then fall into sleep, and dream the night away,
 Waking again at the break of dawn,
Waking once more among the cliffs to stray
 And chase the rabbit or the spotted fawn.

Once her father hurried to the bloody fight
 Where some hapless tribe had chanced to break the law,
And soon 'mid flashings of the flaming light
 Of their own households he their blood did draw.

He captives took for roasting at the stake,
 Poor, hapless wretches ! had they ne'er been born,
Or were they sleeping, never more to wake
 Until the breaking of the judgment morn,
'Twere Fortune's favor, and not thus to die,
 By the awful torment of a sage-brush fire,
To roast and writhe, while clamors rent the sky
 And the blood would curdle with the sound of savage ire.

But there was one, a youth with fiery eye,⁸
Who scorned his foe nor feared he there to die.
Bold was his bearing and his wildcat gaze
Seemed fixed where, distant, lay a smoking haze.
Doubtless he wandered now in thought again
To that distant spot where his friends were slain,
Or felt how empty are the joys of life,
How false its pleasures and how true its strife.

The captors scourged him with a scalding thong,
And mocked his anguish with their taunting song.
His noble form slow withered day by day,
And the sands of life were ebbing fast away ;
His comrades perished at the burning stake,
But he yet lingered, a fiercer death to make,
Till, one sunny morning, young Lucoa saw
The youth condemned by her father's law.
She gazed for a while on that noble face
And marked, in its outlines, each winning grace
Of which she dreamed in the night before.
And the more she gazed, she loved to gaze the more,
Until she loved that lump of living clay,
That bound before her in abstraction lay.
She bowed to his lip, giving kisses warm ;
She revived his spirit with each dusky charm ;
Then whispered low in a tongue unknown,
And swore by her father, she would take him for her own.

PART II.

THE wild sage grows there rankly yet,
The rising land seems like a billow,
The mountains there still grandly sit,
The spring still flows beneath the willow.
But I'll my tale of love pursue,
While every leaf drinks falling dew.
Next day her father sought the field again :
Three hundred warriors straggled in his train ;
And, as he left, to all behind he cried :
I leave Lucoa by the village side ;
Hear ye her word till I again return,
And dare not one of all her orders spurn.
Harken to her words and mind to treat her well,
Else be prepared to soon depart for hell.

So saying he vanished against the distant foe,
But of slumbering trouble little did he know.
Onward he went to the shores of Owen's Lake,
The dead and dying ever in his wake ;
No care save glory of the reddest hue,
That stained the sage-brush with a bloody dew ;
Brave and as happy as ocean's snowy gulls
Whilst the club of granite clove the foeman's skulls.
But dear Lucoa, in warmer scenes of love,
In her native valley now did fondly move.
She found the object, a youth to be her own :
How she drank the pleasure hitherto unknown !
The warrior wandered o'er the battle plain,
The wolf-dog feasted on the rotting slain,
Mahashib plundered, and led the rank of war
On to the south, and o'er the hills afar.
But Lucoa revelled in her new found bliss,
And pleased her bosom in the burning kiss.
Lontao loved her fondly back again,
And led her frequent o'er the hill and plain,
Into the canyon where the roses bloom
And nature shadows with a pleasing gloom.
There on the flowers they would child-like play
And wear the hours of young life away.
Her to his bosom he would fondly press,
And drown each sorrow in the sweet caress ;
Tell her sweet stories of the home he'd see no more,
The home that rested near the distant shore ;
Tell her of maidens he had often seen,
Where the Tunney ripens in its valleys green ;
Showed her the honored mark that war had made,
Told her the number that his hand had slayed ;
Then when these things of war would please no more,
The tale of young love to her ear he'd pour,

Kiss her again, and pat her dusky cheek,
His heart too full of pleasing thought to speak.
There love and passion swayed without restraint,
There might the artist nature's pleasure paint,
Fondly together in the wildwood bower.
Their young souls drinking of the balmy shower
That love devoted to the youth and maid,
Who had no trouble, were of nought afraid.
They loved, they worshipped at nature's fervent shrine
And pleased their passion in waters sweet as wine.
On the velvet couch amid the mountain flowers
They would toy in rapture, and wile away long hours,
Consuming the fuel of love's tender flame
And enjoying the pleasures that so timely came.
Then to the village they would slowly turn,
Chiding the Squaw who would dare to spurn.
The moon looked down and smiled upon their joy,
The stars, too, beamed on bliss without alloy,
The winds they whispered as they wandered past—
But seemed to whisper that it would not last.

How sad it is that love's spell is always broken
At the very moment when it seems most sweet !
How it will depart and leave not e'en a token,
That two willing hearts in fondest love did beat.
These happy lovers they were both of nature,
They felt love's passion, and revelled in their day ;
They were not learned in Love's nomenclature,
But yet succeeded in a noble way..

If it were wrong to love, they did not perceive it.
Their passions prompted ; they did not refrain,
They felt the want, and did not ask who gave it,
But kissed each other to be kiss'd again.

The sage-brush firelight long had faded out,
The Coyote howled upon the mountain's brow ;
The childish throats had ceased at last their shout,
And the little village all were slumbering now.

All save two lovers in one wickirup,
The wild Lucoa and her dusky mate,
Perhaps that night nothing new was up,
For it was their habit to sit up late.
'Twas a summer night, the moon was in the sky ;
A fine full moon that made it bright as day ;
The stars reflected from the maiden's eye,
And the meteor darted, then quickly passed away.

Lontao sat beneath the smiling moon,
Lucoa sitting fondly on his knee ;
They were so happy and it seem'd too soon
To go to bed, for they only just had tea.
She was in his lap, her arm around his neck,
Her lip to his, and both hearts keeping time ;
His noble arm her little waist did deck
And most fondly loving, for it seemed no crime.

He longed for a home where fruits delicious grew,
Where the moonlight sparkled on the trembling tide,
Where the porpoise sported in the ocean blue,
There to live and flourish with his dusky bride.
And oh, she wished for a land whose soil,
Produced abundance of choicest fruits and flowers,
Where no hapless maiden would ever have to toil,
But live and love in ever vernal bowers.

There a youth like him would contribute bliss,
And pay love's dues morning, noon, and night,
Where she so often would trifle, play and kiss,
And wanton daily in a fond delight.

Thus did they wish then, scarcely knowing why,
For they then were happy at each other's breast,
And joy the highest kindled in each eye ;
So one would think they were supremely blest.

They sought their bed, and did love till sleep
Fell down so gently on their willing eyes ;
The stars so fondly on them there did peep,
While the silent moon hurried through the skies.
In each other's arms there they calmly lay,
Free from all woe, and dreaming of new joy,
Lucoa slumbered, hours passed away,
Yet her arms guarded well her darling boy.

O fickle Fortune ! thy path is strewn with flowers,
But oh, alas ! they hide too many a thorn,
Showing the treasures that we would have ours,
And ever smiling on the bridal morn.
Soon Love's bright chain will ruthlessly be broken,
Soon the heart that loves will be cold and bloody clay ;
Too soon, alas, their last word will be spoken,
And sorrow hasten with the break of day.

A sound is on the plain ; tis of hurrying feet,
The warrior coming to his native town.
Returning braves, embittered by defeat,
For many a warrior did his life lay down.
There was little tumult, but, like beaten dogs,
They came at midnight each to his own retreat ;
Well, they found their darlings sleeping now like logs,
While each wanderer hurried to taste of slumber sweet.

And Mahashib hurried to his daughter's tent,
To once more caress his only joy and pride.
On quickly now his noiseless steps were bent
Until he gladly reached his darling's side.

He entered. The moonbeams fell upon his child
 Fast in the arms of young Love's fond embrace.
 He looked again ; and, as his soul ran wild,
 He beheld the features of his captive's face.

When jealous husbands look upon their wives,
 The fondest solace of their early lives,
 And see them wander after pastures new,
 Their hearts grow frenzied, and their features blue.
 When the lover finds his mistress fled away,
 He curses fortune, till a brighter day.

Will bring to his arms another child of Eve ;
 Then heart will lighten and brighter fancies weave.
 But when the father sees his flesh and blood
 Mingling their virtues with degenerate clay,
 Then rage and passion hurry on their flood,
 Till Love and Reason both have fled away.

For, the husband he will find a form to love,
 And the jilted lover finds a mistress new ;
 And the latter revels in pleasure from above,
 And culls the roses gemmed with morning dew.
 But Mahashib's visions, at a single glance,
 Saw his hopes and pleasures down-hill madly dance,
 His only solace gone unto a slave ;
 His only glory was the love she gave.
 Defeated abroad, and at home dethroned,
 Broken in spirit and by Love disowned,
 Wild was his shriek ; as he raised to give the blow,
 To lay the lover of his daughter low.

But ah, too late ; the youth sprang to his feet,
 Seizes the weapon that behind him lies,
 Ready that moment the father's club to meet,
 And struck Mahashib full between the eyes.

Lucoa started from her half-ripe dream,
To behold the devil in her father's face ;
Then starts to his bosom, gives a piercing scream
But strives in vain to win her former place,
Wiping the warm blood from her father's brow ;
For the great contusion fast was bleeding now.
Away ! he cries, thou curse of my old age,
And be thy lover the victim of my rage.
Lontao darted from the tent in haste,
Deer-like he started o'er the desert waste,
Trusting that life might still to him remain
And be permitted to meet his love again.
He looked back for a moment, but in his path
He saw hurrying forms fierce yelling in their wrath.
He knew well the sound ere a breath had gone,
And with new terror now he bounded on.

But she, the poor victim of all pent-up rage
That her dear Lonato there had left behind,
One could read in her eye a more touching page
Than one in Homer perhaps could ever find.
She knew her sin, and knew its price was death,
So a moment more she did not hesitate ;
But started out, with hot and trembling breath,
To ascertain of her dear lover's fate.

The sinking moonbeams fell on mountain gray
And the bright rays fell on one now far away.
Yet he is still in sight, and the maiden flies
To gain a home beneath his native skies.
So now farewell to times of love at home
Mahashib's crazy ; on they are forced to roam.
They elude pursuers in the wooded hill,
But, knowing danger, on they hurry still.

Three days and nights o'er the hills they pass,
 Onward to other and to fairer vales
 Than Washoe valley, where all brush is grass,
 And which to-day is famous for its gales.
 When the morn came back, Mahashib's child
 Was far away, and now her father's troop
 Gave hot pursuit across the mountains wild.
 For an angered chieftain then would never stoop,
 To surrender his child to one whose face
 Bore the marks of slavery. So, to the race,
 Went helter-skelter youth and brave,
 To destroy the pleasures love and beauty gave.

PART III.

THERE is a spot, it is wild and drear ;
 'Tis grand, majestic, and in all sublime,*
 The soul is filled with terror, love and fear,
 To behold its vastness, all defying time ;
 Yosemite's vale, whose wonders awe the soul,
 Its walls, its grove, and its mighty waterfall,
 That leaps from the clouds like the almighty bowl
 Pouring out its contents at old Nature's call.

I have stood and watched it till my very heart
 Seemed to leap from its bed, and my spirit rose,
 Higher and higher, till it became a part
 Of the things of nature amid Sierra's snows.
 'Twas here the angered chief o'ertook
 The child he loved, and him who stole away
 The only object on which the old chief loved to look,
 The pride and pleasure of life's Autumn day.

On came the chief, his hand upraised ;
 Within his eye the fire blazed ;

His old breast bared, his brow bent down,
His features wore a hellish frown.
He saw his child, he saw the boy,
The helpless youth he would destroy.
Down with them both Mahashib cried,
Nor let my passion be defied.
He seized a shaft and bent his bow ;
Then, trembling not, but bending low,
Drew on the cord, let fly the dart,
And pierced Lontao through the heart.

The dying lover fell into those arms
That long did clasp him in better hours than now ;
One last faint look on those blooming charms,
But it all was over ; death was on his brow.

She left him there, and hurried on
Until her little strength was gone.
Behold, O Heaven ! the scene around,
By foes compassed, by death enbound !
The cataract went rushing past.
She marked that day ; 'twould be her last.
The father chased her unto death ;
She turning gazed there, faint in breath.
At last she cried, O God ! who rules below,
Is there no power to pity now my woe ?
Is pleasure gone, and all I loved on earth ?
The dear sunny sharer of every joy and mirth
Died for my crime, for these fond joys driven,
And for those joys to me has his life been riven.
O vilest wretch ! who hurries in my path ;
Must I, too, fall a victim to thy wrath ?
Must thine own child here her blood outpour
Because she sought the things her mother sought before !

Because I loved must I then perish too
And prove a harlot in each breath I drew !
Must I return or here fall away
To wrath a victim ; to thy hand a prey ?
He hastens on ; oh, soon ! I too must fall.
For could I ever again on mercy call—
Upon that mercy that is lost to me,
Since I ceased to honor what I used to be ?
Nor want I mercy, since all I loved so well
Has now departed in a better world to dwell,
Torn from my arms, while I am left alone
No hand to guard me, none to stay my moan.
Farewell to life ! for I'll no longer stay ;
Let all my being vanish with this day.
Farewell ! stern father ; thou wilt taunt no more ;
Thy hate must perish with this earthly shore.
I'll bid farewell to life where my lover fell,
And let other ages my sad story tell.

The mighty waters hurried fast,
Then pouring, thundered o'er ;
The awful waters tumbled past :
She stood upon the shore.

Good-by to life ! she gave a leap
Two thousand feet or more.
She sinks into the roaring deep ;
Her hold on life is o'er.
The mad surge dashes out her brains
Upon the rocks below,
And down the cliffs her young blood runs,
And mingles with the snow.

Her limbs are dashed ; the rocks are washed
Till crimson with her blood.

Her blood is on the boiling wave ;
The wave is bloody red ;
It quick embraced the heart she gave,
For with the wave she wed.

It thundered on ; her life is gone,
Her heart floats to the sea.
The land is lone ; the wild winds moan
Where once she used to be.

And thus her helpless life is riven,
And her mangled form is driven
To the distant dark blue sea,
And her soul perhaps shall follow
To the howling stormy sea.

The father reached the rock above
In time to see her fall.
He hearkened in a voice of love ;
She failed to hear his call.
She sank in death, he stood in awe
And blessed his child so brave.
He stayed no more ; the sight he saw,
And blessed the life she gave.

Then, hurrying back, he said to those
Who lingered by his side,
Farewell to friends, farewell to foes,
My only hope has died.

And he wandered home, but death was in his path,
He never smiled from that fatal day,
When the youthful pride fell before his wrath
And Yosemite's waters bore his child away.

The moon shone down on the lonely vale,
 And the death-howl issued from the mountain dell ;
 The great bat wandered on the evening gale,
 And his nights were pregnant with a voice from hell.

And the old man answered to the boding call,
 He could not tarry to repair the past,
 The voice it called him plain as writing on the wall.
 His form trembled ; that moment was his last.
 They buried him ; but his soul became
 A he coyote's, of the thieving breed ;
 A sneaking scoundrel of no good fame,
 But a skulking villain to the bloodiest deed.

And the lovers' spirits wandered on again,
 And became two trees growing close together,¹⁰
 Bathing their boughs in the warm crystal rain,
 And proving a world of love unto each other.
 The youth Lontao bloomed out in the spring,
 And in fall bent down with Manzaneta berries,
 And the maid Lucoa, lovely, blooming thing,
 Bore still sweeter fruit—for she bore cherries.

YOSEMITE FALLS, CAL., 1875.

NOTES.

¹ I do not know whether I should have written the above or not ; but as I have travelled over the entire range of country from British America to Central Mexico, I became quite well acquainted with the nature of the country and the traditions of the original inhabitants.

The Piutes, Shoshones and Washoes occupy all of Nevada, and range beyond the Sierra Nevadas into California.

² Mahashib was a chief of the Washoes, a tribe of North American Indians. He lived in the seventeenth century, and for a long time acted as sole master of the northwest of Shoshone, or of what now forms the State of Nevada.

He possessed some noble traits of character, but his uncontrollable temper, like that of most savages, led him into many excesses.

He would sometimes wish that all his enemies might be transformed into so many Jack-rabbits, so that with his dogs he might hunt them down to death, and have the pleasure of drinking their blood and eating their flesh.

At other times, when in a loving mood, he would sit down and weep over the sufferings of others, and wish that he could change into an antelope to feed the hungry ones of his nation.

When in his prime, he could carry a load equal to eight hundred pounds. And his power of endurance without food or drink was simply astonishing. When on an expedition in which haste was necessary to overtake the foe, he would start out with one hundred naked warriors, and travel for weeks together subsisting on one willow jar of water to each man, along with a few lizards, rattlesnakes, or rabbits, which chance might throw in their way.

His only child, Lucoa, the heroine of the foregoing tale, was a beautiful virgin of the Washoe stock.

Her complexion was somewhat shady ; but her general outline, notwithstanding, was prepossessing, and in any part of the world she would have been considered beautiful.

Her fine dark eyes were full of passion, her lips were small, but quivering at all times ; indicative of a tender disposition. Her corporeal part was a true picture of her dead mother ; but her spirit was a prototype of her illustrious father ; loving yet stern, generous, yet would rather be annihilated than to do an act contrary to her own will.

³ "Was now transformed to a coyote slut."

I do not know whether it is generally known or not, that the Indians of the West and Southwest believe that, when an unworthy person passes out of life, his soul enters into a coyote of the worst qualities, the man or woman still retaining their sex.

I remember once having killed a wolf near Lone Pine, California, and a few hours afterward an Indian demanded damages, stating that I had killed his grandfather in the person or form of the wolf.

⁴ "Cared not a pine nut," &c.

The Indians of the Sierra Nevadas live chiefly on pine nuts during a great part of the year. They are gathered in the cones, and cast into a fire ; the heat opening the cones, the nuts may be easily shaken out.

⁵ "Her shirtless daddy," &c.

The sun may shine, the snow may fall, the sick may die, war and pesti-

lence may rage over all the world abroad ; but the Indian does not care. If he has enough for to-day, he wants no more.

He sighs not for the past, and he makes no preparations for futurity : his joys, woes, and existence are of the present only.

⁶ "In the fringy bark," &c.

In early times the Indians went almost entirely naked. The women and girls sometimes wore girdles of twisted rabbit-skin or cedar bark around their loins.

⁷ "Wondering how in the devil it got up so high."

Strange, indeed, are the theories of the Indian regarding the construction of the universe. Perhaps the most perfect detail of their worship, superstitions, and creeds, regarding their own existence, is to be found in Bancroft's Races of the Pacific Coast.

⁸ "But there was one, a youth with fiery eye."

As I wanted only a heroine for my tale at present, I did not go farther than giving a description of the manners, soul, and person of Lucoa.

Doubtless I might have found one having a heroic lover, had I searched history sacred and profane ; but I did not want a hero. All that I wished was a heroine, and I found her in Lucoa. The lover, Lontao, although brave and worthy, is but a necessary piece of ornamentation in the work.

⁹ "'Tis grand, majestic, and in all sublime."

Yosemite was much frequented by the Indians, who hunted the antelope or grizzly bear.

¹⁰ "Became two trees standing close together."

It is believed by some Indians that those who are killed by violence, if they have been good in life, are permitted to return to their homes on earth, and live a second life in the shape of trees, flowers, and such things ; after which time, they pass into the world of spirits.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

"Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower
And tells the midnight moon her care."—BURNS.

I AWOKE from my sleep, it was lone dead of night,
And the bell was proclaiming the hour.
Its vibrations shook the still air in their might
As they sent their loud sounds from the tower.
I arose from my couch, and around me I glanced
Where my comrades were silently sleeping,
While through my young brain bright and wild fancies danced
As the gray monk his lone watch was keeping.

I passed through the darkness, unseen to his eye,
And quick to the tower I flew,
As the mild stars looked down from their homes in the sky,
Draped in glories of midnight's soft blue,
The bell ceased its motion and silenced its tongue,
And the stillness of death seemed to follow.
While o'er my young soul a wild vision flung
Sweet pictures of glory's mild hallow.

I saw far beneath, in the churchyard, the graves
Of the dead, whose cold ashes repose
Beneath where the green shady pepper-tree waves,
And where blooms in its beauty the rose.
And on the night air methought I could hear
An enrapturing, heavenly strain,
Whose music so sweet gave delight to my ear,
And I listened to hear it again.

It came and played on till my soul felt the flame
Of a pleasure divinely inspired,
And its holy delight seemed to pass o'er my frame
Till wild passion my young bosom fired.
And a feeling came o'er me of wonder and awe,
For I shook like the leaves of November,
For my spirit was glad with the sight that I saw ;
And that sight until death I'll remember.

I saw from a grave covered over with sweet flowers,
A fair form of beauty arise,
Her charms were such as with love overpowers,
And Heaven seemed portrayed in her eyes.
Her robe was transparent and light as the mist
That rises at dawn from the sea,
And its streaming folds gently her snowy limbs kissed
While her sweet face was turned to me.

Adown her fair neck the rich black tresses flowed
And played with the wind that went murmuring by,
While the marvellous virtue that on her face glowed
Plainly showed that the maid was a child of the sky,
A wreath of rich flowers that fair brow encrowned,
Yet each blushing flower with that cheek did but vie,
And a green leafy girdle enwrapped her around,
Giving shape to a form that enchanted the eye.

Then the earth and the sky seemed to vanish away,
And naught save the lovely young creature remained,
Along with the spot where the flowers grew gay,
And those objects of beauty each charm detained.
Her eyes met my own ; oh, the feeling I felt
Gave joy to my breast in the highest degree ;
An ecstasy seemed all my form to melt
As I called the fair, lovely young maiden to me.

She answered me not, till a power unseen
 Came and quickly my form far downward did bear,
 And there did not a moment of time intervene
 Till I knelt at the feet of the heavenly fair.
 Sweet moments there passed, will ye never return ?
 Will never my soul feel thy rapture again ?
 Will never my heart in such ecstasy burn,
 Or feel the mild rapture of love's fondest strain ?

Said the maiden to me : What seekest thou here,
 When night's lonely shadows envelop in gloom,
 When the creatures of earth are made silent through fear,
 And the ghosts of the fathers arise from the tomb ?
 Hast thou come to disturb the repose of the dead
 That peacefully slumber in each narrow home ?
 Or comest thou to weep for a dear spirit fled,
 And here till the morning in sadness to roam ?

Or was it the passion of love, mild and warm,
 That moved all the powers within thy young breast ?
 Did thy heart contemplate upon each blushing charm,
 Till dreams of thy loved one hath broken thy rest ?
 Or greater than these, have the grand and sublime
 Awakened within thee a turbulent war ;
 Have the ethereal glories of this mellow clime
 Called thee forth at the rising of yon silver star ?

I saw thee come forth, and I hastened to meet
 With thy lone wandering form ere the day might appear.
 I met thy young vision, and called to my feet
 That the words of my heart might thy wild spirit cheer.
 Behold me a creature created to love,
 My soul the creation of power divine,
 I'll go to the mansions of glory above,
 And yet seek thy spirit to mingle with mine.

I answered : O maiden ! I've sought this lone spot
That I in its silence might wander awhile,
And give to my bosom each glowing thought ;
As I stood on the tower of yon massive pile,
My soul was awakened with strains of delight,
And my heart it beat high at the sound ;
I heard them roll forth on the calm air of night
Till they gladdened the region around.

And when the fair form came forth to my view,
My feeling of pleasure no language can tell ;
The flowers now slumbering and sparkling with dew
Ne'er did with such beauty as thine, lady, dwell.
O Beauty ! long sought for and art thou my own ?
Thou child of perfection, thou bright spark of love,
Where is thy home, or from where hast thou flown,
Or art thou a creature of heaven above ?

No more I shall tell thee, the maiden replied,
Than that love's sweetest pleasures one day will be thine ;
I'll watch o'er thy slumbers and walk by thy side,
And thy soul and creation will mingle with mine.
I go to a fair and bright land, to prepare
A home where our forms in love shall repose ;
No pain or delusion will e'er enter there,
But each passing hour new pleasure disclose.

Then her hand clasped my hand, and her lip to my lip
Pressed with love's fondest ardor, and bade me adieu.
I felt then the rapture of pleasure's last sip
As the creature of fancy away from me flew.
A veil of weird darkness enveloped my eyes,
And my form wandered back to the great mission tower
Where I first saw the darling young child of the skies,
In the stillness of midnight's lone hour.

The wind it then blew a cold chilling blast,
And I heard the ocean waves sullenly roar ;
The soft summer sky was with clouds overcast,
And I found that my vision of beauty was o'er.
Oh, I'd give all my years for that vision again,
To behold that fair form and smile of that face ;
And to feel the delight of that music's soft strain,
The loneliest gloom of life's sorrow would chase.

I know not the nature of all that I saw,
Or whence came the creature that rose from the tomb ;
But the form of beauty my spirit did draw
To a heaven of hope out of life's sullen gloom.
I yet hope to meet in a land of delight
Where naught shall disturb our pleasure's repose,
The maid whom I saw in that lone summer night,
To whose loving breast I'll love's secrets disclose.

Then the raindrops fell fast and the wind it rose high,
And whistling it rushed through St. Francis' old halls,
While the deep thunder rolled in the black murky sky,
And lightning's bright flash lighted up the high walls.
I retraced quick my steps and again sought my bed
Where my comrades were silently sleeping,
And down for repose I then pillow'd my head
While the gray monk his lone watch was keeping.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., Dec. 15, 1873.

WRITTEN IN SANTA BARBARA CHURCH-YARD. [SPANISH MISSION.]

"O Time, the beautifier of the dead."—BYRON.

THOU dreary spot of cold and silent earth
Where rest the remnants of once fair living clay,
Where sleeps the rose that perished in its birth,
And the once fair form of beauty young and gay :
Among thy tombs to meditate I stray
And muse on the folly of life's gayest hour ;
To behold how honors melt and fade away,
Like the morning dew or the blooming flower
That decks the varied beauties of a virgin's evening bower.

Here marble tombs hold the silent dust
That once was flesh, blooming fair and young ;
Here the sword is eaten by corroding rust,
And all the honors mankind ever flung,
The fragrant laurel or the songs that poets sung,
Are here alike to the corse that sleeps below.
In that dark cold chamber where his narrow bed
Shuts out his vision from earthly joy or woe ;
Yea, all is alike to the unconscious dead
Whose earthly race is run, whose spark of life is fled.

Come, thou man of earth, and linger with me here ;
Behold the ruin that grim death has made.
See how all grandeur bringeth but a tear ;
And so with us, when we our parts have played,
Beneath some drooping tree our forms be laid,

To return to earth from whence we came,
Sleep that long sleep in the lonely shade,
After all we sought, after wealth and fame,
We die, and scarcely leave behind our worthless name.

This spot is old, a place where former days
Interred the fallen of a vanished race.
Now o'er the tomb the bat or lizard plays
And the frisking marmots here each other chase.
At night the owl shows his boding face
And lonely shadows here forever dwell,
As 'twere to mark life's gloomy trace,
And make more mournful the wind's gentle swell
That reaches back the dead one's funeral knell.

'Tis true that here no prince or monarch sleeps,
No royal dust commingles with this clay ;
Yet 'tis all alike to the God who keeps
The bright free spirit that passed from earth away,
Whether he was plebeian or held the kingly sway.
Then why should I look on what remains
With else than pity, and hope that endless day
Gives a dear reward for life's toils and pains,
That arose from the torture of life's galling chains.

Here sleeps a world ; for 'tis all the same
To see the beings who live, and those who were ;
This spot contains all that we could name
Of terrestrial greatness or its beauties young or fair
And here the bosoms where joy, grief or care.
Once moved the soul that has taken its flight,
And planned the deed of light or darkness there ;
Taking the course that led the steps aright
Or the forbidden way that leads to endless night.

The father, mother, who once were dearly loved,
 The son and daughter, and child, the youth and maid,
 Sweet comely charms that fond young passion moved,
 And all that made home happy here are laid.
 Here the prattling infant that on the bosom played,
 Sleeps with its mother, who was once a bride,
 And many a heart whose first devotion paid
 To the form it loved most, with the rising tide
 Of Life's first pleasure, that burned awhile and died.

Here moulder forms that round the genial board
 Oft sat and quaffed off the sparkling wine,
 Whose cheering spirit in the silver cup was poured
 Awakening feelings that were half divine ;
 And the sweet young virgin who often here did twine
 The flowery wreath or sung love's tender lay,
 Beneath the tendril of the drooping vine,
 When life was in its bright and sunny day,
 Ere the heavenly spark was called from earth away.

Fair forms that graceful moved in mazy dance,
 When music measured the waltz or gay quadrille,
 And moved in the rapture that well-nigh enchanteth
 The fond young soul, and ever bosoms fill
 With earth's sweetest joy and love's electric thrill,
 Till each turns to heaven and each swift passing hour
 Sets mad the pulse of love, and fires the breast until
 It drinks the waters of an unseen shower,
 That proves the magic of music's mighty power.

Here all is dust and ashes, mould and slime ;
 Beauty's once fair limb, and breast as marble white,
 That showed the charms of this soft sunny clime,
 And made glad the bridegroom on the wedding-night.
 Here those charms are dust, their beauty taken flight ;

No longer charms, but cold and silent clay,
 Broken crumbling bones, all mournful to the sight ;
 Sad relics of life's bright vanished day,
 And all its pleasures that long since passed away.

And yet behold ! 'tis here the gate of life
 Is opened ever for a world beyond ;
 'Tis here that end all earthly cares and strife,
 Here joys begin of which the soul is fond.
 O mortal man let not thy hopes despond,
 Nor view with terror the darkness of the grave ;
 For 'twill but unite every holy bond
 That was dear on earth, and the spirit save,
 While the ashes rest where the drooping willows wave.

October 2, 1873.

LIMESTONE DICK.

A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF WHITE PINE, NEVADA.

"He was a brick."—JOAQUIN MILLER.

YE heroes of the golden age
 When Fortune gave a lavish hand,
 Come look upon this snowy page,
 And cease to praise that sunny land,
 Wherein ye revelled in your pride
 And did the fragrant laurel twine,
 There is another land beside
 The one ye knew in Forty-nine.
 The bard may sing of joys you've had,
 And praise the glories of that day
 When youth and age o'er gold went mad,
 And love, for splendor, fled away,

Oh yes ; Nevada's shaggy breast
Has nursed another precious child,
Like thee brought forth within the west,
Though not beneath a sky so mild.
Virginia City had its day,
And old Aurora grew a town ;
Each in its turn soon died away
Grew like a gourd, but soon went down.
The one arose as from the dead,
And proves the wonder of our day ;
Surpassed in lore the tales we read,
And fades the Arab's tale away.

Bonanzas are in her deep caves,
And fortunes there in secret lie ;
Above her crest the storm-king raves,
And there the winds are wild and high.
But there is a spot, another spot,
That never yet was known to song ;
And other spot I envy not,
For here I'd fain to tarry long.

Come forth, my hero, from the dead,
And show thy once good noble head ;
Stay, rest thou, pardner ; I'll not fail
To tell in truth thy checkered tale.

The tents were up along the hill,
The miners sat and chatted still,
Although the bright light died away,
And evening there grew cold and gray.
As up the road a footman came,
None knew his face, much less his name ;

His blankets strapped upon his back,
A lean dog followed in his track ;
Two navy pistols in his belt,
And round his neck an old canteen,
Against whose sides hard times had dealt
And wherein whiskey once had been.

Despair was in his cold gray eye,
And desperation on his brow,
That would that night old hell defy
Or for a supper raise a row.
He stayed there by a ledge of rock
A full half hour or more,
Then seemed as fled the heavy shock
That down his spirits bore.

Then on to where two miners sat
He in a hurry pushed his way,
Said he to one that held a cat :
Old pard ! an' how are you to-day ?

'Tis pitch-dark night, the miner said,
So just pass on and go to bed ;
That joke on me has been often played
By men that never had a red.

That is not my style, the traveller cried,
I've lived in years more than one score,
And often by hard times was tried ;
But never took insult before—
And will not now ! With that he drew
The pistol from his breeches blue.
Stand up, he cried, and give me hash,
Or these gray stones your blood will wash !
I've seen too much of better day
To be a dog in such a way.

So say no more, but bread divide,
Or, by the gods, I'll drill your hide.
For hunger knows no other code
Than that which will the stomach load.
His pistol yet was in his hand,
 Its rusty hammer at full cock,
His finger on the trigger band,
 And standing firmly as a rock,
He eyed the men who laughed before
To see him wandering hither sore.
One said, come in and take your part,
For I must own you got the start.
But what's your name ? I think before
I saw you on old Texas shore.
That's naught, he cried, I am Dick Rulf,
And on it bigger than a wolf.
I've had my share of fortune's kicks
But never yet slept on the bricks,
 And damned if I will now.
So open out your bread in store
And fix my blankets on your floor ;
 I'll rest this wrinkled brow.

PART II.

Oh, say no more, but come in and take a seat ;
You can have your supper with a cup of whiskey too.
There are some cakes and biscuit with roasted meat,
And perhaps there's portion of a mutton stew.

That's business now, the traveller cried ;
You are a very nice man, when you can't help yourself.
You'd drive me out, but you are now defied,
For I'd soon let lead rattle through your delf.

So they then shook hands, and sat around the board,
Where the whiskey poured into many a cup ;
Until the food that had there been stored
Was, like as if by magic, wholly gobbled up.

Then they went to bed, and slept as well
As if on earth he never knew a care,
And when the sunlight on the cabin fell,
It found him nicely fixing up his hair.

Then he had his breakfast and a parting drink,
Strapped on his blankets, and hurried up the town ;
Nor stayed a moment about one to think,
But sideways fixed his hat that had no crown.

Then entered Jackson's, and called up to the bar
Full twenty miners, who drank his health in gin,
And he said, chalk it down. I'm not going far,
But you keep my dog in soak till I 'gain come in.

Jackson eyed the man, then took the string
That fastened round the surly canine's neck,
As he said, don't fail before long to bring
That seven dollars, or his neck I'll break.
He hurried out ; they saw no more
The master of the dog in store.
He coursed his way to Treasure Hill,
Where soon he pounded with a will,
And struck the ore.
In Limestone there a pot he found,
And, miner-like, he staked his ground.
'Twas up in thousands, pure as cash ;
No want was now for gin or hash ;
'Twas enough and more.

So from that day his lucky trick
Gave him the name of Limestone Dick.
The ladies dangled on his arm ;
The ladies each beheld a charm.
For, when the dance made young hearts light,
And strains came sweet at dead of night,
Fair eyes met his at every glance,
And hearts pressed his throughout the dance.
The rosy cheek of Beauty there
Did for him extra blushes wear ;
The fairest form on Treasure Hill
Was ever ready at his will.
There champagne wines for him did foam,
And every house might be his home.
For, sixty thousand dollar sales
Will settle fortune's fiercest gales.
Thus did he fare there for a while ;
 But oh, alas for Life's short day !
For soon forgotten is Beauty's sweetest smile
 And Flattery's folly soon will melt away.

So did poor Dick, like another man,
 Of Waterloo, or some more fatal field,
Run soon his course in the giddy van
 That at last in turn to death must yield.

When sixty thousand dollars more
 Came forth for sales in limestone beds,
The ladies closer pressed his door,
 And still more fondly bowed their heads.

But there came a dame, one summer night
When the stars in the sky were shining bright ;
But those stars in the sky not more fondly shone
Than the lovely eyes that the dame did own.

And her face was fair,
And her beauty rare
As the gem whose light decks the Indian mine ;
And her words were sweet,
And her little feet
Like those of a form the gods had made divine.
Dick saw the face ; that night he swore
He'd count her tracks for evermore,
Nor lose that breast so full and warin',
Where mine-like lay each blushing charm.
For all the silver in the west,
From old Pike's Peak to Shasta's breast,
He loved. That's much ; it makes man a man,
It fans his fire and makes his heart beat fast,
And circulates the blood as true love only can,
Until all our fortune seems in pleasure cast.

But there never was a bliss without a pain,
As there never was a rose without a prick ;
And lover's eyes pour out their holy rain,
That fain would ease the soul when the heart is sick.

Thus poor Dick's day was not near so bright
As one would suppose that it ought to be,
For there was another on that fatal night,
Who beheld young Beauty there as well as he.

And thus two rivals grew from the cause
That oft before on earth did play the devil,
That hath so often broken worthy laws
And given man's spirit to unholy revel.

PART III.

Summer passed away, and the falling snow
Did cover over the sod, the shrubs and stone ;
The chilly winds around that crest did blow
And through the window did whistle, howl and moan.

Now Dick, being human, would not give up
This rosy flesh to another's arms,
But wildly swore he would never sup,
Until he for life would secure her charms.

That night when Luna's silver ray
Lit up that land where fortune lay,
While snow lay deep upon the street
And the sidewalk echoed falling feet,
Dick met his man ; 'twas in an hour
When love was in its greatest power.
Oh, all the kindling of the flame
That instant seemed to fire his frame.
He drew his Colt ; its hammer stood,

His finger touched the ready trigger ;
He said : This game must end in blood.
For I in life will never figure
If she is lost ; no hope for me :
But she be lost ? It will not be.
He raised the weapon, but the eye
Of his opponent fired nigh.

Fair play, my boy ! come hunt the cards ;
It don't look well betwixt old pard
To jealous grow, and give no chance
For either down through life to dance,
In that wild bliss that love conveys
Into the heart for better days.

Who wins the game will take young Bess,
And thus at once end all distress.
They sat at the game, and the fingers cast
The cards with judgment for a long night hour ;
And each held courage, until the last
Lone card would usher in dame Fortune's shower.
They pitched, they cut, in speechless mood,
And marked the while how fortune stood.
At last, a shout ; the game is done,
Dick fortune favors, and the girl is won.

Wild was the shout as he hurried through the door.
On, on to the maid ; he could wait no more.
Up Treasure street he hurried soon
Beneath the cold rays of the moon ;
Faster does he onward keep ;
Although the snow lies cold and deep,
He hurries to her door.
The snow lies deeper on the way ;
He hurries still the more.

Out of breath, he wins the spot ;
But ah, there ends his checkered lot.
Breathless he falls upon the snow,
And from his lips the red streams flow ;
Gasps then for breath in a last distress ;
Calls on the name of his darling Bess.
But, ah, 'tis done, the spark has fled,
And on the snow poor Dick lies dead.
Bess hears the news, she hurries on ;
Yet oh, too late ; his soul is gone.
There cold and stiffening, open to her gaze,
His gray eyes staring in their lifeless haze.
And but three hours since he was by her side,
His wild heart beating in love's exultant pride.

And now inanimate he is lying low,
His life-blood curdling on the virgin snow.

They dug a grave, and laid away
The lucky dead within its space,
And ere next sun had spent its ray
A few friends said the words of grace,
And all was o'er ;
The cold world lost his latest trace,
And knew no more.

Long years have passed since that cold night.
But through the hour, in beauty still,
The full moon in her silver light
Shines softly down on Treasure Hill.

And there is seen a nameless grave,
Where lies the heart of fortune's son ;
And, save the winter winds that rave,
None tell the tale that there was done.

Thus faded life, in life's best hour,
And left the sought for prize behind :
The future day is beyond our power,
And vanished joys but pain the mind.

White Pine is lonely as the grave,
And few save Jackson tarry there ;
And he, but for the lips that crave
Old Holland gin, would onward fare.

Ruins, ruins, Sherman Town,
Old Eberhardt and Hamilton ;
Their glory fled, their temples down,
And everything, save silence, gone.

And doubly lonely comes the night
 When fades away the purple light,
 The plundering owls hold council there,
 And yelping wolf bewails his care.

TREASURE HILL, June 2, 1875.

DEATH'S FAMOUS TRIP TO CERRO GORDO.

CERRO GORDO is a town
 Up in the clouds of California.
 Standing there and looking down,
 The scene is wild, no cares where born you.
 Owen's Lake lies far below,
 A scalding, poisoned, mimic ocean,
 Whose shores around are clad in woe ;
 No bird or beast is there in motion.

The air is clear, oh, very clear,
 For ninety miles the sight may travel ;
 But, high or low, or far or near,
 No pleasing change does spot unravel.
 Towering mountains bleak and bare,
 The Sierra Nevadas, to the westward,
 Whose snowy crests in regions rare
 Rise grand but rough—to use my best word.

The lake between us and those peaks,
 Hid a sandy valley long and weary,
 The cactus, one of nature's freaks,
 Stands here and there in stillness dreary.
 And to the eastward, looking down,
 Lies Panamint Valley in the distance,
 A wild, dry waste, of gray or brown,
 Where Death reigns king without assistance.

Rainless, cheerless, all the land,
As if some curse of ancient giving,
Along these slopes of rock and sand,
Still in its blight and wrath were living,
No happy homes nor bordered streams
Amid these wilds, so broad and lonely ;
Here groves may haunt the traveller's dreams ;
He wakes, and finds 'twas dreaming only.

The old White Mountains, here around,
Their shadows 'cross the valleys sending
Where green-robed Spring is never found,
But barren years that have no ending.
'Tis here that Cerro Gordo stands,
Whose smoke to heaven ascends so slowly ;
A city built by human hands ;
A place that's high, but it is not holy.

For men here gamble, night and day,
And women ply a low vocation,
And on this barren hilltop gray
The devil long since made location.
A graveyard over on the hill,
Where many a shooting-scrape has ended,
And in yon street a dancing mill
Where many a deadly knife descended.

The Furnace, running day and night
On sulphurous lead and silver ore,
Throws far around its lurid light
While poisonous white fumes outward pour.
And dirt and filth on every face—
One bit a pail for water there ;
The unwashed shirt is no disgrace,
And noticed less, the unkempt hair.

Way down the gulch, a slaughter-pen,
Where lie the bones of butchered cattle,
Where wandering wolves and curs of men
Come oft to fight their midnight battle ;
A very foul and dirty spot,
Whose stench and sight are both unpleasant ;
Whose odor seems enough to rot
The stomach of a Russian peasant.

PART II.

Now, Nancy was a well-known hag
That lived in Smoky Cerro Gordo
A parasite on this lone crag,
Dirty, homely, fat, and—Lord, oh !
Her very eyes betokened Hell,
And bore the seal-marks of the devil ;
How oft she gazed, oh, who could tell
Upon the shameless midnight revel.

Those blood-shot eyes were just as red
As on Hell's hearth two coals of fire,
And every hair upon her head
Stood out on end, while foul desire
Blazed in her blotched and bloated face,
And held her eyes forever glancing ;
Her eyes that in life's wicked race
Did represent two demons dancing.

O woman pure, how sweet art thou !
How high, how holy is thy station !
What wreath is suited to thy brow
While thou art free from degradation ?

But, fallen once, thy glory's gone,
Down, down in vice still deeper sinking,
Till to the grave thou art borne on
Through midnight brawl and beastly drinking.

Thirty years this life she led,
Thirty years she served the devil,
Thirty years a shameless bed
She occupied in nightly revel.
Until her scarlet body grew
A temple filled with vile corruption,
And her breast, once fair with veins of blue,
Bore many a running-sore eruption.

The saddest, lowliest things of earth,
Are human creatures, old and rotten ;
They curse the hour that gave them birth ;
They curse the night when first begotten.
For out of Hell they cannot find
A thing of woe their state to equal ;
The aching bones, the troubled mind
Must long yet bear the dreaded sequel.

Born in vice, a mother's way
In early life she quickly followed,
And worse and worse she grew each day,
Until, by action most unhallowed,
She taught the devil how to sin,
One night when he to her made visit :
Old Satan saw, and with a grin
He blandly asked its name, What is it ?

Thirty years a web she wove
Of loathing crime, through all creation,
Until the worst of evils drove
Her gin-soaked brain to aberration.

For murder's mark was on her brow—
Nine times in human blood she wallowed ;
That arm held the fatal brand
In many a midnight row unhallowed.

Nine dead men's ghosts did nightly haunt
Her drunken soul in broken slumber ;
They came in force, but did not daunt
That hardened wretch, though nine in number.
But yet they racked her, night and day,
And made her life a long perdition,
Until she, growing old and gray,
Could find no means of abolition.

'Twas then she drank and wildly swore,
And did those things I dare not mention,
Till, ten times worse than e'er before,
She one night drew all Hell's attention :
One gloomy night, when to her door,
Came low-lived wretches for to pander,
To spend their earnings here once more,
Although they knew a world had manned her.

That night she filled the poisoned cup
That of her crimes made out the measure,
She stirred the potion ; drank it up ;
But think not then she sought her leisure.
No ! though she knew an hour more
Would close her span of life's duration,
She screamed, she cursed, she wildly swore,
'Gainst every good in all creation.

Her curses rode the midnight air
Until they reached the gate of Heaven,
They shocked the guardian angel there,
Who, by such shameless language driven,

Reported to her Maker's ear,
Who ordered her sent down to Tophet ;
Why bear such sounds of trouble here ?
Send her to Hell and let her grope it.

PART III.

DEATH, ordered out, did hurry to
The smoky spot where Nancy tarried,
He, downward, onward quickly flew,
Poising well the spear he carried ;
Until in Cerro Gordo's street
He stood, and gazed for half a minute,
Then asked of one he chanced to meet,
Yon's Nancy's house—but is she in it ?

The stranger said, You have no ear,
Or must be deaf to profanation ;
Else at each step you'd plainly hear
The words that point the situation.
In yonder house you'll find her, sure ;
But guard you well your fleshless knuckles ;
See, now she's going from the door,
And round her waist a pistol buckles.

John Hughs looked out from his saloon,
And up the street he saw Death coming ;
He stole along ; a low, hoarse tune
From out his fleshless jaws was humming.
John felt a blindness in his head,
A rising quickly of the blues ;
But Death, in passing, slyly said,
Good evening, kindly, Mister Hughs.

A whisper more ; he said : Go 'way ;
 For in this town there will be trouble ;
 That scarlet wretch to-night I'll slay,
 And every pain she now knows double.
 He left the spot and faced the dame,
 Who spied him with an eye of fire.
 Oh, Nance, you have long been known to fame,
 But to-night, he cried, you must expire.

She drew the pistol from her belt,
 And Death that instant drew his dagger.
 She roared : My heart you cannot melt,
 Nor my old soul's wild courage stagger.
 I know you well, grim, fleshless wretch ;
 You have come to-night life's thread to sever ;
 You have come to-night these bones to stretch,
 And pierce this peerless breast—but, never !

Old hag, he cried, your days are run,
 This very night your race is ended ;
 You have looked your last upon the sun.
 With that his mortal blade descended.
 Her pistol flashed ; the whistling ball
 Whimmed on the lonely starlit hour.
 She tried in vain for help to call ;
 That help was all beyond her power.

Then up to judgment was she sent—
 Her many victims there before her.
 She saw the game ; knew what it meant ;
 The Good himself could not restore her.
 The sentence passed, she bowed her head ;
 One thing I ask, and beg it, Lord O ;
 I'm booked for Hell with other dead—
 So let us pass through Cerro Gordo.

The shortest road ! the monarch said.
They went that way and saw her body ;
Upon the sofa there 'twas laid,
And near the half-drunk glass of toddy.
On to the depths ! cried the voice behind,
And; a moment more, they were onward filing.
They groped and limped like the lame and blind,
And the folks up town heard a sound of wailing.

The Fenian, at the dead of night,
Pulled on her little monkey-jacket,
And stole out to the gloomy light,
To see what 'twas that made the racket.
Oh, zounds ! the sight that met her eyes,
Was fiercer than the Arctic regions.
For, from the street up to the skies,
It seemed there were a hundred legions.

She saw, as leader of these crowds,
Her neighbor, Mr. Snow,
Who in their town above the clouds
Dealt Faro, long ago ;
But long since gone to play a hand
Where none their cards can hide.
So known to him was all the land,
He came back as a guide.

The fiery crew going back to hell,
With Nancy Blodgett as their quarry,
Along the winding way, pell-mell,
As though they had no time to tarry.
A down that tortuous mountain-road
They bore her in a cage,
And stopped just once to change their load,
Where Vasquez robbed the stage.

When she below, that night, appeared,
 The Devils welcomed her with dancing ;
 Hell's grandest hall at once was cleared,
 And soon around its confines prancing,
 Went imp and gnome in maddest reel,
 And Nancy, dancing in the middle,
 Showed yet the mettle of her heel
 While Satan handed well his fiddle.

Clang went the gates of Hell's grim walls,
 Lest worldly eyes might learn the measure ;
 The lights go out, the drawbridge falls ;
 And Satan, locked up with his treasure,
 Directs the dance, and takes a part
 In all the wild infernal glory,
 Recorded in his own black heart
 Or in that grim world's song and story.

CERRO GORDO, CAL., 1877.

AMELIA.

YE pleasing memories of the past
 That paint afresh the days of yore,
 Those hours that hurried by so fast
 And all those rapturous pleasures o'er :
 My friend Amelia, we to-night
 Are far, alas, oh, far apart ;
 While phantoms of our past delight
 Still linger round the lonely heart.

I sit beside the gurgling stream
 And see a lily all alone ;
 There, like the being of some wild dream,
 I seem to change to cold, dull stone :

A statue formed, but blind and dead,
No life commands my hand to move,
And draw thee from thy native bed,
Thou beauteous thing of youth and love.

This pictures what I was, when thou
Wert near to me, a lily pure ;
But I have vanished from thee now—
The dream itself is but too sure.
Such is the world. 'Tis made of things
That rise to beauty, bloom, and fade.
The lily leaf, the pride of kings,
Must each alike be lowly laid.

And thou, Amelia, wert too true,
Too pure and fair for many years ;
So every soul-felt joy we knew
Lives but in pages dimmed with tears.
We will not meet when summer comes,
Nor when the sage its fragrance sheds ;
For though the heart in love may beat,
The foot of Time too quickly treads.

Farewell ! My steed now champs the bit,
And longs to hurry on his way.
Our love is dead ; I'll bury it :
The offspring of a better day.

TUCSON, 1877.

EVEN SO.

EVEN SO : the rain may fall,
 The shadows creep along the wall,
 The rabbit to the sage-brush hie,
 The magpie to the cedars fly ;
 Each living creature has a home
 Save I who still will onward roam.

But in thy face,
 A beauty lies
 And I can trace,
 In those mild eyes,
 A slumbering passion, warm and deep,
 That might my wandering spirit keep
 At home.
 With thee my heart would be at peace,
 And I would early, gladly cease
 To roam.

No more would tempest trouble me,
 Nor would I tread wild Inyo's sands ;
 For I would tarry here with thee,
 And only dream of foreign lands.
 Oh, I might stay and while away,
 With thee, each passing bright-winged hour ;
 I all might give, and with thee live,
 Thou lovely, laughing mountain flower.

The winter night
 Would come amain,
 And the stars' soft light
 Would shine again.

Then within our little cot,
Beside our little fire,
Where cold would enter not
We would have our heart's desire.
There we would happy be
As the birds that haunt the grove,
For my heart would press to thee,
And we both would gladly love.

And when the night so cold
Would come down upon the west,
Then thy form I would enfold
To my ever anxious breast.
Oh, I'd kiss thee, kiss thee, kiss thee,
Till my lip could kiss no more ;
And I'd press thee, press thee, press thee,
Till the winter night passed o'er.

Or, when the summer moon
Would shine in the starry sky,
Ere the night had reached its noon,
Or the lovelight left thine eye,
Oh, we'd to the garden go
Where the little roses sleep,
And our love no one would know
For no eye would dare to peep.

There we'd feel
Joys that steal
To the hearts that love made one,
Till the hour
When love's power
Would our very souls consume.
'Tis sweet to think of love like this,
Where the soul may dwell in loving bliss,

Yet we must part :
Our lives to love we will not give,
But this day's memory long will live
Within my heart.

Nevada's hills are cold and gray,
Sweet Water's stream is far away ;
Then I must hurry on,
For ere to-night's light will be gone,
I far away must be,
Beyond the distant shining crest,
In winter's icy garments drest ;
A long farewell to thee,
I go ; the sun has hurried down
Far, far beyond Aurora Town ;
Farewell, farewell to thee !

THE KISS.

Kiss thee, Maggie ? Heaven, no !
I dare not kiss that brow of snow.
Dare I to touch that little head ;
That lip, that mocks the roses red ?
Or dare my burning lips invade
Thy blushing cheek, where love is laid ?
No, no, sweet friend ; I dare not kiss,
Lest thou the precious gem would miss,
And then condemn me low to kneel
Because a kiss I chanced to steal,
And yet, dear girl, how sweet 'twould be,
Even for a kiss, to kneel to thee !

I feel my lip now growing warm,
I feel my heart long for that charm ;
But if I kissed I might offend,
And bring our friendship to an end.
And if I kissed, 'twould be so sweet
My heart for more would fondly beat,
Until my lips could not refrain,
But steal to thee—and kiss again !

LASCELLES, IOWA, 1879.

ADIEU TO GRANADA.

A LONG farewell to thee, Granada !
Ye towers brown and rent by time,
These grand old groves, in which I often
Reclined to ponder on Granada's past.
I go to-day, but with me carry
Memories of thee that will not fade.
I'll see in dreams thy kingly halls ;
I'll wander through them oft in sleep ;
And when alone at twilight hour,
Or meditating in the solitary wood,
I will recall sweet scenes of thee.
Green grow the groves along the Duar,
And by the silvery Zenil's flood.
And there, too, the flowers a border make
For the clear cold water from Sierra's snows.
The tall wheat stands in many a field
Along these rivers ; rich its golden grain,
And the olive waves as in the day
When the Moorish lady sought its cooling shade.
From this old tower I see those fields

Where hot blood flowed, where Death was rampant,
Departed age, where the cross, in glory,
And the blood-dyed steel, swept long these shores.
Where the cannon's thunder and sound of arquebuse
Told where the battle raged once more ;
Till the fallen Moor marched sorrowing out
From these fair fields that were long his pride,
And across that plain and through yon pass
Went he, once king of fair Granada.

On yonder mountain height the white snows rest,
And lower down primeval forests grow,
Whose giant trees Phenician eyes amazed
While round me here, pile on pile,
The Arab's pride, the grand Alhambra.

How cool, how airy all its hundred halls !
How light and delicate the various tracery
Of each white wall ! The Eastern artist,
With master's hand, cut Allah's name
On many a square, and the ceiling arched
And checkered o'er with pearl or precious wood.

The shaded court, with playing fountain,
And the cypress mated with the slender fir ;
Its tombs of kings lit by the starlight.

And yon fair torrent that's pouring down
In eternal music its silvery waters.

Below there, stands the gloomy palace
Built by great Charles's hand—
So vast and square, with circled court,
Once fair to view, but now a ruin ;
And that fair fane where I did oft
Kneel to my God. And far, far down
Within the city, a cathedral vast doth meet the eye.
Within it rest the ashes of the mighty,
The great, the good, of the kingly Ferdinand,
Of the noble Isabel : there side by side,

On the southward ; yet their child, Johanna,
In voiceless death with her husband lies.
Fair beauty there on frescoed wall and pictured floor,
Where the gazer's eye will frequent rest
On the pure, cold marble that genius shaped
Into royal features of that king and queen.
But, a long adieu ! we part forever.
My weary feet to mine own land journey ;
But, Granada, there will I dream of thee !

GRANADA, July 7, 1876.

THE LONELY BANKS OF THE DIRTY DEVIL.

THE land is bleak, the mountains bare,
The river winds its way alone,
Through rifted rocks the wild winds tear,
In sigh, and whist, and puff, and groan.
These laboring winds have hollowed out
The sandstone cliffs, as if that dome,
Around which rages their nightly rout,
Might be their majesty's weird home,

For they alone are monarchs here,
From January until June ;
A wild domain, where little cheer
Rests 'neath the mild beams of the moon.
But in yon vale where the bunch-grass grows,
And the rampant winds go down to revel,
In the pride of her life, like a mountain rose,
Does dwell the queen of the Dirty Devil.

The old man, her father, has myriads of stock,
His plentiful sheep like the stars in the sky,
And his billy-goats climb up the time-rifted rock
In quest of the lichens that nook-hidden lie.
And only God knows how many wild steers
Had ought to be marked with the old man's brand,
For up every gulch a bullock appears,
Belonging, of course, to his countless band.

He has spent at the front a full fifty good years,
Fought greasers in Texas and Mexico too ;
But now here in peace he his family rears,
And quieter callings is left to pursue,
Where his barley waves in a five-acre patch,
And his ploughshare glides through the little level,
Where his numerous hens their progeny hatch.
By the lonely banks of the Dirty Devil.

His busy old wife smokes natural leaf
While she superintends all her household affairs,
Such as dressing the buckskin and jerking the beef ;
For these are a part of her family cares.
A good-natured soul, she drinks whiskey sometimes—
But always with sugar : it gives her such life ;
Still she never was drunk ; this I'll state in my rhymes,
Lest people might talk of this mother and wife.

The pride of all their scattered wealth
Sits now before me, peeling squash ;
Blessed with young years and rosy health,
Her loud laugh rings, her dark eyes flash.
Oh, hang it ! fortune, let me stay ;
I'll ask no more refinement's revel,
But down through life pursue my way
With this little queen of the Dirty Devil.

Her life-blood from good veins hath run,
For she is a niece to old Davy Crockett ;
Like that great good man she can use her gun ;
And I have to laugh when I see her cock it—
It seems so strange to see a woman shoot !
But her aim is good, when she is on the level,
And oft to the deer did she give pursuit
By the lonely banks of the Dirty Devil.

The winds may blow, the sands may rise,
The rocks may shelter in the sun,
The dust may fill the traveller's eyes,
And higher up the goats may run ;
But she is queen on that lone ranch
Where mountain winds her hair dishevel,
The loveliest game, the fairest branch,
That ever graced the Dirty Devil.

Yes, yes ! indeed, I'd like to stay
And have a share in all these cattle,
Here wear my coming years away,
Here fight my part of life's great battle,
Eat beef and mutton all my days ;
My share of goat would be the liver :
And then let heroes wear their bays—
I would not leave the Devil River.

But oh, farewell ! I must depart ;
In other regions I am wanted :
Though in that land my half-cracked heart
Will by this beauty long be haunted.
Adieu, ye billy-goats on high !
Ye heifers browsing on the level !
For I to-day must raise my eye
From the lonely banks of the Dirty Devil.

TO A NEVADIAN KILLED IN A MINE.

THE pick there on the cabin floor,
The shovel lies a prey to rust ;
The rocker stands before the door,
No longer holding golden dust ;
For he who used them soundly sleeps
Where raging tempest nightly sweeps.

The skillet by the chimney side,
The ashes gray and cinders cold,
Are all to show that mirth has died
Where jolly hours were passed of old :
The cobweb hangs across the pane,
Through which he ne'er shall look again.

Here lies a loaf of mouldy bread
Intended for a miner's fare ;
But he who made it now lies dead
To fire or loaf, without a care ;
And where he hung his beef on high,
One fleshless bone is left to dry.

A quart of flour is in a sack ;
'Twas all his little stock and store ;
And, 'tween the logs, to stop a crack,
I see the coat a miner wore ;
Half-worn socks lie on the shelf,
Beside his store of broken delf.

A pipe, a knife, a pack of cards—
The pipe is broken at the neck ;
The knife, so dull, has lost its guards ;
The pack is but a poker deck,
And here a Bible, where his age
Is written in the annal-page.

From out the door do I gaze,
And look into the gulch below.
'Tis veiled there now with smoky haze,
And where he fell beneath the blow,
The bank that killed him drifted lies,
And pines seem reaching to the skies.

The door, still dappled with his blood,
Pulled off its hinge to take him home,
See where ran down the crimson flood,
That from his veins was let to roam
From bed to floor ; alas, that river
Has turned to gore, and chilled forever.

He wandered up, he wandered down,
He rent the quartz, he panned the gold ;
He tried his luck in many a town
And packed his blankets worn and old :
But here at last he found that rest
So longed for in the wanderer's breast.

The mountain rises up to heaven,
Jeff Davis' peak, bald, bleak and bare,
The surface cold, its old sides riven,
On lower things it seems to stare ;
And there, where winds forever rave,
A wandering miner found a grave.

No more for him is there in fate
A lucky gale or evil wind,
For he has gone through the western gate
And left this world and its woes behind ;
While starlight from the sky's blue dome
Falls now on his deserted home.

OSCEOLA, NEVADA, 1878.

THE OLD COCK'S STORY; OR, COCK-FIGHTING AMONG THE GODS.

"Add weight to trifles."—HORACE.

OH, come from hall, oh come from court,
And listen to an ancient sport :
My wings no longer flutter gay
As once they did, in my young day ;
My ragged feathers now proclaim
No candidate for fighting fame.
My legs ill-shapen quite have grown,
But they for beauty once were known.
My comb, that was a kingly crest,
Has gone to ruin with the rest.
My voice that once was loud and shrill
No longer's heard from mound or hill ;
No sounds of youth my figure deck,
For I am but a grand old wreck.
Yet as I stand upon the rock
My tongue can say : Behold the cock !
Behold the cock that once was young ;
Behold the cock that once was gay !
Behold the cock that ladies sung,
Ere youth and beauty passed away.

But though I'm old, my memory's fresh,
 And every day that e'er I passed
 Within, without these walls of flesh,
 Is engraved too deep to else than last.
 I lived a sport, to fame I rose,
 Amongst my kind I flashed awhile ;
 I found some joy, I've felt some blows,
 And often basked in fortune's smile.
 But to you all I'll tell a tale
 Of days when I was young and hale—
 For when we call a friend's attention
 We should some tale worth while to mention.

Many a sunny day has passed
 Since in the ring I played a part,
 And, though this day should be my last,
 I'll tell a tale to cheer the heart ;
 To cheer the heart of every hearer,
 And make my own good memory clearer.
 The morning sun had long arisen
 And broke the bars of night's dark prison ;
 The morning hour that wore away
 Beheld a sight extremely gay :
 A merry group of barnyard fowls,
 Defiant of both hawks and owls,
 And I the chieftain of the lot ;
 A fear of death I harbored not.
 For every rooster in my clan
 Was, through sheer fear, my right-hand man ;
 My right-hand nian or right-hand cock ;
 For 'twas my eye that watched the flock,
 And when I saw dark mischief brew,
 To each I quick a warning crew,
 And all was still.

But, to resume ; the morning sun
His daily course had long begun,
And all was still ; no, not a breath
Did move to stir the sound of death,
And every cock stood as if dreaming
Where the golden rays of light were gleaming,
When, all at once, I heard a sound
That made my brains like wheels go round ;
And next I felt my body rise
Toward the clear blue morning skies.
I looked around, and overhead,
And soon found out how far I'd fled
 From my late happy home.
A monster bird then held my breast,
And the hot blood dyed my feathery vest
 As we afar did roam.
But soon a white cloud did appear ;
I from its breast a voice did hear,
 Saying : Here's the famous cock !
And through the cloud I quickly passed,
Thinking each moment would be my last,
 When, with an awful shock,
I and my captor both fell down :
The jar did almost break my crown,
 So sudden was the fall.
I soon was on my trusty feet
When a thousand voices did me greet,
 And, Match him ! was the call.
Ten thousand lords and ladies sat
Upon a monstrous silken mat.
There kings and heroes round were ranged,
And now and then their news exchanged,
 Or cups of nectar quaffed.

Then round they passed the sparkling bowl
That wakes to mirth the drowsy soul,

And o'er their exploits laughed.

Within a pit I there was placed,
Where many a drop of blood I traced

Which drops to me did show,

That ere the coming of the night
I for my life would have to fight,

Or be in death laid low.

I looked above. There countless forms
Sent forth their deafening shouts in storms,
And waving kerchiefs told that soon

The golden harps would play a tune.
But ere the music wildly played,
A thousand forms, all rich arrayed,

Above the rest appeared.

As I allowed my eyes to rove
Among the crowd, I saw great Jove,
Followed by Venus and all her crew,
That bowed to the God, and said, How do you do ?

When again the whole house cheered.

But ere the nods and bowing ended,
The mighty God to his throne ascended,
And around him sat, in the pomp of state,
A thousand kings and warriors great,
Beauteous ladies of love by scores,
And Venus who ever true passion pours

Into his royal breast.

And there were Mars and Mercury,
Drinking hot punch and vinegar tea,
And declaring that punch was best ;
And Neptune, and Vulcan, and Saturn, too
Sat high on their benches to see the fun through.
There naiads and nymphs and queens untold
Were smiling and laughing, all wrapped in gold ;

And here and there I could easily trace
The remembered marks of some well-known face.
For there sat in their pride earth's mightiest heroes,
Playing at loo with their darling she-roses.
Now, when they all had taken their seats,
The shouts renew and the tabor beats ;
The sweetest strains of music arose
That removed the feelings of calm repose,

And kindled the soul to rage.

Then loud were the shouts : On ! on with the play,
We'll spend in mirth the whole of this day ;

So let the cocks engage.

Now into the pit a young man jumped,
And down my throat he hastily dumped
A queer tasting potion. I know not its name,
But soon it created a terrible flame,

And set me wild for fight.

Oh, then I flapped and wildly crew
Till the attention of all the house I drew,

And their hands clapped at the sight.

Then a cock was brought, and, on my word !

He was a fine, fat, charming bird.

His golden wings were great and strong ;

His blooming tail was nine feet long,

But as I eyed his plumage gay,

I said to myself, if this be the way

They send a sporting cock to fight,

I'll hold my own till fall of night.

The signal horn then gave a blast,

And the wished-for conflict came at last.

I stood at bay and the cock came on ;

But soon I matched the gay *bon ton*.

For, ere he could have from me fled,

My spurs I sank deep in his head,

And round he kicked in death.

Oh, then to hear the gods all roar,
As they watched the streams of scarlet gore
That from the wounds like fire, did pour,
 Ere the cock had lost his breath.

Then soon the gods with rage grew wild,
And every earthly son reviled.
They said that something must be wrong :
For, since the bards first sang a song,
No royal hen did ever hatch
A fighting bird that cock to match,
 That now was lying dead.
Yet I but loud and louder crew,
And shouts yet loud and louder grew,
 When in came twenty more :
 I ne'er saw such before !
And now the fight began again,
Mid heroes' shout and martial strain.
My pluck and strength were soon well tried
To meet the strokes of foes defied.
Around the pit the roosters flew
And fiercer yet the conflict grew.
I slapped, I kicked, their backs did harrow,
And sent my keen spurs to their marrow.
They one by one gave up the ghost,
Until in death I laid the host !
And now the mighty Alexander
Swore he'd bring his Macedonian gander,
 To dress my Yankee meat.
And no sooner said than it was done :
A servant for the gander run ;
Soon the screaming bird was brought
And in the pit we hours fought.

But 'twas no use. I sent him down ;
And Cæsar swore I had done it brown,
 And said 'twas hard to beat.
But Venus by her beauty swore
I'd never kill a rooster more ;
And oh, 'twas then my angry tongue
The thunderbolts of eloquence flung,
 That made the gods shed tears.
Said I : I came not here to die,
Nor from your longtailed cocks to fly.
To take my life you hard did try,
 As plain appears.
But here I stand within this pit,
And can of your cocks whip fifty yet ;
 If you doubt it, send them down !
Oh then to hear the deafening shout
That on the balmy air rang out,
 As though they heard a clown.
Said Venus then, Strike off his head,
And when the murderous bird has bled
 Quick dress him for the feast !
Oh, then in wrath I fain would swoop at her,
Were it not in respect to her old man, Jupiter.
'Twas angry gods that then contended ;
Yet only few my cause defended,
Till Homer from his seat arose,
And said, 'twas not in power of prose
 To praise my daring deed.
That cock, said he, has done far more
Than many a boasted king of yore,
 When Troy's brave sons did bleed.
He came into the deathly ring,
And made your royal roosters sing
 Their mournful song of death.

And now when he has won the fray
And, like a hero, fought his day
 Ye fain would stop his breath.
Oh, shame on all, the poet said ;
Ye ought, at least, to be afraid
 Of Justice' scourging rod !
Down ! cried Venus ; bring my knife,
And with one stroke I'll end the strife
 And dress him for my god.
Loud shouts resounded through the hall
When Venus for her knife did call
 While some said, Save the cock !
Into the pit a young nymph rushed,
I thought by her I'd soon be crushed,
 So I prepared for flight.
Out from her clutch I struggling broke,
And with my wings the air I stroke,
 And crew with all my might.
A thousand tongues did loudly call ;
I answered : Farewell, Ladies all !
 As downward I descended.
From out the court and foggy spray,
Quick homeward, downward, I did stray ;
When soon among my flocks I lay,
 And thus my exploit ended.

CORNUCOPIA, Jan. 1, 1874.

THE IRISH SENTINEL.

1694.

'Tis winter night, and the wind blows keen
While I, poor wretch, must stand here shivering ;
Walking all night o'er the frost's crystal sheen,
As I watch the stars and moonbeams quivering.
Oh, they are sad indeed, at the many woes and strife
That checker o'er a private soldier's life.

My aged limbs are but poorly clad,
Although wintry storms now are nightly roaring ;
And a gnawing hunger sets my soul half mad
While yon ignoble lord in his princely couch is snoring ;
Steeped in every luxury that bounteous earth can give,
While I, his protector, have found it grief to live.

From yon castle's halls comes music's softest strain
And fair feet keep time with steps of nimble dancing ;
For a while it stops, then on the breeze breaks forth again
In a sound that's sweet, nay, that's half entrancing.
Yet oh, such sounds are but grief to me,
For a dear, cheerful home, alas, I'll never see.

Within that castle lords and ladies sit.
Some at ombre, others vile joys chasing ;
Sucking sweet poison while the hours flit
As their well-clad forms are in love embracing.
But oh, I am doomed like an outcast dog to shiver
On the lonely banks of this dark, turbid river.

Within that castle are forms like mine ;
Within that castle human hearts are beating ;
And while I am in hunger forced to pine
Their craven stomachs are filled with luscious eating ;
All reckless beings on through pleasure go,
Regardless, careless of their fellow-creatures' woe.

Yet those men are Christians, or as such to be they claim ;
And oft have I seen them in high places praying,
Where the pampered lord, or proud and highborn dame,
In cushioned pews—a world of wealth displaying—
Would nicely kneel ; and then, oh, saint-like pour
A pious prayer that did for wealth and pride implore.

But ne'er do they think of each wretch like me,
That fights their battles and guards their royal towers ;
That defends their banners over land and sea,
And guards their broad lands from all foreign powers ;
No ; we are but trash, unworthy of a thought
From those for whose liberties we oft so nobly fought.

I cast a glance at those frosted hills
And on their side see many a cottage keeping,
Under whose roof the biting nightwind chills,
And within whose walls a race of slaves are sleeping ;
Dreaming their dreams of that more blissful day
When this age of slavery shall have passed away.

Happy, my brethren, if death should come to-night
And do the last work of life's sore dividing,
Lay cold each slave ere the morning light ;
Thus ending grief and all our foes deriding.
So that our nation at last might end its woe
And our fallen race the end of trouble know.

But nay, not yet, perhaps 'tis better far—

Nay, that it is the will of an almighty power—
That Erin's race remain till a bloody war
Shall sweep from earth every hated tower,
Shall pierce those tyrants till their Saxon blood
Will turn to crimson Shannon's silvery flood.

But, alas for me, grown old and worn in wars

No home, no fortune, and my manhood flying,
With but small regard for all my battle scars,
And, though to-morrow I might be found here dying,
No one to pity or bind my aching head,
Or close my eyes ere placed among the dead.

O human fools ! that will serve base human knaves,

And kiss the hand that would destroy our race.
Are not we most degenerate of slaves,
To fear the terror of the tyrant's face,
And give our days to binding fast those chains
That hold us low, and increase our nation's pains !

Oh, for a cot on some far distant shore !

Where ne'er I'd feel the shock of war resounding ;
Where my weary limbs might rest in peace once more,
And forget the troubles of this spot surrounding.
There winds might be my funeral knell,
And my ashes slumber in the peaceful dell.

No more could tyrants chain my spirit free,

Nor taunt my soul with petty wars contending ;
Nor drag me captive over land and sea,
A cowering menial their blood-stained flag defending :
No ; then these eyes might forever sleep,
And no more the tears of affection weep.

BATTLE OF CORINTH.

Oct. 3, 1862.

ALL day, all day they hurry to the fight ;
The long gray lines from the dense dark wood
Now hurry on in their savage might,
To stain the field with their heated blood.

Onward, ye helots, who fight and pour this flood
Of crimson rain for such a paltry price ;
Stay not ; but hasten, through the slime and mud,
To gain that prize that's frail as melting ice,
For life's no longer worth twenty grains of rice.

They came in the morn, Van Dorn's troops of gray,
Came with spirits joyous as from a battle won ;
They rally to their colors at the break of day,
With hearts as lightly bounding as though their work was
done.

The massive guns of grim Robinette
Are frowning darkly on the field below ;
Other pregnant batteries are silent yet,
That soon shall scatter the bolts of death.
And the Southern soldier on his jetty steed—
His well-wrought blade is clenched fast ;
The fiery whiskey is in his brain and fires his soul,
His great heart panting for the fatal charge,
And the stars and stripes, on the sloping hill,
Show where the blue coats are deep entrenched.

But now, alas for the noble brave :
Their blood to-day has been shed in vain.
Foreboding omens o'er their banners wave,
And noblest soldiers are stiff upon the plain.
That fatal slope is cumbered with the slain
And the red blood curdles with clotted gore,
Or mingles with the drops of falling rain ;
Whilst the deafening cannon continue still to roar
And the very earth seems to shake for evermore.

They won those guns, but, too soon, alack !
Their wearied forms lost the prize they won ;
They fled from the wall, badly beaten back,
Till lost forever the work their swords had done.
Along the line the shouts of battle run,
And the murderous grape, to the retreating foe,
Brings worse disorder than at first begun
When the Texan hurried, in emotion's glow,
To the play that ends to-day in utter woe.

The starry banner waves o'er that plain,
For freedom won in the dreadful fray ;
But alas, 'twas sad to view the slain
That marked the field at the close of day.

For they were brave ; theirs was the blood
That maketh heroes, and their last wild deed
Will live in song. For death hath freed
Their name from silence. Aye, 'twas done so well
That a god in person would be proud to lead,
And old wandering Homer would be proud to tell
Of those fallen rebels who'd brave the lords of hell.
The dead were left upon the ground
Till northern hands scooped out a grave,
The buzzards move in circles round
To feast upon the mouldering brave.

And the day thus passed, the rebel fled ;
On through the wood their squadrons took their way,
Leaving their cannon, baggage, wounded, dead ;
Cursing the shadows of that fatal day,
That seemed to have taken all good luck away.
They onward sped to some other field
While the army's flower was left as common clay,
Where the stars and bars had been forced to yield
And a falling cause once more had backward reeled.

This is the fate of Earth's best brain ;
Made food for cannon and tramped into the earth,
Left there to rot, and enrich the future grain,
Where no stone nor column records their noble worth.
Perhaps it is as well that our death or birth
Should ne'er be known beyond our race of men.
For fame, at best, is like a poor fool's mirth ;
It goes for nothing, like a fool's Amen,
And evaporates like a single drop of rain.

That day has fled, and the crow now sits
Where the dead were most and the hard shot fell ;
The tall grain waves and the bright day flits
And the ear but listens to the wild winds' tale.
Let some future poet of that carnage tell,
And of how the followers of a long lost cause
There strove to win, and how they fought like hell
For precious freedom and their country's laws :
I'll drop the theme—my pen no liquid draws.

NEVADA, June, 1875.

ARKANSAS COURTSHIP.

"Happy age and happy people."—DON QUIXOTE.

It was down with Sally Stoker,
At a jolly game of poker,
I spent last Sunday evening in a quiet sort of way.
No greater joy I'd hail to,
Indeed I never fail to
Go and see my Sally at the close of Sabbath day.

But of all the happy hours
That are such through love's great powers,
Last Sunday capped the climax with the soul of merry fun.
The night was cold and snowing,
And the stormy wind was blowing.
And I just had time to reach the house ere the evening prayer
began.

Old man led the prayer
With a soul all free of care,
Then stretched forth his leathern lungs and finished with a
hymn :
'Twas from a bard the most unspicy
For the words were cold and icy,
And I might compare it to the light that there burned dim.

When the prayers and hymn were over
Sal and I were in our clover,
For we knew the old folks now were pressed by sleep to go to
bed ;
So, soon we were together
Blandly smiling at each other,
As all the little party save her brother John had fled.

To be quiet with my darling,
We sent John to feed the starling,
And when the lad had left the room we quickly locked the door.
Then, stirring up the fire,
Till its dying flame rose higher,
We managed there between us to have a cheerful light once more.

What a sea of heartfelt pleasure !
What raptures without measure,
Do young hearts beat in melting joy when together left alone !
How ecstatic is the feeling
That through the breast goes stealing,
When both are anxious for the sport, and in the proper tone.

Going back, though, to my story,
Sal and I were in our glory
When we found our two selves there alone, by the cheerful fire-light ;
And a willing one I found her
When my arms were swung around her,
To steal a fond and loving kiss that gave such dear delight.

An old three-legged stand,
Stood ready at our hand,
And a poker game to pass the time I to Sally did propose.
We the stand between us drew,
And to the sport we flew,
While we felt the sparks of burning love that from each bosom rose.

There we had the fun between us.
O my friend, you should have seen us !
First I threw a Jack at Sal and then she slapped an ace on me ;
Then she chattered like a magpie
And winked with her fine dark eye
And said : My boy, the game is mine ; I have the keards, you see !

Then I'd try to get around her,
And use my art to sound her,
But Sal she knew the trick and dodged around another ace and
bower ;
Again I tried to twist her,
And in defeat enlist her,
But still each move was no avail she beat my greatest power.

Now the game grew interesting
As both our minds were testing
What each could do to win the game and carry off the prize ;
But Sal that night was lucky,
And her courage too was plucky,
And that she soon would carry all was plain in both her eyes.

But we smiled and laughed as gay,
While the hours passed away,
As though neither one was trying to hold the winning card.
Yet 'twas plain in Sally's face
That she soon would win the race,
While her lovely features were as bright as the broadaxe in
the yard.

Now the game came to a crisis,
For she cut me down in slices,
Until at last her fist arose and down then with a bang.
She at last had got me under,
And then, like a peal of thunder.
She laughed with all her virgin might till her daddy's rafters
rang.

Then once more she played and beat me ;
Sal, said I, I think you cheat me,

Then my love she gave another laugh and said, Jake, no I don't.

Oh, to see her features wiggle

As she'd look at me and giggle

And loudly say, Jake play again ; but I'd say, No, I won't !

But at last the room grew dreary,

And at poker we were weary,

So we quickly sat still closer just to keep each other warm ;

And now there we sat together,

Each admiring in the other,

And seeking from so many to find the greatest charm.

Said she, You fixed the outside,

So I will 'tend to the inside ;

Then she started for the cupboard for to hunt us up a lunch ;

Where she found a corn dodger,

Left uneaten by a lodger,

And soon upon its hardened face we both began to crunch.

Sal she swore it was dry forage,

And too much like cold bean-porridge ;

Now, said she, we must have butter if there's any in the house.

Then she started off once more

And searched the cupboard o'er,

But there was not enough of butter there to give supper to a mouse.

Yet at last, in searching round,

Through dint of luck she found

Three candles that her mother had kept for New Year's night.

Then she hurried back to me,

While her young soul laughed with glee.

To think she'd found the candles to increase our dear delight.

Then out her knife she drew,
And the bread she cut in two,
And the candles she divided giving each an equal share ;
Then she licked her greasy fingers,
On which dark beauty lingers,
And to give more gloss unto her curls she ran them through
her hair.

But we both now turned to eating,
While our loving hearts were beating,
In all the glowing rapture that two loving hearts could feel.
While we ate our bread and candles,
Holding to the wicks for handles,
How we felt the thrill of pleasure through our loving bosoms
steal !

Sal she smacked her lips with pleasure,
When she ate her greasy treasure,
And then between her ivory teeth the cotton wick she drew ;
And when she sucked the last
That to the wick stuck fast
She then the white and naked wick into the fire threw.

Once more the flames rose high,
When the wick began to fry,
And its short-lived flame of fire showed me Sally's face once
more,
With its charms of perfect beauty,
And her lips so red and fruity,
While adown the corners of her mouth the oily fat did pour.

No longer I resisted,
But immediately insisted,

That she should give to me for life her loving heart and hand.

For I loved her now far more

Than I ever did before,

As her kindness unto me that night was more than I could stand.

She placed her hand in mine,

Said she : I'm ever thine ;

I'm your Sal, and you're my Jake, and till death we will not part ;

But like two doves will live,

And unto each other give,

The sap of young affection that comes flowing from the heart.

In my arms then I grasped her,

And to my heart I clasped her,

Transported with the answer she so kindly gave to me.

She is such a charming joker,

And can play so well at poker,

And she loves me ; oh, my heart is now as happy as can be.

We fixed upon next Sunday

For our marriage, and on Monday

Our wedding will be given to the friends that we love best ;

Where, amid the songs and dancing,

We'll take part in all the prancing,

And hand in hand we'll fly around, in jeans and linsey dressed.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., 1873.

ON GRAND RIVER, LONG AGO.

THROUGH misty years my vision turns,
And mid the past my lamplight burns.
I turn to boyhood's sunny day
When summer hours fled away ;
Where wood and field, in verdure clad,
Did make my opening spirits glad ;
When all I knew was hope so bright,
And when my heart was young and light,
By Grand River, long ago.

The times were hard ; my Dad was poor ;
Few strangers sought our humble door,
A house of logs, and rooms but one.
Down from our house a path did run
To reach the creek behind the hill,
That in its music's running still,
Just as when mother filled her tub,
When I was but a little cub,
On Grand River, long ago.

The prairie flowers on each hill,
The roosters crowing loud and shrill,
The tall woods by the river shore,
The woodside clumped with hazel o'er.
The thickets did black berries yield
Where briars grew near Burchard's field,
And out on Short Creek many a day
In quest of nuts I passed away,
By Grand River, long ago.

Long Creek, Short Creek, Tennessee,
Queer, droll places used to be ;
Maids in linsey, men in jeans ;
Corn dodger, pork and beans,
Home-made sorghum, fresh raccoon,
Corn-coffee, night and noon ;
Timber, squirrels, mush and milk,
Ears of corn in the silk :
Things that met the traveller's eye
As through the land he journeyed by,
 On Grand River, long ago,

There men fiddled all the day,
Thoughtless, careless, ever gay
Wheelis, Guilliams, Parker, Grimes ;
Ramsey, known in rebel times ;
Burchard, Palmer, Aaron Dye ;
Fat men, lean men, low and high :
Smart and lazy, young and old,
Strong and puny, timid, bold,
 On Grand River, long ago.

When the winter days were born,
Round the hearth they shelled their corn ;
Told droll stories o'er and o'er,
Simple jokes their stock and store.
To drink and dance, and spark and fight,
Each in its time gave them delight ;
And others preached and others prayed,
That death and hell might be delayed,
 On Grand River, long ago.

Others, in that quiet land,
Toiled through life with patient hand,
Poor and honest all their lives ;
Sons and daughters, husbands, wives,

Laboring from the early morn,
In the house or field of corn ;
As days ended, grave or gay,
Passed their noiseless years away,
On Grand River, long ago.

East of Rude's, upon a hill,
Above where ran a little rill,
The school-house stood : 'twas small and plain ;
Its walls let in the wind and rain,
Its backless benches, single door,
Such as schoolrooms had of yore ;
And 'twas in this, by simple rule,
That Mellia taught our rustic school,
On Grand River, long ago.

Frank and Alek, Celestine,
Cynthia, Jessie, Adaline,
Marshal, Elmur, Parker, Phil,
Jumped and played upon that hill.
Swung upon the willow tree,
That o'er the clear creek used to be ;
And in that room long did we look
O'er Webster's dog-eared spelling book,
On Grand River, long ago.

Ed and Stephen there did toil,
And Michael wrought the stubborn soil ;
McAndrew sat before his door
And told his troubles o'er and o'er :
Oft around those fields he ran,
And yelled and called to Mary Ann ;
While, higher up, at song or story,
My Father ruled in all his glory,
On Grand River, long ago.

Through long fields of wavy corn,
Carlton ploughed from early morn ;
And often up the long wide lane
His son Sam rode through wind and rain.
There, to the south-east just one mile,
Dwelt a scoundrel fierce and vile ;
His name was Rude, grown old and gray,
Who plotted murder all the day,

On Grand River, long ago.

One frosty, dull November morn,
Just as that day's sun was being born,
A shot rang out along the air,
The cry of murder issued there,
And, long the earth, in frost clad gray,
My sister's husband murdered lay,
While outward ran the warm life-tide,
From buckshot wounds in his left side,

On Grand River, long ago.

The days passed on ; the murderer found,
With heavy cords his hands were bound,
And while the midnight hour went past
To death the culprit hurried fast.
Within a deep wood's lonely gloom,
A fire blazed, and to his doom
The man was sent. Three musket balls
Cut short his cares or pitying calls,

On Grand River, long ago.

Days of sorrow, days of mirth,
Days of dying, days of birth ;
Days of pleasure, days of pain,
Days of sunshine, days of rain—

Have all passed o'er that land since when
Those fierce, determined, armèd men
Stood round that form of bleeding clay,
From which they drove the life away,
On Grand River, long ago.

Times have changed, and scattered all
Who gathered by the schoolroom wall.
Franklin ploughs the slope to-day,
Whereon when boys we used to play.
Celestine her own hearth sweeps,
And endless rest young Alek keeps,
Near by where dew-washed grasses wave
Above fair Cynthia's early grave,
On Grand River, long ago.

Within the tomb's unbroken shade
Friend Stephen's noble heart is laid,
Alas, too early called to sleep
Where eyes unseen the death-watch keep.
While those behind will never more
Meet by that winding river's shore,
A breast where manlier virtues reign
Than his to cold death called again,
On Grand River, long ago.

There still remains in sunny life
Friend Edward, and his faithful wife ;
His children thrive where he knew care,
And prosperous days and seasons fair
Reward the patience of the past,
When gloom around his head was cast,
When clouded skies their deep night wore
In early, trying days of yore,
On Grand River, long ago.

My father's house is in the dust,
My father's plough has gone to rust ;
Another hand now tills the field
That to our labor used to yield.
The flames consumed the roof and wall
Where friendly voices used to call,
And voiceless silence evermore
Where swung my father's humble door,
On Grand River, long ago.

We are parted, all who round that hearth
Shared in the general passing mirth.
Far in the mountains of the west
Poor little Mary's gone to rest.
My brothers scattered far and wide,
No two yet dwelling side by side.
My parents nearing to that spot
So soon to be each mortal's lot ;
And naught remains of other days,
When glowed my heart in boyhood's rays,
On Grand River, long ago.

O'er many a land my feet have strayed,
Since o'er those hills a child I played ;
O'er Egypt's sands, o'er France and Spain,
Through Moorish fields of golden grain ;
O'er western wilds and northern snow,
And far through sunlit Mexico :
Yet oft I dream in distant lands,
Mid cool green groves or burning sands,
Of Grand River, long ago.

DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, 1877.
12*

LOCH ERNE SHORE:

LOCH ERNE's shore ; Loch Erne's shore !

 Along whose banks I pass the day,
Could I here dwell for evermore,
 Amongst thy woods and lawns to stray,
I might be happier here alone
 Than where my name is better known.

Loch Erne's shore ; Loch Erne's shore !

 That in the bright but vanished years
Was rich in pure and sacred lore,
 Ere Irish hearths were wet with tears ;
This is the still yet vernal sod
 Where many a prayer went up to God.

Loch Erne's shore ; Loch Erne's shore !

 Where stand those walls of former days,
Where rest proud marks of glories o'er
 And kindly come the summer rays ;
The wind still blows as wild and free
 As when our proud flag rode the sea.

Loch Erne's shore ; Loch Erne's shore !

 That borders round this silver lake,
Within these banks the wild bees' store
 Lies hidden with the drooping brake ;
The conqueror strides upon thy sand
 And slaves are toilng o'er the land.

O sweet Loch Erne ! whose green wave

 Surround a hundred sunny isles,
Where fell the sainted young and brave,
 Around religion's holy piles ;

Where glow the flames of British lust
Above the Irish chieftain's dust.

Blow on, ye winds ! go by, ye years !
Till dire Oppression flees the land ;
Till soil that's wet with orphans' tears
Be wrested back by Freedom's hand,
And every isle be left to bloom
Unknown to vile Oppression's gloom.

BALLYSHANNON, Aug., 1876.

TO A MOORISH BEAUTY.

THE flush on thy cheek and the light in thine eye
Prove what mischief is there, when thy lord is not by ;
How little the Koran doth bear on thy heart
When fortune doth favor to find thee apart,
Away out 'neath the palm or there deep in the grove,
While the shade and the flowers are calling for love.
That white woolen mantle that covers thy face—
Oh, move it, I beg thee, it ruins thy grace.
That glimpse which I caught but a moment ago
Showed what in thy features of beauty doth glow ;
And when the strong breezes pressed hard on thy form,
They showed me the mould of a bosom right warm.
The locks on thy brow are left free to my sight,
As so many emblems of love's silent night.
And thy teeth ! they are pearls that if put on a string
Would double the wealth of an Indian king.
Thy lord—he is sleeping. Ah, little he knows,
That while he is sleeping his lovely one throws
Her smiles and her glances here up on the wall,
In spite of the eunuch that stands in the hall.

I wish that black rascal were stiff 'mongst the dead
And a young tree of cork growing over his head.
I'd call on your majesty's person with news,
And out of your bosom I'd banish the blues.
I would gladden your heart with what's better than wine,
And of course, for good breeding's sake, you would cheer mine.

Around thy white neck hangs the hand of the prophet,
And, to tell you the truth, ma'am, I never would scoff it,
For the gold on that hand looks so bright and so heavy,
I would like a forced loan on your jewels to levy.
Thy lips, they are red as the flag of thy land,
That yonder is waving far down on the strand ;
And thy brow is as fair as the foam of the sea
That dashes the beach of thine own Tangerie.
Thy tongue speaks Arabic ; to me 'tis unknown :
But if 'twas our lot to dwell here all alone,
We would talk in a language that comes from the heart,
And love till the dark night would tear us apart.
O woman ! how true unto nature thy soul ;
How like to the magnet that clings to the pole !
She will lie to her lord, who claims women a host,
And long for the spot where there's pleasure the most—
And love, oh, how vainly ! to keep it alive,
Where woman is plural—with one man to five !
Why should the believer wish fairer than thee
In the Mussulmans' heaven that's over life's sea !
Are houries more perfect in feature or limb ?
Are their bosoms more loving, their dark eyes less dim ?
Are evenings in heaven more lovely than this ?
Can houries of Eden contribute more bliss
Than she who now walks in the garden below,
Around whom the evening winds fragrantly blow ?
Oh, sultan, I doubt it ! Let me stay on earth
And you start for heaven to find better mirth

O'er Sirat's dark bridge there are beauties that shine,
The faces of houries there standing in line ;
They are raising their hands for to welcome thee o'er
And bear thee to bliss when thy feet touch the shore.
Just let me take your place in this valley of tears,
When you start for glory in lovelier spheres ;
Leave me all your wealth, and that woman to match,
Then you up in glory keep all you can catch.
I never will envy your heavenly store,
But dwell with thy treasures on Tangerie's shore.

TANGIER, MOROCCO, July, 1876.

THE WARRIOR OF OLD TYBEE.

1865.

FIVE years have fled since I enlisted,
 And here I am to-day.
It may be well, but oh, I missed it,
 When I did not run away ;
And not go out from my little home,
 Like a fool on the first of May ;
Through wood and marsh I have had to roam :
 And what is for my pay ?

Five long years in field and trench,
The wind it blew and the rain did drench ;
The frost was keen in the winter night
And the sun he raged in the summer's light ;
And the fiend of ague shook my bones,
Where my blanket was spread on the cold hard stones,
 While raving I lay in my tent.

I bled at Shiloh where the slain
Were scattered all along the plain,
And when old Hooker lost the day
I helped with pride to win the fray ;
 But all my glory's spent.

Lee has surrendered his war-worn sword,
 And the cannon's lips are growing cold,
The fields whereon our blood was poured
 Are now but spots where human mould
Lies low and silent. All our toil
 Of weary war, our charges bold,
Our many a stand on Southern soil,
 All these, alas, are things grown old.

And here I am back on my native creek ;
I have come the dear old home to seek.
When I heard that Johnson laid down his arms,
I sought a rest from war's alarms.
I left the smoke and the gunnery-stain
To see the home of my youth again.

But oh, how changed the things that meet me !
My mother is dead, the old man followed suit ;
The little log cabin has tumbled to boot ;
The field has grown wild where I used to plough,
And the soldiers drove off the poor old muley cow :
 No living soul is here to greet me.

Oh, where are those who long ago
 Sat round the blazing chimney side,
Ere I the shock of war did know
 Or Northern volleys broke my pride ?

They are all gone, and my dog has fled ;
From the picket gate ; perhaps he died
Before the storm of foragers' lead,
Or sank to his rest with a stab in the side.

The gloom of years, and cold neglect,
Have changed the spot that labor decked ;
The ghost of Time stalks o'er the land ;
A spear he holds in his blood-stained hand.
A voice most wild does seem to cry :
Why art thou left alone to die,
Far from the field of blood ?
Why not have died on the crimsoned hill,
When exultant pride thy breast did fill,
When the cause of the South was in its prime
When never to serve her seemed a crime,
When her proud flag rode the flood ?

I have grown old, but not with tears,
I'm weary with the weight of toil,
My eyes are dim with gathering tears,
I sorrow on my native soil.
My uniform of rebel gray
Is going thread by thread ;
My trusty gun, that used to play
Where gory lay the dead,
It, too, is useless, worn and old—
For I used it since I was enrolled.

But the rust has crept over stock and band,
The ramrod's broken, and the cock won't stand,
It's glory gone, like the cause I used to serve,
And its owner lacking in his share of nerve :
I wish I too were dead.

I have lived too long ; for my head is gray,
And my eye now sees a troubled day.
'Twere well I lay with the brave and blest ;
Then my toil would end and my soul would rest
From those thoughts that rave in my head.

NEW YORK CITY, 1876.

LINES.

SWEET the strings again ! my heart is free once more !
Then with the glad refrain the wildest spirit pour.
For I am free to-night as the winds that kiss the sea,
And my heart it is as light as of old it used to be.

Sweep the strings again, and fill the goblet high ;
The heart should feel no pain when the golden dawn is nigh.
The heart that was a slave to a fickle maid is free,
Nor in a joy she gave is there pleasure now for me.

Away, away, away ! o'er the mountain wild and lone ;
I would not with thee stay, for thy heart is made of stone ;
And thine I thought so bright, in a summer day that's fled,
Seems to bring now but a blight where a lustre once was shed.

O woman fair, adieu ! My heart is free to-night.
I never found thee true, though I listened to thy plight.
There are fairer fields than those wherein we used to stray,
And a gallant wind now blows that will bear my bark away.

Adieu, O fickle maid ! thou who thought to give me pain ;
Be our parting not delayed, and to never meet again.
There are fonder hearts than thine, far beyond the foamy wave ;
Then why should I repine for the love thou never gave !

Strike the strings again ! My heart is free once more ;
My spirit feels no pain since our blighted love is o'er.
There are joys I have not known, and those joys still wait for
me ;
And they will be mine alone : then a long farewell to thee !

LONE PINE, CALIFORNIA, 1877.

MUSINGS.

O MORTAL world ! O state so soon to fade !
O wondrous mystery that none who live can solve !
Man, living man, who of clay is made,
Where dost thou go ? Thus do my thoughts revolve.
I peer, I gaze through this gloom of woe,
And I know that I am ; but whither shall I go ?
I look into futurity, and for life see no security ;
There is nothing but oblivion of those who went before.
They say we'll live in purity ; but oh where is our surety ?
For the mighty dead are silent as the sands that line the
shore.

We are, 'tis true ? The quickening seed is cast ;
In that dark cradle is the vital germ of man,
It doth change, and form, until a time is past,
Then is born into the world, and for a span
Of short, flitting years, 'tis living clay,
That thinks, and moves, and wonders at itself ;
That laughs, and weeps, that revels in its day,
Then falls to pieces, like bits of broken delf.
Then where is the soul that lightly
Beamed from those eyes so brightly ?

Or where is the warmth that filled the breast ere summer's day
had gone ?

Where are those limbs so sprightly,
That face so pure and whitely ?

The glorious temple's ruined and the spark of life went on.

Where are the men who ruled in Rome,
When she was in her power and pride ?

Where is her mighty gate or dome,
That every shock of war defied ?

Her altars moulder in the dust,
Her mighty armies are no more ;
Her sword and shield have gone to rust,
And all her glorious conquest o'er.

There is but a dream of chivalry,
A memory of her revelry ;

The lizard now is basking where the forum used to shine.

The aspen leaf is quivering,
And the leprous wretch is shivering,

Where the mighty ancient Romans used in pride to drink their
wine.

And where are they ? Ah, who can tell !

No voice comes from the time-worn tomb.

Their endless night hath long since fell

And their forms returned to the earth's dark womb.

Nations flourish like the leaf

That quivers in the summer day ;

Their rise as strange, their course as brief :

They rose, they reigned, they turned to clay.

Thus we see ambitious vanity is but a mere insanity,

For the conqueror falls amid the wreck of war and foemen
slain.

No noble high humanity, or boasted warm urbanity,

Remains—that was the vaunted worth of their long-departed
reign.

Then, comrades, let us have our day,
Till, in our turn, we are called to go ;
Indeed we might as well be gay,
For better life—when will we know ?
Then eat, dance, sing, laugh, merry be :
You may not live another year.
Let every heart from care be free,
Full gay and happy, while you're here.
No eye hath seen the golden sheen
That decks the roofs beyond life's river ;
Though I've no doubt, when mustered out,
We'll win a spot where there's life forever.

But mortal eye hath never seen
Beyond this transient, earthly shore ;
No mortal foot hath ever been
Where Heaven's crystal rivers pour.
The noble, cheering words of Him
Who bled his last life blood away
On Zion's hill, have not grown dim,
But promise yet a brighter day :
A life mid higher holier things,
Where every heart that serves its God
May rise, on new and welcome wings,
Where beauty clothes the heavenly sod.
That godlike face, where we can trace
The charity that made him die,
Doth smile in love, where, far above,
He reared our home within the sky.

ANGEL FROM A HIGHER WORLD.

ANGEL from a higher world,
Hovering in the cold clear air,
While night's banner is unfurled
And the wild beast leaves his lair ;
While servants of the evil eye
Steal silently from bed to bed,
Where, all unconscious, sleeping lie
The ones for whom Christ's blood was shed :

Searching for the flowers fairest,
While the earth is left in gloom ;
Stopping where the faces fairest
As roses in God's garden bloom.
Where all nature, as a chessboard,
Rests beneath the demon's eye,
Here where once a Saviour's breast poured
Blood that won a home on high :

While they seek for those that solely
Are the favorites of our God,
Guard those hearts, O angel holy !
Till again day lights the sod.
O'er one face beyond the ocean
Pour thy chaste and holy breath ;
While the leaves keep noiseless motion
Guard her from the hand of death.

Where that young soul yet is dreaming,
Steal thou to her snowy bed ;
While the North-star yet is beaming,
Bend thou o'er that lovely head.

Touch those lips with sweetest kisses
Thou of Heaven, love my love ;
Be thy soft, cold, pure caresses
Blessed as in thy home above.

Silently that form is sleeping
While the heather bathes in dew,
All unconscious, in thy keeping
Beats the heart to virtue true.
Then once again, then, spirit holy,
Pray for her the midnight prayer ;
Send thy words from that couch lowly
Through the silent starlit air.

Faint light on the ocean falling,
White foam on each heaving wave,
Hear those little voices calling,
Lord, protect the good and brave ;
Angels soaring o'er the billows,
Guarding well good ships at sea,
While the weary seek their pillows
Where the nightly hours be.

CAMP McDOWELL, ARIZONA, April, 1877.

DESPONDENCY.

PONDERING, thinking, fearing, shrinking,
Growing gloomy from my care,
Slowly sinking, ever drinking
Woe's potations for my share ;
Time is flying, youth is dying,
Bright hopes vanish from my gaze ;
Years are ending, Death's descending
From the zenith's mystic haze.

Oh, how lonely, dwelling only
 Mid the phantoms of the past ;
Night's watch keeping, wildly weeping
 For the joys too bright to last,
When the mother tries to smother
 Nature's woe for her lost child ;
Pent thought stealing, rousing feeling.
 Break her sorrows forth more wild.

Where, woe-laden, sits the maiden
 Weeping sorrow's tears in vain,
Sadly sighing, none replying,
 For that youth to come again :
Sweet young creature, whose fair feature
 Bears the trace that marks my own,
Unkindly mated, darkly fated,
 At the foot of Fortune's throne.

Young and tender, she did render
 Up her life to one untrue,
Never dreaming that his seeming
 Noble actions she would rue.
Now, heart broken, not one token
 From the heart that did betray,
Left to scorn, on the morn
 When true love should cheer her way.

Soldier dreaming of the gleaming
 Ranks all clad in war's array,
Cannons roaring, battle pouring
 Human blood on foreign clay ;
Waking, moaning mid the groaning
 Of a thousand comrades low,
Dying coldly, after boldly
 Charging fierce upon the foe.

Traveller weary, where so dreary
Rest the hills 'neath rainless skies,
Late repenting, sore lamenting
Vanished joys of saddened eyes ;
Kindred feeling sadly stealing
Through my own unquiet breast,
Heart that's beating, I, entreating,
Long like thee to be at rest.

Young days vanished, time has banished
All I cherished here below ;
Melancholy, child of folly,
Leave my heart a prey to woe.
Why not early, ere life fairly
Grew so lonely, dark, and drear,
Did not pleasure my time measure,
Cut me off without a tear.

Here sitting, time is flitting ;
Oh that all the years were o'er !
Past Life's river gone forever,
Pain might haunt the breast no more.
For, ungainly, here I vainly
Wait the fall of pleasure's ray ;
While I borrow, from to-morrow,
Sorrow's gloom to blight to-day.

Coyotes calling where night's falling
On the valley's sage-brush gray ;
Joys are flying, shrilly crying
Mid the sage-brush far away.
Day is dying ; light is flying
Up the canyon to his home ;
Gone, like pleasure, once my treasure,
Ere for gold I had to roam.

TO A FAIR ITALIAN.

THINE was not a golden dish,
But born, alas, to peddle fish !
While thy face it is as fair
As faces that the angels wear ;
And lips, that here beside the gutter
Their dismal cry for custom utter,
Are red and lovely with the blood
That from thy heart runs its young flood :
Such lips as Ovid could adore
When he wrote songs to love of yore.
O Master Moses ! what an arm !
So full, so round ; a beauteous charm.
What taper limbs ! Oh, prophet holy,
What beauty here is dwelling lowly !
Bosom gushing with young life,
Grandly fitted for a wife ;
Brow, with sweat of labor damp ;
Features bearing Heaven's stamp ;
Coiled up tresses, rich as gold ;
Figure, lovely to behold ;
Toiling here throughout the day,
While the long hours pass away ;
Vending fish at small retail,
Striving hard to make a sale !

But while thy white hand holds the fishes,
My very heart with pleasure wishes
That every fish would turn to gold—
The fish you have, the fish you sold ;
Until thy wealth would greater be
Than that of those that frown on thee.

True, thy station is not high ;
 But thou to wealth can make reply,
 That what God gave thee thou hast yet,
 And virtuous souls have no regret.
 A fish girl on Genoa's quay
 Crying, Sardines ! all the day,
 Is nobler far than many a station
 Held by women of thy nation.
 May God reward thy patient toil,
 Increase thy store of fish and oil,
 And, till thy form is lowly laid,
 May all success be with your trade.

And in the day of resurrection
 May Heaven grant its sole protection ;
 There with thy kindred be rewarded,
 Though here below thou wert discarded.
 Though beauty clothed thee, thou wert true
 And did bright virtue's path pursue.
 For, born poor, and without means
 Thou went to work and sold sardines.

GENOA, 1876.

MERCEDA.

PARTED from me, far away,
 Near where Zenil's waters play,
 There, among the limes to stray,
 Dwells the fair Merceda ;
 Robed in nature's wealth of charms,
 In a clime where passion warms,
 Merceda, dear Merceda.

Rapid runs the Zenil's flood
Through the land bedewed with blood,
Where thy valiant fathers stood,
 In ages past, Merceda.
Fair the land where thou wert born ;
Rich its fields of wheat and corn,
 Merceda, O Merceda.

Fair the city of thy birth,
Once the star and pride of earth.
Still the home of love and mirth,
 The home of my Merceda ;
There the crystal Duaro flows
From Sierra's stainless snows,
 Merceda, O Merceda.

City, strong in many a tower,
Built when in thy day of power :
Spot where I for many an hour
 Wooed the fair Merceda.

Long may wave each noble grove
Where doth reign the queen of love,
 Merceda, O Merceda.

First among Granada's flowers,
Whether in Alhambra's bowers
Or where falls the fountain's showers,
 Thou peerless one, Merceda.
Rose wherein such beauty beams
Haunting still my fondest dreams,
 Merceda, sweet Merceda.

Lovely, languid, laughing eye,
Tempting me to backward fly
Where the mountains meet the sky,
 And dwell with dear Merceda.

Noble breast, so full and true,
Of whose kind flame my own heart knew,
 Merceda, O Merceda.

Could I see thy face to-night !
When the first star sheds its light,
When the day has taken flight,
 From thine own hills, Merceda.
There to take just one more kiss
From off those lips, ripe for such bliss,
 Merceda, O Merceda.

There where soft winds nightly moan,
There, in a street called Holy Stone,
Stands a dwelling all alone,
 And in it dwells Merceda.
Olive-eyed and clothed in curls
The pith and pride of Spanish girls,
 Merceda, O Merceda.

Come, O Morpheus ! let me sleep
Until time's measures past me sweep,
And still thy bond upon me keep,
 Till o'er me stands Merceda.
Until I wake to meet those eyes
For whose sweet sake I'd leave the skies,
 Merceda, O Merceda.

MALAGA, SPAIN, July 10, 1876.

ODE I.

"How sad, how sad to think of thee!"

We met when May put forth her flowers
 Along thine own dear sunny shore ;
 The tree of love that day was ours,
 And sweet, oh, sweet the fruit it bore.
 Ye soul-filled eyes that from the past
 Do fondly seem to gaze on me,
 That eve is gone, and time has cast
 My lot and fortune far from thee.

I sit and muse of things that were
 So young and lovely on that night,
 So pure, so perfect and so fair
 That every breath gave new delight.
 Dear Linda ! queen of those around
 The gay and sparkling festal board,
 Thy wit and beauty nobly crowned,
 And every joy to life restored.

And, Linda, sweet still seems thy name,
 But sweeter was thy lovèd song,
 That called to life the dying flame
 And bore the soul to love along.
 Where art thou now, O lovely one
 So worthy of the heart's warm pride ?
 Where art thou now beneath the sun ?
 And those who flourished by thy side,
 In youth's bright day ?

They are scattered all, who sipped the wine
And gave to song the hour there,
But not forgotten, those divine
Young worthy idols of my care.
The wave, the mountain, and the plain
Have been my home since that glad day,
And I have looked upon the slain
And wished I did amongst them lay,
Since youth's bright day.

And thou, Ventura, where art thou ?
And he whó seemed to worship thee ?
Has time yet wrinkled thy fair brow,
Or art thou yet fair, young and free ?
Thy name was sweet to many an ear :
But one there was, I knew him well,
To thee than life he seemed more dear ;
But where is he ? Oh, who can tell,
Since youth's bright day.

Where art thou ? Mario's friend indeed,
Well worthy of my latest lay !
Where did wild fortune blindly lead ?
Where thy companions young and gay ?
All gone ! Yet memory doth remain
To paint dear Linda to my gaze,
As when she threw the golden chain
Around my heart in better days.

ODE II.

"If sometimes in the haunts of men,
 Thine image from my breast may fade,
 The lonely hour presents again,
 The sunbeams of thy gentle shade."—BYRON.

I WAKE ; 'tis night, and thou art gone !
 Oh, was it but a dream,
 That pleased my soul as I slept on
 Neath ecstasy's soft beam ?
 And will thy dark eyes come no more,
 Except in dreams like this ?
 Are all our holy friendships o'er ;
 Our fond ecstatic bliss ?

Alone I sit in darkness here,
 And ponder on the past,
 Whose memories bright to me are dear ;
 And that mild eve when last
 I looked on thee, in all that pride
 That burned then so wild,
 Whilst all my thoughts in love's warm tide
 Proclaimed thee beauty's child.
 Nor felt I, then, that there could be
 Another half so fair,
 A form of life and love like thee,
 That could such radiance wear.

Thy bosom, where I laid my head,
 'Twas fairer than the foam
 That lines the shore, when night has fled
 From thy bright, sunny home.

How oft I felt thy dear heart beat
 When thy fond lips I'd press,
 In all that soft and holy heat
 That comes with love's caress.

The lustre of thy Mexic eyes,
 That in their beauty shone,
 Would draw a seraph from the skies
 For love to them alone.
 So fond their glance, so sweetly smiled,
 So filled with fondest love,
 They seemed to hold some rapture wild,
 Though gentle as the dove.

Sweet rosy cheek, so nice and soft,
 So chaste and yet so warm :
 Sweet cheek that I have kissed so oft,
 Thou heavenly, blushing charm :
 Oh, that I now could only touch
 That beauteous thing again !
 I'd thank the angels for so much ;
 'Twould drown each mortal pain.

And each dark tress that decked thy head
 In curls of ebon hue ;
 So glossy that their beauty shed
 Each secret charm that drew.
 They wooed thy neck in ringlets wild,
 And kissed thy snowy breast,
 When all thy thousand charms beguiled
 My fond soul unto rest.

But now 'tis night, and thou art gone ;
 I find myself alone ;
 The hours roll in silence on,
 And, save the wild wind's moan,

No sound comes near to call me back
 Unto this world of care :
 I think of joys ; but oh, alack !
 These are the joys that were.

The flowers that bloomed, in that bright day
 When I pressed thy sweet brow,
 To dust did long since mould away,
 And give no odors now.
 Thy breast that mocked Sierra's snow
 Is far, alas, from me ;
 And every hope now slumbers low
 That e'er I had for thee.

Yet oh, my soul cannot forget
 The bright and glorious past,
 When first, in other days, I met
 Thy form too fair to last.
 I live in those remembered hours
 When thou wert all my own.
 Thou lovely, blushing queen of flowers !
 Thou best of pleasures flown !

I'd weep ; but tears cannot retrace
 That face I loved so well,
 The heart of love will nevermore
 For me in gladness swell.
 For, like the dream I had to-night,
 So sweet, so short to stay,
 Our love has faded into night ;
 Its star has passed away.

ODE III.

" Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes."—BURNS.

SHE has fled ;
 She is dead !
 She is cold in her grave ;
 And the lark at the dawn
 Sings his songs on the spot,
 And the stormy winds rave
 Round the dear little cot
 Whilst the little white fawn
 Running over the lawn
 Seems to pity my lot.

Alone !
 All alone !
 Since her sweet spirit passed
 From this world of care
 To the cold silent tomb ;
 And the shadows come fast,
 Till I stand in the gloom,
 And my spirit must wear,
 For that woman so fair,
 A weird woe till the last.

What I cherished
 Has perished.
 Ah ! gone from my breast,
 And lies cold as the flowers
 That flourished in May ;
 And scenes where I've pressed
 Her fair form for hours,
 Within the green bowers,
 In Life's better day,
 In mourning are dressed.

Lady fair ?
Once my care !
Gone fore'er from my sight,
Had my soul gone with thine,
From this desolate shore
To those mansions of light,
Where all beauty doth shine,
Then the love's that divine
Would leave us no more
To lone sorrow and night.

But alas !
'Twas to pass ;
Our joy and our woe,
And each pleasure we knew
In the hour of pride ;
And, now, silent and low,
'Neath the grass wet with dew
And the sky's softest blue,
Lies my life and my bride
Neath the star's holy glow.

With thee,
I would be.
But, alas for our fate !
Death's divided too soon ;
Nought save ashes remain.
Here alone I must wait
Until freed from life's pain,
And though in life's noon,
Death would be a boon
To one in my state.

For that night,
When the light
Went out of thine eyes,
My peace and my happiness fled ;

Went on with thy soul
 To thine own native skies ;
 And the teardrop may roll
 From my poor weary eyes,
 But no fond voice replies
 To my spirit in dole.

And again
 Oh, how vain
 Were our hopes for life's years ?
 We looked to the future, and said :
 We'll be happy forever !
 Oh, we thought not of tears,
 Nor the day that would sever
 Our souls, when thy heart would be laid
 In the cold grave that grim Death has made,
 Never to waken ; oh, never ?

Then why,
 'Neath the sky,
 Did ever we meet,
 To taste of that pleasure
 So few days to stay !
 Its short life was sweet,
 But it hurried away
 Ere we drank the full measure ;
 O thou ! my fair treasure,
 Inanimate lay.

Humanity,
 Vanity
 Mocks thy best joy,
 And leaves but the dead
 Where the roses did bloom,
 Her sorrows annoy

Till the hour of doom ;
 When the woes that we dread,
 Ere the spirit be fled,
 Shall repose in the tomb.

But, to-night,
 By the light
 In yon sky's opal dome,
 Would my spirit might go
 To thine own distant shore !
 Then we in that home
 Would be parted no more ;
 And apart from all woe
 Of this world below,
 More, never to roam.

ODE IV.

"Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold."—HOOD.

TO-NIGHT, I'm far from friends and home,
 A wanderer o'er the world's wide face ;
 From shore to shore I onward roam,
 No spot to call my dwelling place.
 I've made it thus, and like the man
 Who lived on bane in days of old,
 I hurry in confusion's van,
 And strive to win my share of gold.

O accursed wealth ! what is the worth
 Of all those glittering eagles stored,
 These sordid golden things of earth
 For which my sweat has long been poured ?

For which I've given the brightest hours
That human life can ever know,
And now there are but wasted powers,
Regret, contrition, tears, and woe !

Ah, better treasures of the heart
Have I renounced for sake of thee ;
Yet, fickle child of human art,
Thou canst not give one joy to me.
But come, thou art the shiny price
Of my heart's idol, pure and true ;
Come unto me and kiss me thrice ;
Give back the years thou from me drew !

Give back my Linda to my arms,
That sweetest joy of life restore ;
Then I'll resign thy glittering charms
And labor all for thee no more.
O cold and worthless thing of Earth,
Laconia's sons were truly wise
To overthrow thy boasted worth,
And hide thy shape from human eyes !

Thou art placed at night beneath my head,
But oh, a pillow all too cold
What better than the ball of lead
That rests amid the human mould ?

There is a breast ; it was my own,
It was my home, my hope, my pillow.
But oh, that thing of life has flown,
And I am like the weeping willow.
All gone ! And thou art in the place
Of Love and Hope and Life's delight.
Thou didst supplant that lonely face ;
Go : I am sad and lone to-night.

ODE V.

TO GOLD.

O GOLD ! O Gold ! prince of Earth's bright treasures,
In softest strain I fain would sing thy praise ;
For thou art worthy of the sweetest measures,
The choicest subject of poetic lays.
For thou it was who in life's sorest troubles
Did prove my best, my only constant friend ;
'Tis thou whose presence every pleasure doubles ;
'Tis thou whose presence surest joys attend.

Oh, that my brain were far more skillful now !
I'd draw thy picture in the burning line,
Till not the wreath that decks the warrior's brow
Could cause more pride than lasting fame like mine.
But now, alas, to praise a worth like thine
My pen's unskilled ; my thoughts they timid grow
To praise thee, treasure from the hidden mine ;
Thy greatness awes my words ; they cease to flow,
My poor hand trembles, and my heart beats low.

Let other poets revel in their rage,
Let other poets come and mount the stage,
Each burning with the muse's flame
That kindles at his idol's name.
Come ye may, and be it thine
To sing the praise of sparkling wine.

Sing of Love in Arcadian measures,
Love with all its soothing pleasures,
Of all its thousand sweets to tell,
Sweets that poets know so well.

In love's transports spend each day
 Until thy short life's past away :
 But, O ye members of the drunken roar !
 Avaunt from me and sing no more,
 Of joys divine,
 Or sparkling wine.

Oh, sing not to me of love's powers
 Its joys we'll never know :
 For in Eden's pure and holy bowers,
 It perished long ago.

And fallen man, forever driven
 From that bright and native heaven,
 Now worships gold,
 Bright, glittering gold,
 Though wrapped in many a silken fold ;
 From his birth
 He worships earth ;
 His God is gold,
 Shining, ringing, glittering gold.

Yes, also, when man was driven
 From yon bright and happy home,
 When each heavenly joy was riven
 And in sorrow forced to roam,
 When he from Heaven was forced to go,
 Thou wert his antidote for woe.
 And since then, to thee he's given
 Each homage due the God of heaven.
 To thee he turns each morning, noon and night,
 To thee he turns as to his beacon light ;
 And till to Death he must at length resign
 His soul he offers at thy gilded shrine ;
 Sad that e'er it could be told—
 His only Saviour bought and sold !

Ah, purchased with the glittering coin
 For which preachers preach and thieves purloin.
 No wonder, then, man trembles at thy nod
 When thirty pieces were valued more than God !

Turn o'er history's mighty tome
 And mark each blood-stained page ;
 Behold the crime there caused by gold
 In each succeeding age.
 How oft for gold man struck the blow
 That laid a man, his brother, low !
 Thou'st marked man's fate in many a clime
 And oft on ocean's blue,
 And o'ercame the child of destiny
 At bloody Waterloo.

And why is this ? where lies thy power, thy might power,
 That man will barter his soul for thee ?
 From whence thy charm, thy mighty charm
 That acts as magic on the heart of man ?

Ah, I have it now ; I see it all !
 Man's possessed of senses five—
 To see, to hear, to taste, to feel, to smell ;
 Each brings its pleasure, these all combined
 Give earthly joy.

And thou it is whose power can give
 To man the means to gain those joys
 The senses call for :

To feast the eye with rich apparel,
 With gaudy dress and princely equipage ;
 To feast the ear in music's strains
 And the sweets of song ;
 The feeling, too, with sweet sensations ;
 The sense of smell with many odors
 Of costly essence ;

Our taste with all the sweets of princely board.
These all make luxury ; and this you give.
Hence you are valued ; hence, too, you are loved,
And hence adored.

Thou fillest the want of every good
The soul should have ;

Thou raisest out of obscure night,
And placed we are a shining light
To all around.

Then mankind greets with friendly smiles,
And, though we've faults, they see them not,
For we have thee !

Therefore their friendship and honeyed smiles.
Our friends—they are because of thee,
That they might win, by flattering words
And winning ways,

A part of thee, our glittering hoard.
Ah yes, too often in my span of life

I've seen the wonders of thy mighty powers.

Wherever breathes the soul of man
There ever thou art longed for.

I've seen the man whom nature formed
With beauty little, and still less brain.

The fair ones shunned him as quite unfit
For gallant beau ;

The merchant, lawyer, and divine, deep read,
All passed him by.

For he was to them mere human trumpery.

But time revolved; and brought a change
To him, the child of want and woe.

Thou, life's great elixir, became his in grateful plenty,
Through the late demise of a miser friend.

Then how quick the change of circumstance
To him, the one of lowly fortune !

Now beauty turned her eyes on him,
 And wreathed her face in angelic smiles !
 In sweetest words she spoke,
 As but the fair can speak ;
 And hemmed and hawed,
 And sighed, and said
 To those around : How fain would I
 Secure the love of that noble soul !
 How longs my heart for his gallant love !
 The lawyer clasped his shrivelled hand,
 And wished him all success,
 And vowed himself an humble servant,
 And ready quite, at any moment,
 To guard his wealth from the villain's grasp,
 The merchant bowed in passing by,
 Or dropped his hat and wished him

A merry morning

And now the godly parson—the Lord's anointed—
 With heart divided between God and gold,
 Now smiles on him who late was but a by-word,
 And clasps his hand, and calls him brother !
 Then enters into speech both long and deep
 On the great hereafter, and homilies his friend
 On his soul's condition and his future happiness—
 As though till then he'd always been unworthy

A parson's notice !

And so it is with all the world :
 I know it well ; for I'd bring it home.
 I loved a maid and, oh, how fair
 Her graceful form, and proudly flowed

Each tress of gold ;
 Her eye, heaven's blue ;
 Her lips, as coral !

And the dimple played on her pretty chin,
 Her form was perfect, her voice was sweet ;

Her bosom, Heaven. I saw. I loved.
But oh, alas, 'twas not for me :
I could not don the richest garb,
Nor my fingers deck with sparkling gems,
Nor foremost come to the lordly hall,
To dance away the night, to pleasures call,
Nor go four in hand to fashion's drive.
I loved, I loved, I dearly loved !
But ah, I'd not a princely home,
A mansion grand where servants waited

To their lady's call,

Where music's strains made glad the heart,
Where oriental pleasures lull the soul to rest.
I had not these, so she'd not have me,
To promise there of future wealth :

She wanted money down !

Nay, my love was nought, when I had not gold ;
And as gold I had not,
I'd not the key to her affections ;
And so we parted.

Thus it is with all the world :
They seek thy friendship for the joys you bring ;
And as man doats on thee,
And man's my brother and myself am man,
And have want of thee ;
Yes, when all the world will thy praise proclaim,
Then why not I too praise thy name ?

Gold ! O gold ! thou precious treasure,
Purchaser of every pleasure,
Light beats the heart when thou art near ;
Thy voice can banish every fear ;
Woman's charms then will cheer us,
Poorer fellow-mortals fear us ;

Life's car rolls with rattling glee
When its wheels are shod by thee.
Not so when thou hast taken thy flight :
Life becomes a dreary night,
Friends forsake us, loved ones spurn ;
Joy's depart to ne'er return.
When from out his sight thou go
Thou leavest mortal man in woe.
Oh, little joy indeed we see,
When our life's bereft of thee.
Hail to thee, gold ! time can never chase
That eternal smile from thy honest face.
Beauty's charms may fade away,
But all thy charms and thy sweet voice stay.
Alas, I fear we'll be often forced to part,
Ere the close of life, thou idol of my heart !
And oft, I fear, I'll call for thee in vain
For thee to remove ill fortune's bitter pain.
And when I cross o'er Death's dark river,
Alas, we then will part forever.
Alas, when this short life is o'er
I'll see thy lovely face no more.
Yet until then, oh linger near me ;
Let thy presence ever cheer me
Yes, stay with me, until that day
When I'll return to parent clay,
And when my soul will have passed o'er
To Heaven's bright, eternal shore ;
When this vain world can taunt no more,
And I am free—
Forth, even there, my soul will pour,
A sigh for thee.

A RECIPE FOR ARIZONA WHISKEY.¹

To make a cask of Holland gin :
 Take forty plugs of old tobacco,
An old chopped up coyote skin,
 And other stuff found in his track O.
Put these in water, then pour on
 Of prussic acid twenty gallons,
Some aquafortis, and 'tis done—
 Ready for the trial balance.

To make a hogshead of good rum :
 Take copper ore and gum Arabic,
And, if there's lead, why put in some
 Then plenty acids. Sometimes you take
Strong borax water—it adds a flavor ;
 Then bottle tight and label so :—
Jamaica rum, from Andy Gravor !
 Then have no fears ; 'twill sell, I know.



HOW TRUE TO THEE !

How true to thee were all my thoughts,
 When fondest passion called thee mine !
How often did I pray to win
 Thy heart that seemed so near divine !

¹ I would not write this, but, God forgive me ! when I call to mind the poisonous liquid passed out over counters to my comrades, no pen can describe my feelings.—DON.

Did I not weep, when grief and woe
 Reign'd in that heart I thought so true ?
 And when the troubled hour pass'd,
 Did I not hail that eye of blue ?

Where is, to-night, thy vanished love ?
 It burneth for an abject slave,
 And all thy ancient honor dead—
 Ah, many seasons in its grave.

Drink deep thy cup of poison now,
 But do not think again of me ;
 Nor speak the name thou hast betrayed,
 The name that never injured thee.

TO TOM.

O Tom ! you were a jolly buck,
 And well do I remember you ;
 But Tom, you never were in luck,
 And sad I am to tell it too.
 But when you had enough of cash
 To buy a pint of Holland gin,
 Life's sea might o'er the starboard wash ;
 You did not care a single pin.

Hail to you, Tommy, far away,
 The soundest friend I ever knew ;
 You were a hero in your day
 And owned an honest eye of blue.
 Where are you now with all your tricks,
 Your little blocks and woolen strings ?
 Perhaps beneath a hod of bricks,
 Or wandering 'mongst the cotton kings.

Oh, hurry back, and let us meet
 To laugh out life's remaining years,
 For Time's great wheels roll on too fleet
 To give a day to grief or tears.
 Come back, come back ; and let us be
 As faithful friends as when, of yore,
 We made with lovely maids so free,
 Upon the old Missouri's shore.

TOWSER'S DEATH-LETTER TO FANNY.

" His lock'd, letter'd, braw brass collar,
 Showed him the gentleman and scholar."—BURNS' TWA DOGS.

My dear beloved, yes, my own sweet slut !
 Here in Death's cold prison sitting on my butt,
 I here indite the last words I shall send
 To you, my darling, ere my life shall end.
 Oh, sad the task for a dog like me,
 That's been always used to canine sport and glee,
 To sit alone in the prison's shameful fetter,
 And, midst floods of tears, to write my own death-letter.
 Yes, my dear, 'tis true ; my face you'll see no more,
 For my brief career on earth will soon be o'er ;
 Yes, soon my eyes in death will close forever,
 And my lifeless corpse be floating down the river
 But, pray forgive my past, my rambling ways,
 And only think of the bright and happy days
 When you and I were one in life together,
 And seemed most loving, each one to the other.
 Oh, may the terrors of confusion take
 The one that made your Towse a worthless rake,

That led him rambling from my happy home,
And set him forth throughout the world to roam.
'Twas not my fault, and that you know full well,
But to remove suspicion I'll my history tell ;
For I wish no tongue to deride my honest name,
Or the lustre tarnish of my once fair fame.

Three weeks ago, from my home I strayed,
By the wayside green with a rambling dog I played ;
An hour we passed in gambolling on the green,
When he began to tell all he had seen.
For his life was passed as a dog of pleasure,
And the joys he'd known no canine could measure.
Said he, my friend, if you'll come with me
All your woes are ended, and nought save joy you'll see ;
We will go to where the city's spires glow,
Where the winds of night o'er groves of orange blow ;
There in day we'll slumber in the balmy shade,
And at night in freedom throughout the streets parade.
There no pains can haunt us, there no master call,
Nor Tom cats torment us with their caterwaul,
But rest and pleasure through each livelong day,
Till our lives are ended, and our spirits passed away.
Why linger here, then, when we both may stray
To a land more lovely, and a scene more gay ?

Poor fool I was, and list to all he said,
And we both together along the highway strayed.
I did not dare to cast a glance behind,
Lest home and loved ones might glance through my mind.
But on we wandered over hill and dale,
Cross mountain ridges, down through glen and vale,
Till the day was spent, and night's shadows drear
O'er the peaceful world by degrees drew near.

When night's grim banner was at length unfurled,
 And deathly stillness wrapped a sleeping world,
 My companion halted where two highways crossed,
 And said : My friend, while our forms are tossed
 On this spot for rest, let our heads devise
 How from yon barn we can secure a prize,
 To fill our empty stomachs and prepare the way
 For our wearied limbs through another day.
 There is a hencoop over yonder wall,
 So I'll cross the hedgeway and to you will call
 If the coast be clear ; then we'll make a meal
 On some slumbering quarry I may chance to steal.
 Though my heart was heavy and my feet were sore,
 And my empty stomach longed for food once more,
 I could not second what my friend proposed,
 So soon I to him thus my mind disclosed :
 Sir, if robbing hencoops be your ignoble trade
 I'm very sorry that with you I in folly strayed,
 For I will not follow a dishonest chief
 When my heart and spirit abhor the name of thief.
 But, oh, said my friend, sporting dogs must live,
 And those human misers will not a mouthful give.
 And beside, said he, the world does a living owe,
 And when we march through plenty, why live in woe ?
 When through with this, o'er the fence he flew,
 On, to where some thoughtless young cock crew ;
 Ere I could think, lo ! he was back again,
 A fine black rooster held fast in his strain.
 Then, as if he wished my presence to greet,
 He laid the bloody trophy at my feet.
 I turned to run from the gory sight
 And homeward started in a hasty flight.
 Some second thought now made me look again,
 And to refrain from eating, alas ! was then in vain.

For my jolly freebooting comrade soon the carcass tore
And his lips were dropping with hot and smoking gore.
I seized a part, and oh, how sweet the taste !
The delicious pleasure soon my scruples chased.
I ate my share, but I had not my fill,
And my sporting comrade too was hungry still.
Well then, said I, we'll try another cock
Though my shattered virtue should not stand the shock.
For as we have commenced I'll see the feasting through,
And as we've taken one, we may as well take two.
So we both in silence leaped the garden fence
The work of midnight plunder now to recommence.
We found the spot ; another cock was doomed.
And his plump fat body was as quick unplumed ;
Then the spoil divided, near a pile of stones,
Where our ivory grinders crunched his marrowy bones.
Nor did we stop till four fat cocks were ate
When my heart was hardened ripe for any fate.
We pursued our journey through the livelong night
Till the eastern sky showed beams of morning light,
At which early hour we could plainly see
The distant city that proved so sad to me.
But on we trotted till day was nearly done,
And we reached the city ere the set of sun.
Oh, how large the city and how strange the sight
That passed before me till the fall of night !
But while I watched things wondrous to my eyes
I looked behind, when, to my great surprise,
My friend was gone and I alone was left,
Far from my home, of senses half bereft.
Alone I wandered on through many a street,
But my false comrade I could never meet.
Other dogs I met, but they all passed me by
With a sneering growl and half suspicious eye.

Hungry and cold I passed the nightly hour,
While the falling rain sent down its freezing shower
To my trembling form, and bit my bleeding feet,
Wounded and cut by sharp rocks in the street.
When morning came I was rudely kicked away
From a merchant's door where I trembling lay.
All that day, I wandered as the day before,
In heart nigh broken and in body sore,
Till the thought of home and all that home endears
Came o'er my mind and filled my eyes with tears.
Where now the pleasures of the city life !
Where was there aught save canine woe and strife ?
Where could I find of food a single bite,
Without the risk of dying and a certain fight !
Down the road I started, homeward to return,
Resolved in future folly's ways to spurn,
And while I thus determined to reform
And seek my home despite the pitiless storm,
Near a door I spied a coop of cackling geese,
And my soul was tempted to once more break the peace.

Careless of life and no way loth to steal,
I now risked my life to get a single meal.
So, seizing quick a gander by the head,
Away with my booty down the street I fled.
Loud were the screams from the gander's throat
The air was filled with feathers, from his snowy coat.
But louder still was the shopman's vengeful cry,
While from every part I saw policemen fly.
By a crowd surrounded, I saw escape was vain,
And, forced by blows to give up the goose again,
I fell exhausted, and recollect no more
Till I awoke at length upon my prison floor.
And here I'm placed where the sun can never smile,
Yes here I'm placed in darkest durance vile ;

My only visitors come but to tease,
My food is poison and my companions fleas.
And to-day I've learned this day will be my last,
For to-morrow morning the fatal die is cast ;
Then the leaden bullet through my brain shall whistling go,
And a few short moments forever end my woe.

Thus you see, companion, that my end is near ;
That a few short hours more will close my brief career.
Oh, sad to think that I no more may see
That home I loved, that home so dear to me ;
No more I'll chase the white-tailed timid hare,
Nor hunt all night the wild fox to his lair.
The spring may come and the wild roses bloom,
Yet for me, alas, there's but eternal gloom.
And now, before I say my last farewell
To my bosom friends, a few words I'd have you tell.
For well I know when they this news shall hear
That they for me will shed a heartfelt tear.
I send to all, all that I have to send ;
Which are, kind wishes and love without an end.
Tell my old companions to shed no tears for me,
But to try and live as decent dogs should be ;
To never ramble, or afar to roam,
But to stay contented with the joys of home.
If I have ever my dear friends abused,
I ask forgiveness from all I have ill used.
I remember once I had a little spat
With my ancient friend the short-tailed Tabby Cat ;
But the cause was mine ; I hope to be forgiven
When my heart is cold and my poor spirit riven.
And now, farewell, the day is well-nigh spent,
And this woful letter must too soon be sent.
So, while teardrops roll from either bloodshot eye,
With a trembling paw I write my last good-bye.

TO THE SCOLDING WIFE.

"Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife."—BURNS.

FIEND of darkness ! come thou near
And my questions answer clear ;
Speak the truth for once, thou damned,
Deep in fiery dungeons crammed.
Tell, if in thy world below,
In that land of grief and woe,
Could there in Hell's varied round
Be a greater torment found,
To make more sad this mortal life,
Than a crying, scolding wife :
Yes, a scold, whose very breath
Is the fatal blight of death
To each joy we once did own,
Till save what we hate has flown.
No answer comes ! ah, I knew it well
That no greater scourge could be found in Hell.
God pity him who's placed beside
A scolding wife, as life's rough tide
Bears down his spirit to the grave,
That opens wide to grasp a slave.
There was one—I knew him well,
But his name I'll never tell—
Once his youthful years were gay,
But his pleasures past away
When, unluckily, he found
In the course of Fashion's round,
A lovely, comely female hand
And a waist that oft he spanned.

Marriage made the parties one ;
But, before a month had run,
He sickened of her sight
Who put happiness to flight
With her poisoned, scolding tongue ;
From his once glad heart she wrung
Every pleasure that he knew,
Until to the wine he flew.
Death did close his brief career
Within the circuit of a year.
And indeed it was a pity :
He was generous and witty,
And deserved a better fate
Than to occupy the state
Of a henpecked husband's bed,
From which every peace has fled ;
There to suffer all the pains
Of wedlock's rusty, galling chains.
Upon my soul ! I'd rather dwell
In the darkest cave in Hell,
Than to spend the years of life
With a restless, nervous wife.
Oh, that trifling, petty jarring,
With its cursed domestic warring,
Makes that fondest spot on earth—
The dear, domestic social hearth—
To be feared and shunned by all ;
As a spot where bitter gall
Flows to poison every sweet
That our longing souls would meet.

Heaven save me, throughout this life,
From crying children or a scolding wife.
For 'mongst crying children sure no peace can dwell ;
And the last affliction, Lord ! is worse than hell.

Let me win the bosom that is mild and meek ;
And press the down on youthful beauty's cheek ;
Let me kiss the lip that never speaks unkind ;
Let me press the fruit that love has left behind,
Where love meets love in close and fond embrace
And where pleasure's beams glow in our loved one's face :
But never, Heaven, let my heart consume
The poisonous breath of weird domestic gloom ;
Where passions riot till our love grows cold ;
Where trouble breeds forth its miseries untold ;
Where all seems pregnant with the war to come,
And hate and envy make the fond heart dumb.
Hell is pictured clearly in the scolding wife
Who makes the fireside but a field of strife,
Who steals her bosom, long by hate beguiled,
And taunts her husband till his brain runs wild.
Oh, let me wander where the Arctic snows
Lie cold and deep, where keen the wild wind blows
From year to year across those icy fields,
Where Death holds court and Winter never yields.
Yes, there, through winter's storms I'd rather stay,
Till the years of life had slowly passed away,
Than dwell where hatred chills the loving heart,
Where the fiend of envy works on every part ;
Yes, rather far would I be called away
From earthly life ere dawns another day,
Than cast my lot beside a scolding wife
And face the tempest of ignoble strife,
Where the cankered spirit must a lifetime dwell ;
Then change the partial for eternal hell.

TO A SCOLDING HUSBAND.

"Thou monster of the hearth."

THOU base tormentor of the human mind,
Why not cease thy ravings and thy words unkind?
Art thou not ashamed to taunt another so,
Or dost thou pleasure find in that creature's woe?
Where is thy manhood gone, earth's basest born,
That weeping one who once was all thy thought,
That thou wilt trample on a heart forlorn;
Shut from her bosom every holy ray,
And from thine own heart drive her love away?
Whose lovely form was the only object sought,
Thou wilt now abuse, torment and coldly spurn,
Laugh at her pains and from her pleadings turn.
Dost thou not remember when her breast on thine
Would peaceful nestle, and her fond arns twine
Around thy neck, and every fondness show
That makes the youthful heart with passion glow?
Ah, once that bosom knew no troubled care,
That heart beat joyous, nought save love was there;
Yea, her soul was a garden in which every flower
Bloomed; a thing of beauty fit for heavenly bower;
And Honor's breast no gift could then deny
That was kindly askèd by her loving eye.
All who saw her loved her; but, her young heart free,
In an evil hour she gave herself to thee.
But, O thou basilisk! 'twould been better far
She'd thrown herself 'neath Juggernaut's huge car,
Or found a grave beneath the billowy deep,
No more to suffer or in silence weep.
Her days would end ere trouble racked her breast,
And her moulding form forever be at rest.

But as it is, sad, sad indeed her fate !
 And in time to come new griefs and pains await :
 No brighter prospect for the coming years
 Than the bread of sorrow moistened with her tears.
 Thy words, as thorns, are scattered in her path,
 Grief in thine actions ; poison in thy wrath.
 When the day is passed, the day that brought no peace,
 And the night approaches when all save joy should cease,
 Her bosom finds not that for which woman yearns,
 But cold neglect is all her kindness earns.
 Thou, basest wretch ! hast broken every vow ;
 Hast destroyed her heart, set wrinkles on her brow :
 Now listen, man ! Would it not been better far
 To drink love's sweets than seek domestic war ?
 And why not cherish that fair and lovely form,
 Supply each want and shield it from the storm ;
 Seek day by day to please, at night to guard ;
 Perform each act of love that brings its own reward,
 And ever strive to make her snowy breast
 The spot where all thy earthly pleasures rest !
 Whilst the days of life go swiftly by
 And our dreams of power and distinction fly,
 There yet at least one faithful heart remains,
 To break the links of misfortune's galling chains.
 The fond wife's caress removes our keenest pain
 And brings our pleasures unto life again.
 But, O thou monster, thy heart is hard as stone ;
 In fires of Tophet it will melt alone !
 Thou hast given her sadness when thy heart should cheer,
 Making sad her nights and filled her soul with fear.
 Thy sneering laugh would suit a devil well
 And thy wicked course will lead thee yet to hell.
 The suffering, sighs, and the scalding tears she shed,
 Will yet draw vengeance on thy guilty head ;

Thy tongue will yet in deep perdition burn
In expiation of each inhuman spurn ;
And thy worthless body in earth will moulder low
Whilst thy soul will suffer for that poor creature's woe.
There is no spot on earth more truly blessed
Than where true wedded love brings soothing rest,
Where radiant eyes a radiant eye may greet,
Where each fond sigh comes forth in bliss to meet
A kinder sigh, and each endearing kiss
Is nature's pledge for nature's sweetest bliss.
Away thou fiend ! henceforth torment no more.
Perhaps she'll live till all thy days are o'er ;
Then a kinder heart her own may win and woo
And a humane course may unto her pursue.
Then that woman, born to be thy unhappy mate,
May yet enjoy a far more worthy state.

EPISTLE.

ANGER.

LET poets sing and scribblers write,
Let heroes march to bloody fight,
Let soldier, sailor, lord, and priest,
Possess the earth from West to East ;
Let harlots kiss and butchers kill,
And drunken wretches drink their fill ;
Let doctors purge and lawyers cheat,
Let robbers rob and gluttons eat :
Go on, ye knaves, nor stop for me,
But riot in your wanton glee.
For though I've tried my pen to still
And live at peace against my will,

I am now forced to seize my pen,
 And write against my fellow-men—
 That race of fools who fill the world,
 Whose seed through sin from heaven was hurled,
 Who love to seek corruption's flood,
 And flounder in its nauseous mud.
 Away, ye wretches, from my sight !
 Go seek a home in endless night,
 Where fools can find a partial rest,
 Where knaves can dwell and rogues are blest.
 Hear me, ye wretches, up and haste away,
 No more with sin through wild corruption stray.
 Seek that lone region where an endless sleep
 May seize thy souls and fast thy slumbers keep.
 For while living here man is but a tool
 Of his fellow-man, and his fellow-man's a fool.
 From the poorest beggar, fed on public alms,
 To the royal chieftain, each his nonsense palms ;
 And each believes what his neighbor has to say,
 Till all's confusion and truth has fled away.
 Myself excepted ? No ; I with the rest.
 In the march of nonsense, I've myself addressed.
 Yes ; I, proud tyrant, before myself shall stand,
 And ply the whip and press the burning brand,
 Till film of error from my eyes shall fall
 And my sinful soul aloud for mercy call.

CONTRITION.

SHAME ! shame, O man ! what I say is true,
 In folly's cradle all our frailties grew.
 We fled from wisdom in our early years,
 We courted pleasure, and we won but tears.
 Our days are short, our nights are cold and long,
 Our pleasures guileful as the siren's song ;

And where we thought to find love's warming breath
We meet the cold and chilling frost of death.
We wander deathward ; fly religious rule,
And court destruction, to prove that man's a fool.
Oh, for a spark of the prophet's holy fire !
To melt my heart and my sluggish pen inspire ;
That man might win from every burning line
A love for Heaven and for things divine ;
That his soul might hunger after lust no more
But work for Heaven till this life is o'er.
Weep, O my soul ! and dissolve, my heart, in tears !
Blot out transgression of my early years.
Come, O sweet spirit, from thy holy dome,
Come, O sweet Jesus, lead the wanderer home.
Let my steps no longer from my Saviour stray,
But seek the treasures of unending day.
Come, O thou wanderer, and no longer stray
Amid our sinful pleasures. Haste away ;
Let our hearts no longer seek the shades of night,
But shun forever sin's eternal blight.
Come, wandering brother, though thou'rt stained with blood,
And thy sins outnumber the sands beneath the flood ;
This day, repent, and thy tears of sorrow pour
In sincere contrition and resolve to sin no more.
And thou, lost sister, why should'st thou despair
Though sin has dulled thy soul, once bright and fair.
Magdalen's tears were not shed in vain,
And thou, less sinful, may be pure again.
Fall, O Ambition ! Hatred disappear !
Let warfare vanish ; and depart each fear.
Let love alone reign over land and sea
And that love, O heaven ! be a love for thee.
Let each home be happy and each bosom glad,
Let the pure and lovely never more be sad,

Let all our actions praise thy holy name,
And our spirits burn with that celestial flame
That finds a pleasure in the chastening rod,
When the pain is given by the hand of God !

THE COMPLAINT OF THE OX.

Oh ! the cold sleet how it chills my skin :
'Tis cold without ; there is want within.
 Oh ! this cold and dreary world ;
 Oh ! this sad and gloomy state.
How I wish that I were hurled,
 By the cruel hand of fate,
Into some region dark and low
Where unseen, unheard, I might end my woe :
 Boo ! Boo !

Oh, man is cruel, cruel to extreme,
His goodness vain, and his love is all a dream.
 My empty stomach doth aloud complain,
 And my poor old heart, too, is almost broken,
Standing here in the hail and freezing rain,
 Without receiving as much as one poor token,
To prove that my powers are considered good
For a few poor handfuls of coarse and homely food :
 Boo ! Boo !

When I was young he maimed me sore,
The wound he rudely bandaged o'er,

Through mud and slop each day I'm sent,
Whipped, driven, kicked till my strength is spent ;
And when night comes I find a snowy bed
With a few straws to eat, the dearly bought reward
Of all I've suffered, for all I've puffed and bled ;
Yes, the only tokens of his scant regard.
My starving look can never pity find
In the deep recesses of his heart unkind :
Boo ! Boo !

Then, when permitted to leave the hated plow,
I go with wearied limbs and dripping brow
 To seek the pasture, there awhile to feed
 Ere I go to sleep upon the grassy plain.
But man's ambition, man's insatiate greed,
 Soon turn me up and break my sleep again.

But the day will come when he'll search for me in vain,
When my bones will bleach on the distant, sunny plain.

'Tis the only pleasure that is left to me,

To know that soon my troubles will be o'er,

And my poor broken heart in death be free ;

When my cruel master can torment no more,

My ears be deaf to every unkind spurn,

And by degrees my form to dust return :

Boo ! Boo !

NEVADA, 1875.

THE NOBLE HEART MAY BEAT WITH WOE, BUT THE WISE HEART, NEVER.

OUT in the billows, and out in the foam,
Where the gull and the petrel are ever at home ;
Where the wild winds of heaven wage war with the sea
And the elements thunder unbridled and free ;
Oh, thither, my comrades, upon the wild wave,
There's light for ambition, there's war for the brave.
There are treasures ; who'll win them, quick ! up and away,
For the bright sun is rising to light our life's day.

Life's wildest tempest there may blow,

From hope's good bark we will not sever ;

The noble heart may break with woe,

But the wise heart, never.

As so many pirates out on the deep,
For booty and battle our watch we will keep.
The world is our own in these few years of strife,
And the noblest course, to defend it with life.
Then, up with your banner, and out to the sea ;
There are prizes still waiting for you and for me ;

And we'll fight till the smoke leaves a cloud on the flood
And the waves are grown red with our enemy's blood.

Then let life's wildest tempest blow,
From hope's good bark we will not sever ;
The noble heart may break with woe,
But a wise heart, never.

Oh, there is a glory within the wild fight,
Where the dark heaven's lit by the cannon's red light ;
Where the stars shine above and the wave rolls below ;
And the winds of old ocean against our sails blow ;
Where foemen before us make war from each deck,
And the wild cries are rising from each bloody wreck.
Till the weight of our steel puts our foemen to shame,
We'll reply to their volleys with thunder and flame.

Then let life's wildest tempest blow,
From hope's good bark we will not sever ;
A noble heart may break with woe,
But a wise heart, never.

The blood from our decks may pour into the sea,
And the victory doubtful long doubtful may be ;
The tug of wild war may wear into the night
And the breaking of dawn show a horrible sight.
But we'll stand by our guns, and we'll hail to our flag
Till its folds from the staff be shot down to a rag ;
And we'll fall 'mongst the heaps of our comrades there slain,
Ere the hand of the tyrant above us shall reign.

Life's wildest tempest there may blow,
From life's good hope we will not sever ;
A noble heart may break with woe,
But a wise heart, never.

Our ship may go down and our swords disappear,
But we'll sink into death without shedding a tear,

For we rushed to the battle to conquer or die,
And we cannot remain when our flag leaves the sky.
The foam o'er our bodies a short time will play,
And the wild waters wash our inanimate clay ;
But oh, it is nobler to sink in the wave
Than fill on the land a degenerate grave:

Then let life's wildest tempest blow.

From hope's good bark we will not sever ;
The noble heart may break with woe,
But a wise heart, never.

Or, dwelling 'mid memories of wild danger past,
And telling of battles where rose the shrill blast,
We'll welcome old age as the dawn of our life,
Where the heart will be sheltered from turmoil and strife.
Then we'll sing of the field where reposes the dust
Of our comrades who fell in the cause of the just,
And glad in the memory, that, when our life's run,
We'll be praised by our kind for the good we have done.

Then let life's wildest tempest blow,

From hope's good bark we will not sever ;
The noble heart may break with woe,
But the wise heart, never.



TO * * * * *

WE'LL meet no more, but in the past
The memories of our love we'll bury ;
Those flowers to Lethe's wave we'll cast
And watch the waters onward hurry,
Till every flower is lost to sight
Adown the gloom of endless night.

'Twere well, if we had never met ;
Those flowers might bloom in kindlier soil,
And then I'd have not one regret
For blasted hopes or wasted toil,
Nor sigh to think that youthful years
Must end, alas ! in sorrow's tears.

The dark waves bear the flowerets on
Till through yon arch they disappear ;
Oh, let these thorns be also gone,
Bedewed with each repentant tear ;
And, as each act of love was vain,
Oh, let us never meet again !

LONDON, 1876.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

"In him was life, and the life was the light of men."—JOHN i.
"In the beginning, God created Heaven and Earth."—GEN. i.

GOD of all worlds ! the Author of all light !
Lord of the universe ! in thy boundless sight,
Through the void of space, and over land and sea,
In thy worth presiding, praise I'd give to thee.
My Lord ! my God ! my Life ! mine All !
Thou essence of all good, before thy name I fall
Prostrate to earth, and kiss the very sod
Whose verdure green proclaims the work of God.
Where shall I turn or whither shall I go,
Nor see thy wisdom in this world below ?
Each blade of grass, each bud and flower and tree
Whose beauty greets my eye, is proof of thee.

The gentle breeze that waves the golden grain ;
The passing shower that meliorates the plain ;
Each glistening dewdrop sparkling on the stem
Of the snow-white lily like a heavenly gem ;
Each blushing rose within the fragrant bed,
By thee brought forth and through thy bounty fed ;
The vernal carpet that clothes the hill or dale,
And the varied beauties of the sun-clad vale :
All prove thy presence, and thy love proclaim
While their thousand charms will ever praise thy name.
If I leave the confines of the verdant land
And seek the breakers of the sea-washed strand.
Or breast the billow of the rising tide
Where the fierce gale rages in terrific pride,
There thou art seen, where the wild tempests roll
And blinding lightnings flash from pole to pole.
From the surge before us, the snow-white foam and spray,
To the gloomy distance where the thunder dies away,
All there is thine, and echoes to thy praise,
Singing Nature's anthem to thy wondrous ways.
If I cast a glance to heavenly fields afar,
And mark the beauties of each silvery star,
The faint dim splendor of eternal day
That lights the regions of the Milky-way,
And the bright full moon, as she rolls at night
Through the spangled sky in a flood of light :
There my soul is filled with contemplation grand
To behold the building of thy Almighty hand.
If I mark the wonders of all living things,
I see the source whence animation springs.
'Twas thee who taught the cunning ant to bore
And lay up treasures for her winter store.
The insect world alike, on land and sea,
Though brief its life, hath drawn that life from thee.

The wild beast roaming o'er the wood and plain,
The steed that yieldeth to the guiding rein ;
The ox, the ass, all laboring at the soil,
Helping man, thy creature, at his weary toil :
Each shows thy wisdom, thine all-pervading power,
That brings new being to life in each succeeding hour.
But man, the greatest of thy works below,
Into whose creation thou didst first bestow
A soul immortal as thy being on high,
As a light proceeding from thy mighty eye—
In him we see each wonder thou hast placed :
A soul undying, a form by beauty graced,
The eye, the ear, the hand, the tongue, each limb,
The life-filled heart and brain, thou hast formed in him ;
His frame a wonder, his nerves more wondrous still—
The silent agents of his active will.
And over all the soul that fires his breast,
By life and knowledge surpassing all the rest ;
With senses knowing, and feeling that we live
And minds comprehending the mighty God who gave.
Lastly, comes woman, the fairest being on Earth,
Man's dearest treasure of sweet and modest worth ;
Fair as the lily that vies with Hecla's snow ;
Flesh of our flesh, and soother of each woe ;
God's gift to man in Eden's holy bowers,
Our source of joy in life's most gladsome hours.
Created to love, to re-create the race,
And cheer with smiles of her angelic face ;
Loving through all the toils of earthly life,
And filling the honors of the peerless wife.
And here, O God ! thy loving wisdom shines
To bless the couch where wedded love reclines,
There two are one, and through their bodies give
The drops of blood from which still others live.

Thy quickening breath gives life to form of clay
 That fills the womb until the natal day.
 A child is theirs. But through thy law 'tis given
 As a pledge of love, and as co-heir of Heaven.
 Thus ever life proceeds, from age to age,
 While thy law replaces both the child and sage.
 We onward pass, from earth to brighter day
 Of life celestial in regions far away.
 Nought but proclaims the glory of thy name
 Or whispers praise to thy eternal fame.
 O that my soul may ever turn to thee,
 And preserve the life that thou didst give to me !
 That I may gain at last those mansions blest,
 In that land of beauty and eternal rest,
 Where all is love ; where thou wilt ever reign,
 Over souls united, ne'er to part again !

A LAMPOON.

"Know there are lines when fresh and fresh applied
 Will cure the arrant puppy of his pride."—POPE.

CHILDREN of earth, pray why not humbly kneel,
 Or to some corner in abjection steal,
 When ye see Colossus on his morning path
 With a step of thunder and a look of wrath ?
 See how he cometh ! O ye gods, behold !
 Did ever Hector take a step more bold
 Than you, mighty human—nay, a god, I'll say—
 That through our streets doth now pursue his way ?
 How that vast personage courts the public eye,
 And seeks for notice in each passer-by !

How august his step, how forced that brazen smile,
How shows the hypocrite in each wanton wile !
See how his form in nicest motion sways
Whilst round his fingers the slender ratan plays.
O my Creator ! with what intent was made
That form in which there's so much pride displayed ?
Wouldst thou fain outdo the haughty king of Hell,
In the soul and body of this conceited swell ?
Or didst thou form him to show how great a fool
May become professor in our city's school ?
If so, thou'st well portrayed each sneaking part
That can be found in a worthless tyrant's heart.
Thou hast marked his visage with each well-known trace
That proves the monster in the human face,
And placed his name upon the human roll
As a man in form, and but an ass in soul.
Happy the students in his guardian care,
Happy the students that know his house and fare.
Theirs is the lot to play the part of slaves
And in time themselves become well-tutored knaves.
Come, let us watch him from the dawn of day
Till the stars' bright light from earth has passed away.
When the gloom of night is gone and day appears ;
When the great bright sun the earth with glory cheers.
Then the lazy poltroon from his torpor wakes ;
A groan, a grunt, and a partial glance he takes,
To see, perchance, that he has safely slunk
From the gilded spot of last night's shameless drunk.
'Tis well. Some friend did luckily take him home
From the lonely streets, where he in drink did roam.
And now he rises, to display once more
His powers of tongue and stock of heathen lore.
From bed he rolls ; he is already dressed—
For, as his night was short, he removed no vest.

Out of his chamber he staggering winds his way,
Through court and hallway he doth onward stray
Till the table's reached, where, a glutton, sits once more
To gorge his entrails till his breakfast's o'er.
Now five more cups of wine ; then his meal is done ;
He leaves the table and his day of work's begun.
The students gathered in the study-hall
With beating hearts, now hear a dead footfall.
The step comes nearer ; heavier grow their fears ;
The hinges turn and the mighty man appears !
Doglike he growls, though go things well or ill,
As he casts his keen glances cold enough to kill.
First he roars at one, and then he thwacks another
With inward wish they were all in hell together.
His face looks stormy ; he gives the dreaded nod,
As if to say, Behold in me your god !
Careless of age, or sex, or of inward pain,
He repeats his growling and gives his blow again,
On to the class-room he hurries twenty boys,
Breaks forth in scolding at their awful noise,
Then begins again, and till an hour is fled
He's ever chandering 'bout their brains of lead.
Confusion fills at last each youthful mind,
And trembling, sad from fright, each lags behind.
Thus the vile tyrant breaks the youthful pride,
And by his terrors dulls the heart's warm tide.
Into every bosom his cutting words are sent,
Nor cease his scolding till the day is spent.
Fear blights the youth until his soul has grown
To truth a stranger and to love unknown.
An ill-natured master will each trifle scan
And force the boy to become a worthless man.
Away, vile wretch ! seek thee some barren spot
Where in dark oblivion thy worthless form shall rot ;

Or seek lone Sweden where eternal snows,
 On the winds of winter, through the mountain blows ;
 There thou mayst find the slaves that kings have made,
 O'er their meek offspring be thy knave tricks played !
 Seek not the land where Freedom raised her dome,
 Where Love and Liberty have found a home.
 Go, seek for a spot where thou canst master be
 Of northern wretches over beyond the distant sea !

OLD KING KOD.

ALAS, alas for the happy days,
 The days I'll see no more !
 Sweet time that passed in merry plays
 By this sparkling river's shore.
 Within my breast grim sorrow reigns,
 In tears I view the sod
 That now contains the cold remains
 Of our ancient friend, King Kod.

The flowerets bloom the same as then,
 But oh, my youth is past ;
 My silvery locks, my trembling pen,
 Prove death is coming fast.
 And when in pensive walk I roam
 And see the hill he trod,
 I long to roam to my narrow home,
 And sleep with Old King Kod.

For oh, he was the gayest king
 That ever wore a crown ;
 He'd make the house with music ring,
 His face ne'er wore a frown.

Yet though his joke could friendship draw
 Still he had but to nod,
 Or raise his paw, and all was law
 In the land of Old King Kod.

A stranger king now holds the throne
 And sorrow reigns around ;
 The joys that with King Kod have flown
 On earth will ne'er be found.
 Our present king, a prince of sneers,
 Rules with a scourging rod ;
 Mid pain and fears we shed our tears
 For the days of Old King Kod.

No more we'll bask in pleasure's ray,
 As once we did of yore ;
 For the golden age has passed away,
 Its joys will come no more.
 Yet let us ne'er have ceased to pray,
 When down through life we trod,
 That, far away, in brighter day,
 We'll meet with Old King Kod.

STANISLAUS RIVER, 1870.

THE HOUR OF MELANCHOLY.

OH wandering ghost ! thou art here again
 Out of thy depth thou hast come to haunt me
 To tear my wounds afresh, recall my pain
 And a thousand ills with which thou fain would daunt me.

In many a form hast thou sought my gaze,
And played thy pranks till my soul grew troubled,
Thou hast oft come forth from the spirits' haze
And waved thy wand till my sorrows doubled.

At times thou'rt here in repentance's garb,
Wrapping my soul in a robe of sorrow,
Piercing my heart with contrition's barb
And marking my way for the coming morrow.

But oh, in the most, thou dost personate
A most lovely form that has long since vanished,
Snatched from my arms by the hand of fate
And from out the temple of my bosom banished.

When I am alone and the night is still
And the silvery stars in the skies are shining,
While the owl keeps watch in the ruined mill,
And I muse alone on my couch reclining :

Thou dost come to me in the lovely face
And the beauteous form of the one that's perished ;
Thou dost then renew in its latest trace
The glow on the cheek of the one I cherished.

Or, when all is still, and the clock's slow tick
Tells to my ear that this life is flitting ;
When the flame is low on the expiring wick
And I am alone at my table sitting :

Thou dost raise that form from the mouldering dead
Till the light falls full on its pallid features ;
The form is there, but the soul has fled—
The yet loved soul of the best of creatures.

That heavenly eye is still blue but cold,
Expression's fled from that eye forever ;
The light reflects from each tress of gold,
But that lip will speak to my soul, ah never !

The gaze of that eye is then fixed on me ;
It stays for a time till my spirit quivers ;
In that once fair face I no beauty see ;
I look at the wreck, and my whole frame shivers.

The light goes out, and the phantom fades
Like the bliss of our love when its spell was broken ;
It flies, and behind stay the gloomy shades,
Ever too true, and grief's lonely token.

Or when I wake at the midnight hour,
When darkness rests on my snowy pillow,
Thou dost come again, in thy subtle power
To press down the bough of the weeping willow.

Then I see her face as in other days,
When the soothing spell of thy graces won me,
And I hear the sound of her thrilling lays
As in the day when her songs undone me.

The flowery wreath rests upon that head,
The gentle wind with that tress is playing,
The flush of love dyes her cheek in red,
And the golden hair down that breast is straying.

Those limbs appear through the robe's light fold,
Fair in their grace as when nature traced her ;
Those lovely limbs, cast in beauty's mould,
Seem fair on this night as when first I embraced her.

That bosom, fair as the falling snow
And pure as a stream on Alaska's mountains,
Sweet snowy breast—I so well did know,
The treasured source of life's warmest fountains !

Those lovely eyes, those eyes so mild and blue,
As in thy lifetime now seem fondly beaming ;
Those eyes portraying that young soul so true,
Are calm and sweet as once in pleasure dreaming.

That form oft lingers till my soul goes wild
To cleave to the being of my early pleasure ;
I start to the bosom of that lovely child
Then fades the vision, and defeats my measure.

Thus dost thou ever my woe and torment mock,
Past joys recalling, to increase my troubles ;
Dashing my hope against the fatal rock
To soothe my loss with fancy's veriest bubbles.

Oh, that my life could waste away in sleep !
That from that sleep I nevermore might waken !
That my soul might lie entranced in slumber deep
Till my pallid form to the grave at last be taken !

Oh, that my lips for but one day might drink
From the noisome tide of Lethe's lonely river ;
That my troubled soul no more in life might think
Of that murdered love that well haunteth, now and ever.

For my soul is sad, and my heart is sore,
And the woe goes into the very marrow ;
And I sigh for the joys that I'll know no more,
And think of the glories that were all so narrow.

AUSTIN, TEX.

ANGELUS.

DAY's departing, slowly stealing ;
Evening's shadows veil the scene ;
Soft and pure poetic feeling
Fills the soul with joys serene.
O'er the flowers the dews are falling,
Song birds vanish with the light ;
Far away the gray owl's calling,
Harbinger of coming night.

From the convent comes the tolling
Of the Sabbath evening bell ;
O'er the vale the sound goes rolling—
It is the day's departing knell ;
Sweetest tones of silvery chiming,
Tolling for the dying day,
Over hill and mountain climbing
Through the woodland far away.

Saintly prayers to heaven ascending,
'Tis the silent vesper hour ;
Fair, young, robèd forms are bending
Near the nuns' secluded bower.
Brazen tongues, now beating slowly,
Hail ! Thrice Holy ! Holy ! Holy !

White-winged angels hover near
While the light is now declining ;
Slowly come the shadows drear,
Evening's first bright star is shining.
Still those forms are kneeling lowly :
Hail ! Thrice Holy ! Holy ! Holy !

Jesu, hail ! the day is done,
May thy name be praised forever ;
Guard us till the rising sun
Lights yon silvery placid river.
Raise our hearts to love thee solely :
Hail ! Thrice Holy ! Holy ! Holy !

Holy Mary, Virgin Mother !
Guard us through the coming night ;
From this day until another
Clothes the wide world with its light.
Guard us in our slumbers lowly,
In dreams we'll praise thee, Holy ! Holy !

Praise the Lord, ye living creatures !
Praise the Lord, O land and sea !
Praise the Lord. O God Eternal,
Hear this song we raise to thee,
Till in dreams we murmur slowly :
Hail ! Thrice Holy ! Holy ! Holy.

June 19, 1873.

THE RAGGED ADVENTURER.

OH, cursed be fate that chains me here,
In this grim land devoid of cheer ;
For joy and love, it seems, have fled
And left me here among the dead.
The sun shines with a sickly glare,
The fields and hills are chill and bare,
My heart it aches with bitter care,
I'm sad ; I'm sad.

The wind it blows against my cheek,
 The fierce north wind so cold and bleak ;
 The straggling clouds all southward fly
 Across the cold, chill, wintry sky ;
 While round me lies the crusted snow,
 And sharper still the keen winds blow
 As down my cheeks the tear-drops flow :
 It's bad ; yes, bad.

My eyes grow dim, my blood it chills,
 I hate the gloom of these lone hills,
 And long to roam in other climes
 'Mid milder skies and merry chimes,
 Far from this land of barren plains
 Where winter binds with icy chain ;
 Where cold and hunger ever reigns

Through half the year.

I see the frost fly through the air,
 Lit by the winter's sunlight glare,
 And feel the cold and whistling blast,
 That with a scream goes rushing past.
 My feet and limbs are numb with cold,
 Though this thick robe I round them fold ;
 If these bleak hills were paved with gold,
 I'd not stay here.

I'll go back to my cabin home
 And sit down by my own hearth-stone ;
 Then let the storm-king howl and rave,
 When I am in my living grave.
 I'll make the dying embers glow
 And more fresh fuel on them throw ;
 Then let the storm howl and blow

From now till spring.

The biting frost did break my delf,
 The frozen bread lies on the shelf,
 And rags and bones lay round the floor ;
 My poor old dog stands at the door.
 I see the sorrow in his face,
 Poor little outcast from his race.
 Him when I leave this wretched place,
 Away I'll bring.

My poor Tom cat grows lean and old ;
 He, too, has felt the winter cold.
 The frost bit off his ears and tail ;
 His once good eyes begin to fail ;
 The saucy rats jump 'cross his back,
 The mice peep out from every crack ;
 But still he'd lie on his old sack,
 And sleep away.

My poor old cock roosts on the wall ;
 I every moment think he'll fall ;
 His eyes are closed as if in death,
 Nor do I think he draws a breath.
 For let the wind blow high or low,
 A glance around he'll never throw ;
 Nor do I ever hear him crow
 At break of day.

My state is wretched in extreme ;
 My clothes are ripped from seam to seam ;
 No single rag that I now wear
 Is left without its patch and tear.
 My old black hat is full of holes—
 Last night it fell upon the coals ;
 My battered shoes have lost their soles :
 Could I be worse ?

O when the spring comes back again,
The chirping birds, the pleasant rain,
Then I will start, and off I'll go
To where the southern waters flow.
Through future years I'll tarry there,
'Mid scenes of nature ever fair ;
Then on this country, bleak and bare,
I'll leave my curse !

MONTANA, 1871.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

I WOKE from sleep ; 'twas dead of night.
I saw an angel standing near ;
My soul grew timorous at the sight,
My heart it filled with holy fear.
The bright face wore a heavenly smile,
That robe was white as winter snow,
And still as death he stood awhile,
Then forth these words he whispered low :

Remember, son of mortal man,
That thou art clay and must return
Again to cold and silent earth
And rest with those thou fain wouldest spurn.
Therefore forgive, therefore forget,
Each wrong that man has done to thee ;
Leave off thy cursed and wicked way
And cease thy wild ungodly glee.

Remember too, O wayward man !
That thou should'st never cease to pray
To God for help, for life and truth,
To guide thee on life's misty way.

The angel ceased and all was still,
The clock ticked on, on as before ;
And yet the light my room had fled,
The angel fled and all was o'er.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

OH, sadly I sit here and think of my woe
As the wind through the shutters doth howlingly blow ;
No friend to console me ; my money is gone ;
Starvation and recklessness hurry me on.

Oh, sad now to ponder on pleasure that's passed,
While the dark gloom of trouble around me is cast.
'Tis the poison of life that has entered my breast,
To banish each pleasure that ere gave me rest.

Last night I was happy as happy could be,
And the smile of a woman was Heaven to me ;
I basked in the glory of Friendship's dear bliss
And felt all the rapture of Love's honeyed kiss.

The gold in my pocket drew every one near,
And the friends that smiled on me seemed pricelessly dear.
I then was their idol, the knee they would bend,
For pleasure and plenty seemed never to end.

But oh, that bright hour has vanished away,
And friendship's fair flowers have turned to clay ;
To-night I am penniless, broken, and poor,
And no passer-by would look in at my door.

There are none to remember the cash that I spent,
There are none that will lend to me even a cent.
And 'tis now I discover the worth of a friend
While my proud inclinations to misery bend.

I now see the value of glittering gold,
And believe now the adage that often was told,
That, no matter what virtue may dwell in the breast,
No matter what glory our deeds can attest,
If our pockets are empty, in vain do we call
For the world's probation, it will give us but gall.
O mankind ! avaunt ; ye are parasites all,
And would cling to the devil as glue to the wall,
If he gave you but riches and dealt out to each fool
Enough of corruption his passions to rule.
When my pockets were heavy, when plenty of cash
Could give me permission in fashion to dash,
When the dark-eyed young damsel that hung on my arm
Would press to my bosom each roseate charm,
And vow by the angels no other she knew,
And swear by her beauty that to me she'd prove true ;
A hundred fair forms would rise at my tread,
And others in honor uncover the head.
But to-day, when they found that my dollars had flown,
To the best of my friends I at once seemed unknown.
The faces of beauty that smiled at my sight.
When the state of my fortune was happy and bright,
Now frowned at my story of sadness and woe,
And bade me away from her friendship to go.
The fair one whose graces my young heart adored,
The one in whose bosom my fond hopes were stored.
Now fled from my side, like the bird from the wood
Where was nothing save winter where beauty once stood.

I now am left desolate by this wild shore,
And hear the mad billows unceasingly roar,
The clouds in the heaven seem on me to frown ;
The big drops of crystal come vengefully down,
As if they would bear me from life ere the morn,
And close my career from society's scorn.

O courage ! come shield me awhile till I sleep ;
Around me the shade of thy broad ægis keep ;
And when I awaken, oh pray, be my guide
Till the wave of misfortune shall roll from my side.
With thee, I'll recover the trophy I lost,
And once more my foe shall recoil, to his cost.
Yes, Heaven send courage ! I ask for no more,
Then I'll stand like a man on Life's war-beaten shore,
And wield the broad falchion till my foe shall recoil
And leave, as a hostage, his blood on the soil.
Again the bright morning will smile upon me
And the heart in my breast will beat lightly and free,
Although I forgive now my bitterest foe
Who in this dark moment doth laugh at my woe.
For the rich drops that sparkled will sparkle again,
And those that frown on me are frowning in vain.
Farewell to my sorrow ; at least, while I sleep,
For I feel the deep slumber now over me creep.
Upon this poor pallet I gladly will lay,
And at dawn of the morning will hasten away.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, June 2, 1874.

SIR RICHARD NEATHERY.

OH, say, can you find me a mate for my friend ?
If you do such a thing you'll get bliss without end.
His eye it is dark ; like a coal it doth glow ;
And his hair is as black as the wing of a crow ;
His face like the moon, and his clothing so feathery,
A gay lad indeed, this, my friend Richard Neathery.

He's the fellow companion of Gorman and Don,
And he loves to play tricks on the good brother John ;
He is sure to confuse the astronomy class,
And do what he may, it is always let pass.
His looks are so queer, and his head is so heathery
I have often to laugh at my friend Richard Neathery.

He dances at night like a bullock on stilts,
And when sleeping in bed he will throw off the quilts ;
He is active and strong, he can climb like a goat ;
And there's always a tear in the sleeve of his coat.
His laugh is so gay and complexion so leathery,
He's the star of the house, this Sir Richard Neathery.

THE SONG OF THE IRISH HARPER.

OH, grand was the Castle of Thurlough,
That stood on the banks of the Foyle,
And bright were the swords that were drawn
For Edward, proud lord of the soil.
Fair ladies dwelt there in their charms,
And music streamed forth in the hall,
While the sunburst, the pride of Old Erin
In grandeur looked down from the wall.

In that old royal mansion of greatness
Dwelt Ellen, the pride of my soul.
On that river how fondly I wooed her,
By the banks where the bright waters roll.
We loved ; but alas, her proud father
Swore I never should wed the fair maid ;
And that the sweet face which I worshipped
Should ne'er in my own couch be laid.

'Twas night, and the strains of wild music
 Rolled forth on the soft summer air,
Broke forth from the castle of Thurlough,
 And told of what glad mirth was there.
Young Ellen would wed with McMurrough,
 The dark chief—my heart's deadly foe ;
And that night their gay nuptials were beauning,
 Whilst I down the waters did row.

I stood by the walls of the castle,
 With my guard ; to the hall quick I flew,
I drew the fair form to my bosom,
 Whilst my sword from its scabbard I drew.
My foeman's heart-blood dyed the table,
 And the conflict raged wild, till the dead
Strewed the bright princely hall of the banquet ;
 Then off with the lady I fled.

To my boat on the bank of the river,
 Then down its dark water, we flew ;
Till we passed from the confines of danger,
 And round us the cheering wind blew.
We landed, and bore my fair darling
 To where the rich green forest waved,
And dwelt in that spot where her charms
 Repaid all the dangers I braved.

Bring hither the wine-cup of silver,
 And fill it with friendship's red wine :
Let us drink to the memories of Ellen
 And sing of her beauties divine.
And here's to the memory of comrades
 That shared in my dangers that night ;
And a double health here to the heroes
 Who for me there persisted in fight.

BANNER SONG.

O COMRADES, look up to yon banner !
See how proudly it floats on the breeze.
'Tis the star-spangled emblem of Freedom,
Whose folds proudly float o'er the seas.
We draw here our swords to defend it,
Determined to conquer or die,
On the red field of danger before us,
Where the storm of battle runs high.

Remember those heroes who perished
On many a red field of gore,
Defending that flag now before us
Till the soil was made red with their gore.
Like freemen they valiantly punished
The taunts of their insolent foe,
Till their swords drank the blood of the tyrant,
And slavery's minion laid low.

When Britain's red host, on Lake Erie,
Sought that banner to sink in the wave,
They fought till the decks of each vessel
Were drenched with the blood of the brave.
Though raged there the carnage and slaughter
And wilder the battle cry grew,
Yet that banner o'er all proved victorious,
And the proud haughty despot o'erthrew.

On Mexican fields, where the thunders
Of battle's wild roar shook the plain,
Where the conflict raged wild in its fury
Till the dark ground was heaped with the slain,

There that banner passed on in its glory
Till at last, in the bright morning air,
It waved in the halls of Montezuma
A standard of victory there.

When traitors had sought, by disunion,
The stripes of that banner to mar,
Aye, sought with the might of their power
To blot out each bright-shining star ;
For a time, there it wavered in danger,
Till a strong hand came forth from on high,
That turned the dark tide of her battle
And rescued the child of the sky.

Go, ask our dead foemen at Shiloh,
Or on Corinth's once war-beaten plain,
If they fain would arise from their slumbers
To make war against freedom again !
And the insolent foe, now before us
With slavery's chains in his van,
Let him know what each vile tyrant merits
Who would trample the dear rights of man.

Then, comrades, come kneel round that banner,
And swear by the blood of the brave,
That we pledge here our life's sacred honor,
Our homes and our country to save.
By honor and virtue still guided,
For God and our country we draw
Forth Liberty's sword, while we rally
Round the standard of freedom and law.

IMPROVPTU QUERIES.

WHEN in our glasses cocktails shine
 And near to us young Beauty's beaming,
 Whose is the heart that should repine,
 When all around is pleasure seeming ?

Or can we hope for brighter days
 Than those that pass around so gaily—
 Although each hapless devil prays
 He may be spared from Jack's shillalah.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 31, 1874.

THE VOICE OF GENIUS.

WHY dost thou linger trembling here,
 Thou longest for fame ? Then seize thy pen,
 No longer dwell 'twixt hope and fear
 But take thy place 'mongst active men.

Fear not man, nor dread defeat,
 But persevere from day to day ;
 Face the storm, and ne'er retreat—
 Nerve at length will win the fray.

Breast the waves of life's great battle,
 Face thy foemen in the field ;
 Whilst around the thunders rattle,
 Make each proud opposer yield.

The heart that's filled with wild ambition
 Need never fear the taunts of man ;
Envy's fiercest repetition
 Will but the fires of genius fan.

Up, then ! join the tide of battle,
 Face the wild and stormy wave ;
Fear not critic's trifling tattle,
 Nerve at length will crown the brave.

WRITTEN ONE EVENING WHILE IN LOW SPIRITS.

My eye is dim, my heart is sick,
 My breast is filled with pent-up groans ;
I listen to the cricket's tick
 Whilst pain and aching rack my bones.

I give my thoughts to other scenes
 And wander on to worlds unborn,
Wondering if my troubled life
 Will ever be from this world torn.

Oh, certain, soon I'll lowly rot
 Where no rude sound shall break my dream ;
Where war or wealth shall trouble not
 Nor mar the face of Death's dark stream.

The sage-brush hills shall frown in gloom
 As, to my eyes, they do to-day ;
But other hills shall hold my tomb,
 And other soil mix with my clay.

Farewell ! the hour's coming fast ;
The longest life is but a span :
It, like the meteor, rushes past ;
And thus doth fade the hope of man.

BELLMONT, NEVADA.

O LORD, PROTECT THE BRAVE.

THOU power in Heaven ! though felt unseen,
Watch well our fleeting hours,
And lead us to a better world
Of never-fading flowers.
In battle's wild and bloody charge,
Or on the briny wave,
Where tempests rage without control,
O Lord, protect the brave.

Infuse into each human breast
A will to do or die,
And giving strength, endow me here
To laugh in Danger's eye.
And 'mid the freezing Arctic snows
Where tempests wildly rave,
Or in the burning Torrid zone,
O Lord, protect the brave.

Send down thy strength unto the arm
That guards fair Nature's law,
Around the breast that beats with hope
Thy mighty powers draw.

Amid thunders of the battle-field,
Where freemen try to save
Their liberty and sacred rights,
O Lord, protect the brave.

And shield the one who faces death
When virtue bids him fight ;
Defend him in the darkest hour,
And fill his soul with light.
When Virtue, Truth, and Loveliness
Their spotless banners wave,
On Freedom's red but glorious field,
O Lord, protect the brave.



LINES.

GOD bless the girl whose noble breast
Is filled with friendship warm and true ;
And guard with love her nightly rest—
Yes, bless that form that haunts my view.
What nobler gift was ever given
Than that of love to fallen man ?
What nobler light shines forth in Heaven,
What surer bliss within life's ban ?

O thou, Amelia, whose sweet face
Calls forth this love-impassioned line,
Oh, wonder not if I may trace
To thee the light of love divine :
My heart to thee, my soul to thee,
My hand to thee for other years ;
My thoughts to thee, my life to thee,
My all to thee, save woe and tears.

TO * * * * *

'Tis chill cold autumn ; the flowers are dead
And the songsters vanished to a summer shore ;
The leaves have fallen, the warm day fled,
The snowy lily laughs at morn no more.
Yet round thy heart eternal summer dwells,
And on thy face eternal summer rests.
Thy happy eye a merry story tells,
That brings new pleasure into other breasts.

When summer comes, the swan upon the lake
Doth trim its plumage white as winter's snow,
And when the morning winds once more awake
Then 'gainst his upraised wings do gently blow,
Wafting him slowly o'er the waters blue
Whilst rising wavelets ripple by his side,
And the water-lilies his noble form woo,
As their lover faces lighter grow with pride.

'Tis a noble sight, that bird upon the wave,
Emblem of beauty, wild, untamed, and free ;
Ever unbound in sunny streams to lave
Or soaring onward to the sunlit sea.
An eternal summer is his lifelong lot
And free in his flight, 'mongst the stars to roam ;
He feeds by the shore where the snows come not,
The wind his servant, the skies and sea his home.

But nobler far it is to look upon
Thee on whose features heaven did set its seal.
Than the snowy bird that so soon is gone ;
For thy sweet beauties to the bosom steal,

And soon our spirits from us are led away,
 'Captive to love ; who of thee doth make
 An idol, at whose shrine we stay
 Till from love's ecstacy we at last awake.

And thou art near, though the winter's snow
 May fall around in many a mighty drift ;
 Though the howling wind round the roof may blow,
 Or the falling leaves here and there may shift :
 Fair and lovely as thou wert in May,
 When the bees were singing 'mongst the happy flowers,
 And thy smile as joyful as when thou didst play
 Beneath the shadows of the August bowers.

TO * * * *

WHAT shall it be my lady fair ?
 A lifelong love and happiness,
 Regardless of each other care
 Than what rests with thy loveliness ?
 We might be happy, if we would ;
 And could make others happy too.
 Indeed, dear girl, I think we should ;
 I know that step we'd never rue.

An early manhood I can boast,
 A prospect bright for wealth and fame ;
 But oh, my friend, 'tis not the most
 That of this world I now can claim.
 A heart for love, I have, to share
 With her who shall my partner be—
 The darling of my warmest care,
 And all the best of life to me.

We love ; ah then, why while away
 The springtime of our early years.
 Come ! let us wed for aye to-day,
 And henceforth mingle joy and tears.
 For 'tis a noble thing to give
 To lifelong love, at such an age,
 Our hearts. That while these forms shall live
 Life's other griefs we might assuage.

Oh, whisper not what it shall be !
 For either answer I would dread ;
 Shouldst thou say yes, that word would be
 That I am to thee henceforth wed :
 For thee, with thee, by thee, to stay,
 And love thee whilst thy life remains ;
 My heart to mingle with thy clay,
 And share thy pleasures, joys, and pains.

But 'twould be hard to nevermore
 Roam o'er those lands I loved so well ;
 To think, then, all my wanderings o'er,
 In one dull little spot to dwell ;
 To know no joys save those that rise
 Within one heart, though all my own ;
 To own no jewels save thine eyes,
 Nor dream of other pleasure flown.

Yet say not No ; for then my heart
 Would have no one for whom to beat,
 For never could I from thee part—
 Thou art too fair, too young and sweet.
 Oh die, ambition ! I shall throw
 My future years for her alone ;
 I'll live for her through joy or woe
 Until the last of life be flown.

REFLECTIONS.

OH, mortal life ! how soon thy span ;
 Oh, fleeting years ! depart away.
 Ye were but loaned to fallen man,
 To guide him to a brighter day.
 I cast a glance at years gone by
 And think of friends now mouldering low ;
 Of many a bright and sparkling eye
 I nevermore on earth shall know.

'Tis vain to dry the gathering tear ;
 Let sorrow's tear-drops course their way,
 When shed for buried friendships dear,
 The idols of youth's vanished day.
 But life's bright star will soon go down,
 Within a few short flitting years ;
 And earth's gay toys and false renown
 Will end in mourning, grief, and tears.

Approach the tomb and meditate
 On those whose ashes moulder there :
 The once proud heads of Church and State ;
 The world's great chiefs ; the young and fair.
 Take warning, then, O mortal man !
 Prepare thy soul, for thou must die ;
 Forsake thy place in pleasure's van,
 And strive for joys beyond the sky.

LINES WRITTEN ON MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

TERRA FIRMA ! Youth is passed ;
Manhood's course begins to-day,
Life's short years go rushing past,
Dragging man to parent clay ;
But though grim Death should call to-night,
And say, Young man, thy race is run !
I would not tremble at the sight,
But say, May Heaven's will be done.

For unto me 'tis all the same :
'Tis God who guards my life each day ;
'Twas He who gave the vital flame,
And He alone can take away.
Therefore, why fear an early death ?
Through God I'll live ; through God I'll die ;
Through Him I draw each passing breath ;
With Him I'll dwell beyond the sky.

I only hope that if I live
To see the years of snowy age,
That to me Heaven will virtue give
And quell each passion's burning rage.
That those who call to me for aid
May never call to me in vain,
And my last earthly wealth be paid
To relieve a helpless brother's pain.

June 13, 1874.

FORSAKEN.

I WANDER by the shore,
Where I meditate and pour,
And listen to the roar
 Of the ocean ;
Whose waters, blue and deep,
Round this globe forever sweep,
Whilst the waves that surge and leap
 Keep in motion.

But oh, this soul of mine,
That did to an object twine
That I almost thought divine,
 Finds no pleasure ;
Save in thinking of the past,
That hurried by so fast,
And forever from me cast
 My loved treasure.

Her mild and heavenly eyes,
Brightest emblem of the skies,
My love yet ever flies
 To their glances.
In my dreams, I think I see
Those dear eyes fixed on me ;
Then my fond heart beats with glee—
 Aye, it dances.

And ah, that lovely breast,
That oft to mine was pressed,
There I long my head to rest
 And to slumber ;

In that love that ne'er destroys,
In the sweet that never cloys,
And drink of passion's joys
Without number.

Those curls of golden hair,
Each line of beauty there,
That banished all my care—
Still they haunt me ;
And every winning grace
Of that dear angelic face
Seems to all those sorrows chase
That so daunt me.

Yes, I dream of her so dear ;
Oft I think her form is near,
And those charms again appear
That I cherished.
But I wake again once more
On this wild and distant shore,
To find my bliss is o'er—
It has perished.

MAGGIE.—A SONG.

Air, "Harp of Tara."

O DARLING Maggie ! Fare thee well,
Our parting hour is near ;
And in my breast the sorrows swell
To go from thee so dear.
The night shades falling o'er the land
Clad in darkness, cold and gray,
And yon vessel's lingering by the strand
To bear me far away.

But O, my Maggie, thy dear form
• Will be ever dear to me ;
And though I fail 'mid Fortune's storm,
I'll still remember thee.
For thou art all I loved below,
My only joy and thought ;
Nor pain nor grief could give me woe
Since thou wert all I sought.

Thine eyes of beauty, lovely maid,
Will haunt each nightly dream ;
In softest scene of balmy shade
I'll meet their gentle beam.
Though from thee far, I'll yet be near,
Nor leave thy lovely breast,
That spot, than life more dear to me,
My only place of rest.

COME, REST THY HEAD.

COME, rest thy head upon this breast,
And turn thine eyes to mine
Until, for thy fair noble brow,
The floral wreath I'll twine.
For thou hast stood the battle's storm
Upon the troubled wave,
And dost deserve to win the wreath
That decorates the brave.

Thy falchion flashed on many a shore,
And far o'er many a flood,
The crystals of the falling rain
Have mingled with thy blood.
But thou hast come unto this breast
That sighed for thy return ;
So thou wilt have the anxious love
That there doth kindly burn.

Then dream no more of battle-fields
Where baleful thunders roar,
Nor seek again that distant coast
Where slaughter piles the shore.
But linger in this flowery vale
Where home and pleasures rest,
More wealth than fame there will be there,
Within one loving breast.

ADDRESS TO THE SAVIOUR.

"And platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head."—St. Mark xv. 17.

GOD-MAN ! reigning in thyself above,
God of perfection, beauty, might and love !
Look thou upon me ; in thy mercy show
My anxious spirit the proper way to go.
Lead me, oh lead me to that golden shore
Where pain and sorrow haunt the heart no more ;
Where angels welcome and where saints rejoice,
Where Christians praise thee with unfailing voice,
Where youth and beauty with the flowers stay,
And pleasures flourish in eternal day.
Thou of whose coming Isaiah's word hath told,
Thou the fair prince in house of shining gold,
At whose command the wars of earth shall cease,
And creation glory in the beams of peace,
Hear me, O Lord ! for lowly though we be,
Thou didst die to save ; thy blood was shed for me !

Thou, O my God, who unto woe was born,
Whose sacred brow has borne the crown of thorn,
Pity my weakness ; my heart is only clay,
But this soul immortal pants for brighter day,
And turning to thee whose wounds for man did bleed,
I fly to thy bosom, and ask thy hand to lead.
Raise from this world and from all earthly pain
The soul once thine that would be thine again.
No rest for man save, Lord, within thy grove,
Where thy angels greet him and thy law is love.
For thy blood was shed that he those gifts might win
And his soul be rescued from the bond of sin ;

Nor didst thou cease : for yet thy mercy burns,
And thy heart gives welcome when the lost returns.
Forgive, O Saviour, lowly though I be ;
Life's night grows lonely, but I trust in thee.

Fairest of Judah, God and man in one !
Grant to my spirit what thy mission won :
Peace from the world, and love with man to share ;
Be Truth my leader and Wisdom be my care.
Let love in my bosom to each mortal reign,
And that love return at last to thee again ;
So that, when cold, this form of mine shall rest
And the heart no longer beat within my breast ;
My soul be with thee where death ne'er is known,
Where the angels serve thee, for thy love alone.
Thy heart was pierced with the rending spear,
And thy cheek was bathed with the briny tear.
Yet 'twas all for me, that thy tears were shed,
And this the gift, the crown that decked thy head.
Watch me, O Saviour ! Night is on the sea,
The winds are rising ; I call for help to thee.

Calvary's height, which thou didst once survey,
When strength was passing from thy life away,
Points to the sinner where he thy love may find,
And enjoy the bounties of a shepherd kind.
Lead me, O Saviour, o'er the gulf of death,
And let me praise thee in my latest breath,
That, dying in thee, I never more may know
The dreaded torments of eternal woe :
But, blest with thy presence, fairer than earth's snow,
Shall dwell in the heavens where thy blessings flow ;
Forgetting life's troubles, then forever past,
And loved in that land where our lot is cast ;

Wrapt in the glories that words can never tell,
And placed in thy presence, evermore to dwell.
Guard us, O Jesus, o'er life's troubled sea ;
The night is stormy, but we trust in thee.

PIOCHE, NEVADA, 1875.

AN EPISTLE

TO H. ROCK, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

WELL, now, my friend, as thoughts are kind
And every care gone to the wind,
I set me down to write a letter ;
And, faith, I trust you soon will get HER.
For she, I think, will let you know
How all my prospects lately go.
I left Eureka for awhile,
And, since, I've travelled many a mile ;
And this poor place I'll leave to-morrow
And, troth, I'll leave it without sorrow.
I'm bound to leave at break of day
And northward still pursue my way ;
To where I'll start I do not know,
But think 'twill be for Idaho.
I saw a man the other day,
And he from there had taken his way.
He told me that the melting snow
Made mining matters smoothly go.
That is good ; so there I'll steer,
And test the truth of what I hear ;
For, when the snow is scarce in summer,
Then many a ragged, wandering bummer,

Asks for four bits to buy a meal—
For folks, you know, must buy or steal.
But I, thank God! have not a care ;
Of earthly goods I have my share.
The stage-coach bears me far away,
And fortune's better every day ;
And, save the thought that Maggie's lost,
I know no care that comes with cost.
Poor Maggie costs me many a tear—
She was so sweet, so fond and dear.
I can't forget the joys I've had,
The face that set me nearly mad ;
And till my last, my dying day,
I cannot drive her love away.
I hear but little from the boys
That once were famous for their noise.
Jim Heath, I think, if my memory's clear,
Was not at school this present year.
What the deuce is the matter with Sharon ?
It seems his muse has grown quite barren ;
For he never wrote a line to me
Since I at school him last did see.
The other boys, long mustered out,
I never hear what they are about.
O'Donnell, doubtless, has his fun
And Duff is somewhere with his gun.
Well, such is life. We are scattered all,
No more to hear the morning call,
Or never to assemble there
To join in morning mass and prayer.
Perhaps we all will meet again
And talk of love's departed strain,
To sing Arcadia's blushing charms,
And her who pressed me in her arms.

Nor should we throw Oblivion's cloak
Upon the bushy, verdant oak,
Where oft we, in a transport, ran
To meet the poor young pelican.
Well, now good-by, may good God bless you,
And virtuous arms as oft caress you.
Now, till we meet, oh, pray for me,
And to the same I will agree.

ELKO, NEVADA, 1875.

BITTER SWEET.

THIS world of guilt I can't abide !
'Tis not as thought by many a fool ;
But filled with vain deceit and pride.
I've passed some time within its school,
And I've been taught a thousand tricks,
That, though I practice, I despise.
Each image to my conscience sticks ;
Each spectre floats before my eyes.

Where shall I find a land of truth,
Where falsehood ne'er was known to dwell,
More prized than that of endless youth !
There let my spirit ever dwell.
There I might hope to find a heart
That would to mine in fondness press ;
Where loving souls would never part ;
Where worth and beauty ne'er grow less.

CAMP FLOYD, UTAH, 1872.

SONG.

OUR greeting was pleasure,
And fonder we grew,
By silvery Loch Erne,
As the night shed its dew ;
When the moon o'er the waters
In mild beauty shone
Where, the thorn in fragrance,
We wandered alone.

We loved for a season,
And hoped that for years
Our pleasures would flourish,
Untarnished by tears.
And when, love, we parted
On the daisy clad plain,
With every fond feeling
We vowed love again.

My fond heart was beating
In wait for that day,
When fortune would favor,
To bear thee away.
But after years vanished
I sorrowed to know
That the form I had cherished
Lay silent and low.

LOCH ERNE, 1876.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

I AM a youth without a care ;
I am a man without an heir ;
I have no child, I have no wife.
I have no toil, I have no strife
I was, thank God ! not born blind,
But healthful in an age refined.
My home is on the land or sea—
Wherever fortune places me.

The Lord did give joy, life and light,
As old Job used to say,
And when the years will dim my sight,
The Lord will take away.

Pray, what to me is wealth or fame ?
A right to live is all I claim.
From out the earth my bread is due—
Nor shall I fear but have it too.
For, when I'm dead and in my grave,
No wolfish pack my cash will crave,
And say, when spending of my gold,
That myself feared to spend of old.

No, every day I am to see
Will add unto my pleasures past ;
And all the dollars made by me,
With Heaven's help I'll spend at last.

My marrow yet is in the bone,
My cherries yet are in the stone ;
No mortal eye has seen my hall,
No bird has crossed my garden wall.

My daughter, formed with classic bust,
Has not yet risen from the dust :
Then, should I strive, within life's morn
For a progeny that's yet unborn ?

No ! Time is mine, and on it's wings
Adown life's stream I'll smoothly glide ;
And when at last the death knell rings,
I'll calmly sink into the tide.

My light of life will cease to burn.
My flesh and bones to dust return,
My life shall flourish like the rose,
That withers at the summer's close.
And when I'm dead the hundredth year,
How few will know that I was here !
How few will call to mind my name,
And say I once had wealth or fame !

No, all will fade ; so I shall rest
Contented with my lowly station,
And always think that I am blest
To live within my generation.

I'll take the sunshine of my years
And always fly from scenes of tears,
I'll strive for gold to buy me bread,
But not to leave when I am dead.
For should I wed, ere life is run,
And my wife chance to have a son,
I'd teach the lad to make his living,
And not depend upon my giving.
For that man is worthless born
Whose labor can't sustain his life ;
Who fears to battle in life's morn,
And like a Trojan face the strife.

Then welcome, years I have not seen !
And welcome, joys that come between !
And when foul pain cuts short my breath,
And life must cease, then, welcome death !
For 'tis a blessed boon to die
When Time's distemper dims the eye,
Just when the heart, 'twixt hopes and fears,
Is wearied with the weight of years.

Come, smile to-day ; it is our day :

Then, when we rest beneath the stones,
Let others be as glad and gay,
And dance above our silent bones.

ROME, June 5, 1876.

PIKE COUNTY PEOPLE.

BILL'S STORY.

AN unfortunate wanderer from Pike,
I've stuck to the mines since they started ;
They may talk of this life as they like,
But I'm sorry that ever I parted
From the little patch under the hill,
Away back in the States ; it was folly.
That was long since, and here I am still,
Poor, and worn with black melancholy.

Missouri, when I was a boy,
Was a land wherein most men were winners,
'Twas thar' that I see'd the most joy
But, God pity us poor hardened sinners,

I wanted more gold, so I went
With my brother-in-law to the diggins,
Where I squandered each bloody red cent,
At poker, with one Sandy Wiggins.

Well, Nancy she hunted me up,
For she said that without me 'twas lonely ;
And that put more woe in my cup,
As she loved me—but loved me not only.
There were other boys up in the camp,
And Nancy she often got merry ;
Her conduct soon forced me to tramp
So on I continued to Cherry.

There down on the Bar I did squat,
And labored with shovel and pan,
And I soon had the full of my hat
But I lost it one night playin' tan.
I started to Hang-Town next day
And there I got into a fight ;
They gave me the worst of the play,
And jailed me the following night.

From that on, 'twas a hell of a life,
Spent in diggin for nuggets and dust ;
Of these I'd give half to my wife,
And the rest I would spend on a bust.
But these rollickin' days they soon fled
And the mines got as dead as the devil ;
I often went hungry to bed,
So that forced me to hunt a new level.

Well next, then, I crossed the divide,
And worked, crushing ore in a mill,
Till my bones they worked out through the hide,
And the grocer came down for his bill.

So I sloped from the town that same night,
And wandered from valley to camp,
And for years I continued my flight,
Till every one called me the tramp.

I came to Eureka, at last,
When excitement died out in White Pine,
And, since then, here my lot has been cast,
Still run in the sportin' line.
But Nancy was soon at my heels,
For she hunted me down like a deer,
And I was half glad she came back ;
For, a home—it has some little cheer.

We started to housekeep again,
And I went to work in the smelter,
But, Judas ! the thing it was plain,
That our prospects would go helter skelter.
When my shift it was up, I'd get drunk,
And Nancy example would follow ;
We shared the same bottle and bunk,
In our house down on Barbary Hollow.

My oldest child, Betsy, was tough,
The devil himself couldn't match her ;
She ran with a Ruby Hill rough
And married the son of a thatcher.
My biggest boy, Jeff, is in jail ;
My youngest boy, Dick, is in Carson ;
The judge sent him there without bail
For shootin' a Methodist parson.

So, pardner, you see that my folks
Are a pretty tough set, on the whole ;
I know these are mighty hard jokes
But I am a case-hardened soul.

I wish that I now was a youth,
 And back in the States as of old.
 Indeed, stranger, to tell you the truth,
 I'd never go huntin' for gold.

The Ku Klux is runnin' to-night,
 The Richmond is goin' with a roar ;
 The Atlas is not within sight,
 But I know she's at work on the ore.
 I guess I'll go down to my bunk
 And sleep away part of my care,
 For every one thinks that I'm drunk,
 An' perhaps they are truthful just there.

EUREKA, NEVADA, Nov., 1876.

PIKE COUNTY PEOPLE.

NANCY'S STORY.

I WAS born in Pike, in the year thirty-four,
 And my big brother Ike is but sixteen months more,
 Though people in town have been thinkin'
 That Ike must be full fifty years ;
 But that's on account of his drinkin'
 An' sportin', as plainly appears.

At the age of sixteen there was not on the creek
 A snowier skin, nor a rosier cheek.
 And my hair, it was long and in curls,
 'Twas as yaller as Placerville gold ;
 And they called me the queen of the girls
 When we danced at Jack Williams' of old.

I was happy and jolly,
 Like most girls then ;
 And, with much other folly,
 Was fond of the men.
 But, God knows ! I was always unlucky,
 As now does my misery prove ;
 Though my nature was stern and plucky,
 I had but poor fortune in love.

I then had a heart
 That was tender and true,
 But I fell to a part
 That made everything blue,
 For I married a poor worthless devil
 Without money, and nothing to do.

We met at a shuckin', one night,
 And I got struck after his hair ;
 Perhaps it was love at first sight—
 And that same kind of love gives good wear.
 We sparked for six weeks, in the way
 That was always so common in Pike,
 And I soon got to wishin' the day
 That would make him a brother to Ike.

Well, we married at last, and had some little fun ;
 But 'twas only six weeks till our fightin' begun.
 We started from Pike to come over the plains,
 And I stood all the brunt of the wind and the rains.
 It was trouble at once ; for, don't every one know,
 How Billy got drunk when we came to St. Joe ?
 He got jealous of me and a man from the States,
 That drove Isaac's big oxen ; his name was Jake Bates.
 Well, I stood it as well as I could for a time,
 And we travelled and worked, till we hadn't a dime ;

Poor, straggling alone on the tenantless plain ;
But God helped us out and brought over the train.
We all passed the mountains, and started to mine,
But the gold that Bill made went for whiskey and wine.
And he used to play faro while I had no bread,
Nor even a pillowcase under my head ;
No house, and no home, my husband a sport,
My name given over to evil report.
And all through his actions I suffered this way ;
The very same man that so loved me one day.
Well, I rented a house and began to hotel ;
'Twás like everything else, for I could not do well ;
I had but one boarder, and he was my Billy,
Half drunken, half crazy, and always half silly.
If I looked at a man that stood over the street,
'Twas cursing and swearing me under his feet,
Till I called in the sheriff, one quarrelsome day,
And up to the cross-bars they marched him away.
Well then I had peace and had plentiness too ;
For both arms were busy with all they could do.
I dressed like a lady ; had plenty to eat,
And money was plenty as stones in the street.
My boarders paid up every Saturday night,
And the heart in my bosom began to beat light.
But I let Billy out, for I loved him through all ;
So that evening at sundown he gave me a call.
'Twas the same story over ; we couldn't agree ;
My hotel went to thunder, 'twas nothing to me.
For my spirit was broken with sorrow and shame,
Till I couldn't find pleasure, and hated my name.
From camp on to camp, I ran after that goat,
That never was owner of even a coat.
Myself and my children left always to tramp,
And work like poor niggers by hillside and camp.

And yet I loved Billy, and do love him still,
Though I know the poor devil's too worthless to kill.
That love was my curse ; but I followed it up ;
'Twas that passion for Billy that poisoned my cup.

Good gracious ! how lucky are some women born !
Of peace and of plenty they never are shorn.
They sit up like Chinee gods down at the Bay,
And always are happy in fashion and play.
But I was unlucky, and so I am still,
For through my bad choosing I took my brave Bill.
I sit in Eureka ; my cupboard is bare,
My grub-box is empty, I have but one chair.
My sons they are scoundrels, my daughter is game,
My husband's a bummer, and I am the same.
My big brother Ike is but little behind ;
He too loved his whiskey, but always was kind.
Poor fellow, he's going by littles away,
And soon with the noiseless his old bones he'll lay.
Had I got another, and never left home,
Nor known all the troubles of people that roam,
I now might be livin' in happiness too,
With money at interest and nothing to do.
My sons and my daughters might worship their God,
And I would be placed in my own native sod.
As it is, all is gloomy ; no better I'll be
And the grave, when it opens, is welcome to me.

EUREKA, NEVADA, November 21, 1876.

SOLOMON.

THERE was a man who lived of old,
A king then great and glorious ;
The wealth he had of gems and gold
Were in his day notorious.
He allied kings ; he feasted queens ;
He won, till foes were treasureless ;
He gave his heart to Pleasure's scenes
Till joys around were measureless.

He built a temple, high and grand,
Where God was worshipped verily,
And held the sceptre in his hand,
While life went onward merrily ;
Till, fonder grown of Pleasure's cup,
He sought for riches greedily ;
The wine ran out, he drank it up
And swept his bright course steadily.

He sought for women, up and down,
The young, the great, the beautiful,
Until a thousand decked his crown,
Though few were to him dutiful.
He wore the gold and purple robe,
And walked where fields were flowering ;
He stood the greatest on the globe,
Above poor mortals towering.

His halls were grand, his food was rich,
His music soul inspiring ;
His women danced, to highest pitch
His maddest passions firing.

He kissed his wives, he drank his wine,
Rode horses fast and furious ;
He used but things the first and fine,
The rich, the rare, and curious.

His bed was of the softest down,
His partner there was ravishing ;
More precious than his golden crown,
On her his bright wealth lavishing.
And so, in flesh and ready cash,
There was no monarch luckier
Of all that Zion's throne did flash,
Nor 'mongst the ladies pluckier.

But years passed on, and he grew old
At women, wine, and feasting bouts ;
And then in spite of lands and gold
He fell into the gloomy pouts.
He cursed his day, and wished that life
Had never known his sight on earth ;
For grief, and pain, and bloody strife
Were all that came of pride and mirth.

For all his youthful years were gone,
And with them went his jollity ;
The maids and wine he doated on
Seemed now but mere frivolity.
From Judah's child to Sheba's queen,
He wooed all fair humanity ;
But, long before the closing scene,
He saw that all was vanity.

His courtiers frowned behind his back,
His women stole to other breasts,
His best friends left the early track,
And he knew but few nightly rests.

His mighty wine-casks lined with mould,
 His fiery steeds were dying now,
And heavy grown the crown of gold
 That rested on his wrinkled brow.

And when he reached his dying day,
 Grown weary of all pleasure here,
Upon the royal couch he lay,
 His dimmed eye wet with sorrow's tear.
Then back he cast the troubled glance,
 The past now seemed insanity ;
And, waking from his raving trance,
 He cried out : All is vanity !

Far better were the kingly life
 'Mid sterner scenes and holier,
One sacred bed, one faithful wife,
 One virtuous court, though lowlier,
Than all I've won on earth's green sod
 Queens' smiles or kings' urbanity ;
For paths I walked led not to God,
 And now I find but vanity.

TYBO, NEVADA, August, 1878.

LINES.

OH, think of me, when night's lone hour
Hath wrapped thee to her sable breast,
And dream of me, when sleep's soft power
Hath laid thy little form to rest.
And, waking, oh remember me
When thy sweet lips shall breathe a prayer ;
Think of this heart that beats for thee,
For thou with me hast equal care.

BRASSONIA GENEVA

BRASSONIA GENEVA
is a monthly magazine of
the best in literature, art,
music, science, and
politics. It is published
by the American
Brasson Society, Inc.
and is edited by
John C. Brasson.
The magazine is
published monthly
at Geneva, New York,
and is sent to
subscribers
in the United States
and Canada.
Subscriptions
are \$1.00 per year.
Single copies
are 10 cents.
Address all
correspondence
to the
Editor,
John C. Brasson,
Brassonia
Geneva,
New York.

MAXIMS AND APHORISMS.

I.

Curse not the obstacle that hinders thy designs ; but turn thy course, and let thy plans be greater than before.

II.

The sun rises on all the world ; but his light shines on virtue only.

III.

Men drink, and riot away their fortune with harlots ; but the day will come when the maggot will riot in their own bodies, and their soul from perdition send forth the cry of misery, cursing the pleasure that left them there.

IV.

There is a path in life ; its face is smooth, but it leads to death.

V.

Be a man in all things, and stoop not below thy creation ; for man debased is beneath the beast of the field.

VI.

Let thy days be passed in observing wisdom. For the night will come when no star will shine ; then happy he who will have where to lay his head.

VII.

Forgive thy brother all the wrongs he has done thee ; for, unless thou dost, canst thou hope the same.

VIII.

Look not on woman with an eye of lust ; for the sweetest rose has the sharpest thorn.

IX.

Have few rules, and these observe.

X.

Try to live for a good end, that death may not find thee unprepared.

XI.

Look not with lust on thy neighbor's wife ; but thank heaven that she is placed where love renders her happy.

XII.

Stand ever in the shadow of death ; that when thou art called thou wilt be near to answer.

XIII.

There is a beauty ; it will bloom forever ;
But we'll see it not till this life is o'er.

XIV.

Guard us, Lord, for the storm cometh ; and our house is threatened by the raging flood.

XV.

Go not wandering after scarlet, for sorrow cometh from a stranger's bed.

XVI.

Awake thee early ; for wealth is before thee at the break of day.

XVII.

Oh, how awful the bed of death,
When the life was spent in the bed of sin !

XVIII.

Away, O evil ! thy pleasures wither,
And thy gifts destroy.

XIX.

O Life, how short thy years !
How few thy pleasures !

XX.

Do not think the road long that must be travelled.

XXI.

Maid, be happy ; for the bridegroom cometh, and Love's fond pleasures
will be thine to-night.

XXII.

The stars of Heaven are ever twinkling, like smiling children, in the
evening sky.

XXIII.

Come, O God ! and my poor soul nourish ; for life without thee is cold
and lone.

XXIV.

Awake, O passion ! till thy numbers praise the charms that light my
loved one's face.

XXV.

We can, in a single hour, tear down what required years to build.

XXVI.

Beauty won me ; because 'twas Heaven
To enjoy the beauty of my loved one's face.

XXVII.

Soft is the heart that will put confidence in a harlot.

XXVIII.

Speak in haste ; for as life is short there is no time for trifling.

XXIX.

Sit not with the impious ; for there is contagion in their looks.

XXX.

'Tis impossible to do right without the help of God.

XXXI.

Confide in Heaven ; for there's a balm for all thy woes.

XXXII.

How vain it is to put our confidence in melting ice.

XXXIII.

How vain it is to ask a fool to renounce his folly.

XXXIV.

Remember the day that is coming : when thine eye will darken with the film of death, thy joints grow stiff and cold. Then it will profit thee if thou hast practiced charity to thy brother, and loved thy God.

XXXV.

When whiskey's in, the Christian's out.

XXXVI.

Victory cometh to the watchful ; defeat to the sluggard.

XXXVII.

Death cometh to all. As we live so shall we die. Watch and pray, lest thou fall into temptation ; for awful indeed is the death of the sinner.

XXXVIII.

I always found it easier to carry rules in a note-book, than to perform them.

XXXIX.

He who has enemies should never sleep.

XL.

When on earth, Christ had his enemies ; then, can we hope to be without them ?

XLI.

The voice of Nature : Be born, propagate thy species, and die.

XLII.

Thou wert born for greatness ; then why despair ?

XLIII.

Courage, my boy ! until the hour of death.
Lose not thy portion but with thy last breath !

XLIV.

Look not for pearls in the eye of Beauty.

XLV.

Govern thyself ; fear thou then no evil,
Even though thy fortune be to face the devil.

XLVI.

Master the field ; never cower low,
But, like a hero, charge upon thy foe.

XLVII.

Hell is a necessity ; for were there no hell,
Where in creation could poor devils dwell ?

XLVIII.

The man who would thy trusted words disclose,
Beware of him, he is the worst of foes.

XLIX.

If thou dost love let thy loved one be ;
Thy fondest thought and all the world to thee.

L.

After much thinking, I have wisely concluded to place myself on the list
of fools.

LI.

Greatness ? oh, what folly ! there is nothing truly great.
Love ? oh what nonsense ! there is no love in mortal state.

LII.

'Tis better to die without a name,
Than dye the Earth with blood for fame.

LIII.

Oh, what would I not now give for a home;
That I might rest, and cease to roam !

LIV.

I watched the rise of wealth, and lo'!
Came from industry.

LV.

Where are thine eyes? Oh, can mortal tell?
Could such dear treasures be sent down to hell !

LVI.

Think not that there is always virtue where there's faith.

LVII.

Beware of beauty; for there's many a flower that bears the seed of death.

LVIII.

When you find a man who wishes to favor you without having reason to do so, beware of him.

LIX.

Have no dealings with the dishonest; 'tis like handling soot.

LX.

Touch not woman, unless you love her.

LXI.

Never, thou, for fortune, ever fickle, wait;
Press onward to the battle, and cut the cord of fate.

LXII.

Have patience at all times ; for, without this, there is no real pleasure.

LXIII.

Give thy mind to study, for in this is victory.

LXIV.

Pour out the balm of pity on the troubled heart.

LXV.

Let the wrongs of thy neighbor be forgotten ; lest he one day appear against thee in judgment.

LXVI.

When stern Fortune frowns, then strive the harder.

LXVII.

Take a man who has lost all sense of fear, and a woman who has lost her shame ; put them together, and Hell cannot show a parallel for them in wickedness.

LXVIII.

Happy is the man who is wise enough to keep his mouth shut, when it should not be open.

LXIX.

A handsome face is no indication of virtue.

LXX.

A fool for time ; a fool forever.

LXXI.

'Tis vain to strive for what none hath won.

LXXII.

Under the sun where is there rest—
Where is there pleasure to tranquil the breast ?
Hear nature's clear tone :
In labor alone.

LXXIII.

The worst of thieves is he who will steal his own confidence.

LXXIV.

Water for honest men ; wine for thieves.

LXXV.

Blue blood in the veins of knaves ;
Paltry pride in the hearts of slaves.

LXXVI.

Bread for the living, and praise for the dead.

LXXVII.

Any mill but a gin mill.

LXXVIII.

Great crimes and hard times go together.

LXXIX.

Wine and women want large fortunes.

LXXX.

Old beer for the new year.

LXXXI.

A wise man and a young wife
Never know the world's strife.

LXXXII.

Ten men that are fools, and one man who is wise, enter into the composition of a great nation.

LXXXIII.

Good Christians keep clean houses.

LXXXIV.

Whiskey punch and a beggar's lunch.

LXXXV.

If you would have peace, leave your neighbors to themselves.

LXXXVI.

Do not sell your coat to buy poison for your neighbor.

LXXXVII.

Do not give bread to the crows ; they have claws to scratch for a living.

LXXXVIII.

Do not think you are ever too old to marry ; for while there is life there is hope.

LXXXIX.

Do not steal from your wife, and give it to her neighbor.

XC.

When you are young, be happy ; when you are old, be happy.

XCI.

Do not run after a shadow, when there are thousands of solid forms.

XCII.

If you ever see a woman without womanhood, fear her ; if ever you see a man without manhood shun him.

XCIII.

Did you ever know an honest man and a thief to go the same road for ten years, and not find each other out ?

XCIV.

Should you ever see a man or woman whose position is worse than your own, do not envy them what little remains to them ; but seal up your purse and go on.

XCV.

I have known some men who loved God, and did not serve Him ; but I never knew a man who served God and did not love Him.

XCVI.

When there are quarrels abroad, let there be peace at home.

XCVII.

A proud heart may break ; a wise heart, never.

XCVIII.

Wild birds and high winds are suited to each other.

XCIX.

A pure heart and a steady hand need fear no danger.

C.

Tell lies to devils, but only truth to God.

CI.

Do not sleep in a cellar when there are vacant rooms above you.

CII.

Take care of the money that is in your pocket ; it is of more service to you than the gold that is unclaimed in the mine.

CIII.

When the summer is near the heart is glad.

CIV.

When winter winds blow 'gainst your door,
Pile high the wood till winter's o'er ;
For vain it is to let the cold
Come through your coat's close inner fold.

CV.

What you doubt put your heart to, don't put your hand to.

CVI.

I am going to my grave ; this I know, for it is written in the law.

CVII.

Thou may'st shed tears, but they will never wash out the footprints leading to infamy.

CVIII.

In turning away from a journey, on which I had made three steps, I turned the course of my life.

CIX.

The man who once destroys the confidence that his neighbor has in him,
should never again expect the support of the one offended.

CX.

When a woman loves, 'tis nigh idolatry ; when a man loves, 'tis for his
pleasure.

CXI.

The day is never so short but it is of value.

CXII.

Old bones have little marrow.

CXIII.

A toothless mouth may slander.

CXIV.

Dogs know their friends.

CXV.

A cock that rises not early, has little
To show for his day ;

The money that's earned not fairly
Folly soon fritters away.

The man or the wife who is faithless
Has little desire to pray ;

The life that is wandering and aimless
Is certain to wander astray.

Four truths, the above ; four lies there as well ;
But where are the lies ? he's a master who'll tell.

CXVI.

A tight-fitting boot, when purchased, is much like to a bad wife or hus-
band. After the boot is ours, we must keep it and strive to wear it, but

it is the source of much misery : during the day it binds the foot with a racking pain, and at night we wake from sleep to think of the misery that is before us. So, likewise, the one who has made a bad marriage is left to suffer misery through the day, and at night wake to know that the companion that sleeps so near is a binding torment.

CXVII.

The one who has a good husband or wife is like to a weary traveller, who, coming to an inn, is fed and placed in a soft, cool, and comfortable bed. . . . There he feels happy, and sinks unconsciously into a sweet, refreshing sleep.

Thus, too, the one who is married to the one of worth and affection lives in an easy state through life ; for the spot wherein he is cast affords that contentment which is the comfort of the soul.

TOASTS.

I.

Loving hearts and happy homes to our friends; cold steel and bloody
graves to our enemies.

II.

Here is a cup, wishing it were the blood of an enemy.

III.

Here is fame to the worthy ; honor to the brave ;
Mercy to the fallen, and freedom to the slave.

IV.

Here is love to that girl whose look is divine,
And the weight of whose care is as light as our wine.

V.

Here's a glass to dear woman
The giver of bliss,
Whose lips, ever ready,
Know the worth of a kiss.

VI.

She was fair, but she was frail.

VII.

Oh, here's a cup to perished hopes,
 And here's a cup to wild despair,
 And here's a cup of rosy wine
 To vanished things that were my care.
 The present is a mocking ghost,
 The future is a child unborn ;
 So let us toast the sunny past
 Though it has made the heart forlorn.

VIII.

Here's to the smiling rosy wine,
 That comes to cheer the troubled heart ;
 The cup that gives a flush divine
 And ushers in life's better part.

IX.

Oh, here's to trifling, foolish woman,
 Who stole my brightest hours away,
 Whose heart is vain and but half human,
 Whose longest love is but a day.

X.

Oh, here is a cup to the good and the true
 That share in our happiness yet ;
 And here is a cup to the bosom that knew
 A pleasure too dear to forget.
 Nor do we forget in to-night's genial mirth
 The heroes of life's better day.
 No, we'll drink to their health while we tarry on earth,
 To those hearts that are cold in the clay.

XI.

Peace to the girl that I love best ;
 May heaven bless her eye of blue.
 And joy unto that heart I've pressed ;
 I ever found it warm and true.

XII.

Oh, one glass more before we part,
To keep the dead man's ghost away.
'Twill keep cold terror from the heart,
And nerve the soul till coming day.

XIII.

The stars shine on the lonely graves
Of those who shared our early bliss,
And calmly now the green grass waves
Above the lips that gave love's kiss.
But let us quaff the rosy wine
In memory of the joys we knew,
And round our cups with sorrow twine
The flowers gemmed with morning dew.
For soon the sod that decks their graves
Will lend its verdure to our own,
And every gale that o'er them raves
Will murmur for our spirits flown.
Then drink the wine, the rosy wine
Its glowing soul will start the tear,
In sorrow for those hours divine
We spent with hearts we once held dear.

FABLES.

I.

ONCE upon a time, all the animals of the farmyard formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of general reformation in their manners of living, and particularly in cleanliness. At one of their meetings it was decided to send the peacock to the hog, and see if he could not prevail upon him to change his style of living, to show more taste and pride about his food and person in future.

The peacock went, and found the hog wallowing in the mire and filth of his sty, after having eaten a sumptuous dinner of swill. "Your pardon, sir," said the peacock, "but I was sent here by the Committee of Reformation, it being their desire that you might be induced to cultivate more cleanly habits and become an ornament to society. Indeed, sir, we all bear the most kindly feelings toward you, and will admit you into our circle if you will but make change in your daily life."

The hog heard these words and replied: "Well, I will admit that your friends are very considerate; but I do not think they can do much for me, for my father, and my grandfather along with my mother, aunts, and sisters, used to wallow in the mud, and my ancestors did the same as far back as our history goes, and yet I look on them as having been quite respectable people. Therefore it matters little to me what conclusions your committee may come to. When you go back, just tell them that a hog is a hog."

II.

An old cock who had spent a deal of his life in fighting and general immorality, when old, decrepit, and worthless, became a great moralist. One day he spoke in the following manner to some young roosters whom he

thought too fond of showing their strength, and also of paying attention to certain young pullets: "Have nothing to do with hens or pullets; there is a curse following any rooster that associates with them. And as to fighting, never think of it. When you see a quarrel, turn on your toes and go in some other direction." At this juncture, one of his own sons came forward and, listening for a moment, said: "Father, it sounds poorly to hear morality coming from the tongue of one whose life was like yours. Why, there are hens and roosters still living who can bear witness to what a wild life you've led, fighting and courting, and now when you are old, ragged, and worthless; when you are no longer able to fight, and forsaken by every hen who has self-respect, you conclude to turn moralist. Oh, no; I would not!"

THE END.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 863 645 1